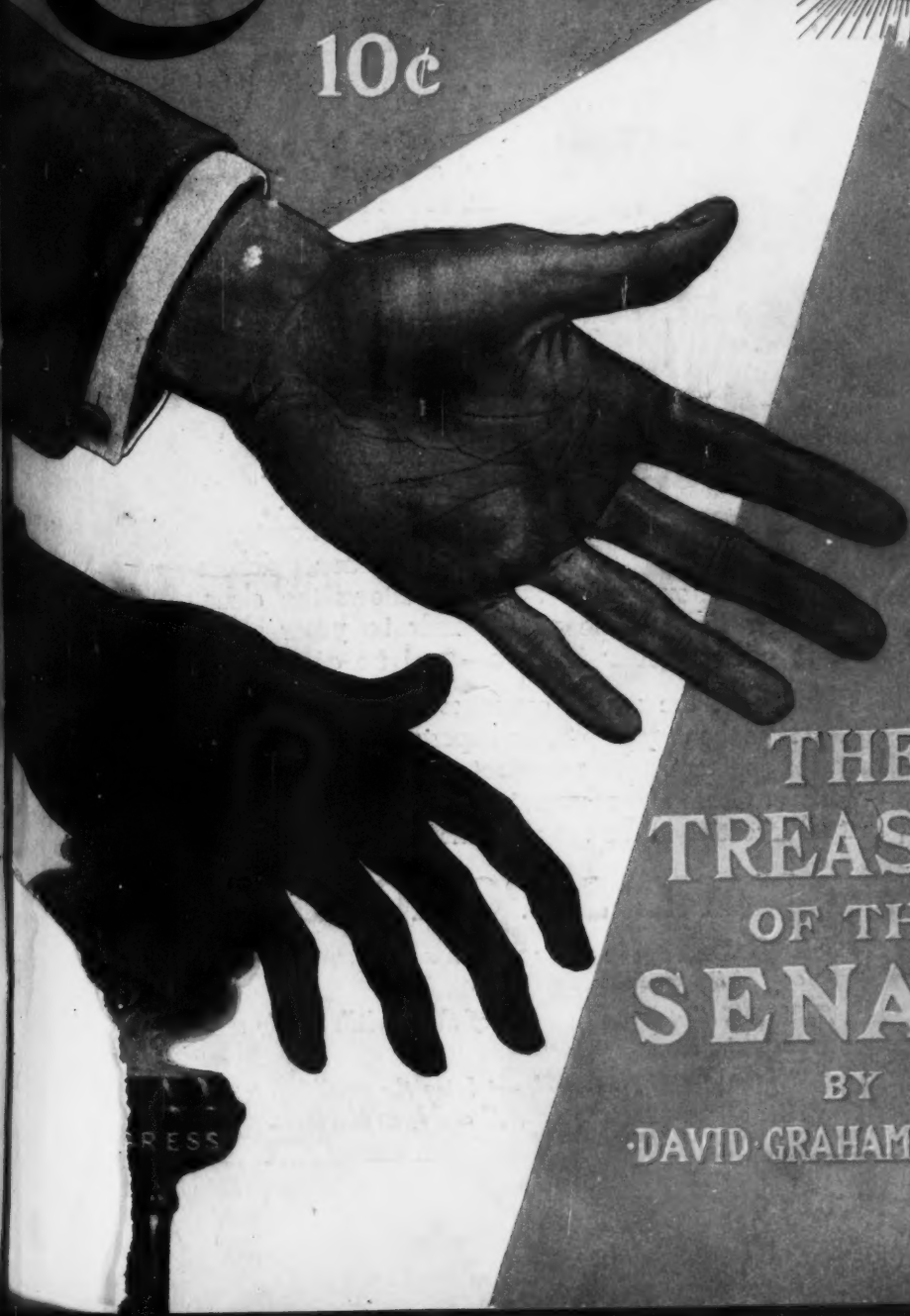


APRIL
COSMOPOLITAN

10c



THE
TREASON
OF THE
SENATE

BY
DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS



*"Young Again, eh!
That's it exactly."*

"A man is as old
as he feels,
And a woman is as
old as she looks"—

HAND SAPOLIO

keeps one young both
in feeling and looks.

It induces life and beauty,
fairness and exhilaration, quickens
circulation, removes dead skin, and allows the clear,
fresh under skin to appear. **Be fair to your skin,
and it will be fair to you—and to others.**

Now that the use of cosmetics is being inveighed
against from the very pulpits, the importance of a pure soap
becomes apparent. The constant use of Hand Sapolio
produces so fresh and rejuvenated a condition of the skin
that all incentive to the use of cosmetics is lacking.

HAND SAPOLIO IS

SO PURE that it can be freely used on a new-born baby or the
skin of the most delicate beauty.

SO SIMPLE that it can be a part of the invalid's supply with
beneficial results.

SO EFFICACIOUS as to almost bring the small boy into a
state of "surgical cleanliness," and keep him there.

Wall Street and the House of Dollars

BY ERNEST CROSBY



GR^{EAT} is Wall Street and the Senate is its prophet! That is the confession of faith of the prevailing political religion of Washington. People must have faith in something, and they will spend their lives in seeking something stable on which to place their feet, and in this the politician is like other people. He must find the source of real political power and put himself into connection with it, and to-day this power exists in the Senate as in no other part of the national government. The discerning man who wanders about Washington in search of the real source of authority looks in vain until he reaches the Senate Chamber, and then he begins to feel "hot." There is something there that means business. It may not be the holy of holies itself, but it is at any rate its anteroom, and the ineffable atmosphere of dynamic force is there. Behind these respectable-looking gentlemen who sit so nonchalantly at their desks, the Real Thing must be somewhere concealed.

And this is true, for we are in the House of Dollars, and the solid thing behind it is gold. It is indeed a temple, and the hidden deity is the Golden Calf, and these are its high priests who are sent up by all the tribes to serve at its altar and carry out its behests. And it is no heathen idol, either, that has eyes and sees not and ears and hears not; but it sees and hears everything, and behind the veil (and we may suppose with a wink in its aureate eye) it governs the country for a people who think that they govern themselves.

For whatever we may say against Wall Street, it has this one fundamental merit: it is the Real Thing. Whatever its vices, it has the supreme virtue of vitality, and this Washington has not got. The condemnation of our beautiful capital on the Potomac is, that, like the church of Sardis, it has a name that it lives and is dead. Our national political organization is an admirably devised system of wires and machinery intended to receive its motive power from the people, but somehow they fail to connect. The site of Washington was carefully selected as near as possible to the center of population of a century ago, so that the popular will might most readily express itself there. But immediately the center of population began to move away in one direction, and the center of power in another. Our center of population is pretty near the Mississippi now, and our center of power is on the Hudson. Who shall explain this curious

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phenomenon? The reason is simple enough. Our center of gravity is determined not by men, but by dollars; not by flesh and blood, but by gold. This precious metal has a power of generating political power that the mere animal magnetism of masses of men has failed to supply. Wall Street has tapped the national wire, and its big gold dynamo is making the machine go, while the people look on in impotence—and the connection is made in the Senate Chamber. That explains the dominating influence of that house, and the smug, superior self-satisfaction of its members. They are in touch with the Real Thing. Great is Wall Street and the Senate is its prophet!

It is fine to be the Real Thing. Whether you are good or bad, it is great to be real. Heaven is real and hell is real, and in between are all the shams and makeshifts of a make-believe civilization. Wall Street is real and Washington is not. Dig in Pennsylvania Avenue and you will find Wall Street under the surface. That narrow defile of a street, flanked by its banks and deposit vaults, with the forgotten church at its end overshadowed by the sky-scraping temples of finance, is the center of America to-day, and Washington in a mere simulacrum, like the gilt pipes of an organ, only for show, while the real tunes are played out of sight underneath. And the fault lies with the Senate, whose treason consists in the fact that it takes its orders from dollars and not from the people, and has chosen the dynamo of wealth and not that of its human constituents.

This is the situation. Here we are, a great and vigorous people, generating power enough to run a dozen governments, and our government has got away from us, and switched us off, and our nominal representatives are getting their motive power elsewhere. There in the Senate Chamber is the center of the conspiracy which has defrauded us of our rights. It will soon be with us as it was with the Roman oligarchy. "*Senatus Populusque Romanus*," they used to say, when they spoke of the state. "S.P.Q.R."—"The Senate and the Roman People," and the Senate came first. It is "The Senate and the American People" to-day, and we may soon improve on the Roman legend and drop the "People" altogether, and then, politically speaking, the Senate will be the Whole Thing. But they tempered the asperities of oligarchy in Rome by naming tribunes of the people who had the courage to call a halt when the Senate went too far, and to maintain the rights of the people against their rulers. We need such tribunes in this country, and their aim should be to bring the senators back to their allegiance. Legislative elections have proved to be almost invariably corrupt and the sure means of handing over the selection to the money power. The senators as a rule are either direct representatives of the trusts or political bosses by the grace of the trusts. The problem before us is to select our own bosses for ourselves and make the senators *our* representatives, and to cut off the connection which binds them to interests which are diametrically opposed to ours. Popular election seems to be the obvious reform. The electors of a whole state cannot be handled as a legislature can be. The people should rise in their wrath and demand this change. The world of finance has its own proper functions to accomplish, but it should have no place in the management of our government. Let the people once more become the Real Thing.



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg

THE CHIEF OBSTRUCTIONIST AT WORK

"Various senators represent various divisions and subdivisions of this colossus. But Aldrich, rich through franchise grabbing, the intimate of Wall Street's great robber barons, the father-in-law of the only son of *the* Rockefeller—Aldrich represents the colossus. Your first impression of many and conflicting interests has disappeared. You now see a single interest, with a single agent-in-chief to execute its single purpose—getting rich at the expense of the labor and the independence of the American people."—"The Treason of the Senate," page 628.



Drawn by Henri Lanois

ONE WAITED FOR ITS RISING, AND YET EACH NIGHT IT CAME AS A SURPRISE

(See "In the Days of the Comet," page 637)

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Idols of the Russian Masses

BY
CHRISTIAN BRINTON

ONE winter evening, when the garrison of Port Arthur was still stubbornly holding its own against Nogi's invincible veterans and the big, sullen army under Kuro-pátkin was being slowly forced from the peninsula, a slender, seductive creature stepped before the footlights of a certain popular concert-hall in St. Petersburg and was about to begin her song. She was currently known as the *protégée* of a notorious grand duke and in her hair, about her throat, and on her fingers glistened a fortune in gems. The orchestra had, however, played but a few opening bars when a stalwart workman with shaggy head and flaming eyes suddenly sprang to his feet and shaking his fist at the singer cried in a voice burning with indignation, "Take off those jewels; they are not diamonds, they are drops of Russian blood!" The audience was electrified, and, quick to appreciate the stinging rebuke which the young artisan had administered to the criminal indifference and profligacy of the aristocracy, they promptly hissed the favorite off the stage.



MME. ALLA NASÍMOV

Throughout the horror and humiliation of the war in the Far East and the stirring and sanguinary events nearer home, the Russian public, like the Parisians of the early seventies, have continuously thronged the theaters and kindred places of amusement. The tragic uncertainty as to what each day might bring forth has been followed, toward evening, by a reaction wholly natural and human. Not only in St. Petersburg and Moscow, but in Riga, Kiev, Odessa and all the larger cities of the empire the fevered intensity and pathetic foreboding of the populace have found both a reflex and an outlet in the playhouse. It has been in the theater that the pulse of this great, convulsed and suffering nation could best be felt, that the temper of the masses could most accurately

be gauged. At the present moment many of the leading places of amusement are closed and theatrical interests are virtually paralyzed, but until the recent storm broke, conditions were more than ordinarily encouraging.

Numerous characteristic incidents have occurred, none perhaps more dramatic or significant than the one cited above, though each in turn has proved typical of some particular phase of popular feeling. To the authorities, one of the most troublesome features of the situation has been the wild demonstrations of enthusiasm aroused by the singing and reciting of revolutionary verses. These, of course, have been introduced as encores since the regular programme is always passed upon by the theatrical censor.

Of late, certain well-known performers have not hesitated to lampoon the imperial family under the thinnest disguises, the result being that rigid instructions have been issued to the police prohibiting all encores unless previously approved by the censor.

Some idea of the personal popularity enjoyed by the actress in Russia can best be understood when it is recalled that three of them were largely responsible for the successful breaking of the St. Petersburg postal strike in January last. They were Mme. Labúnskaya, of the ballet, Mme. Márkova, of the Imperial Opera, and Mme. Míronova, of Suvórin's Theater. Snugly wrapped in furs and driving about in smart sleighs, they spent several days delivering letters and parcels in all quarters of the capital.

In no country, indeed, are the favorites of the stage more ac-



ANTON CHÉKHOV AND COUNT TOLSTÓV

claimed and more beloved than in Russia. The audiences of Paris, Berlin or even Vienna seem stolid and apathetic beside those of the chief Slavic cities. Though a large and concentrated student body is partially responsible for this condition, the rank and file of playgoers are singularly impressionable and enthusiastic. Ovations such as take place among us only on the rarest occasions are of frequent occurrence in the theaters of Russia. Hence it is natural that the social and political, as well as the purely artistic influence of the theater, should be particularly important throughout the empire. Though officialism and bureaucracy have for years been paramount in tsardom, it is refreshing to realize that the stage in Russia is in the hands of no clique nor caste. Managers, actors and singers are alike recruited from every walk of life. A princess is the lessee and star of one of the leading theaters in St. Petersburg, an ex-manufacturer and merchant of Moscow is Russia's foremost producer and stage director.

While it is no secret to the world at large that Máxim Górký is to-day the most popular author and publicist in Russia, it may not be so generally known that the idol of Russian audiences is his most intimate friend, Shalyápin, the basso of the Imperial Opera in Moscow. Years ago, when Górký was an abused and half-starved baker's assistant in Kazán, the man who is now hailed as the prince of Russian singers and the Kean of Russian actors was sitting at a cobbler's bench in that same quaint, semi-Tatár town. Later on, and still unknown to each other, they



MÁXIM GÓRKÝ, AND HIS INTIMATE FRIEND SHALYÁPIN, BASSO OF THE IMPERIAL OPERA, MOSCOW

both drifted to Tiflis, where Górký was a railway hand, and the future operatic star was singing in the chorus of a second-rate theater. Barely two years later, when they had each become famous, their paths crossed again, and this time they met and became fast friends, both having known anguish and obscurity, both at last sharing universal applause and publicity.

Yet it must not be taken for granted that the personal vogue of an opera singer, however great, or the enthusiastic scenes which have been enacted in crowded concert-hall, are the most important achievements of the contemporary Russian stage. The real social significance of the theater in Russia is best exemplified and can best be studied in a series of remarkable plays produced, for the most part, during the

past half-dozen years in Moscow and performed with unprecedented success on every available stage in the empire. It is obvious to any student of Russian affairs that the drama is to-day relatively accomplishing what the novel did during the fifties and sixties. We have Górký's own words to the effect that fiction has largely ceased to be a vital form, and it only remains to add that the play is proving its logical successor.

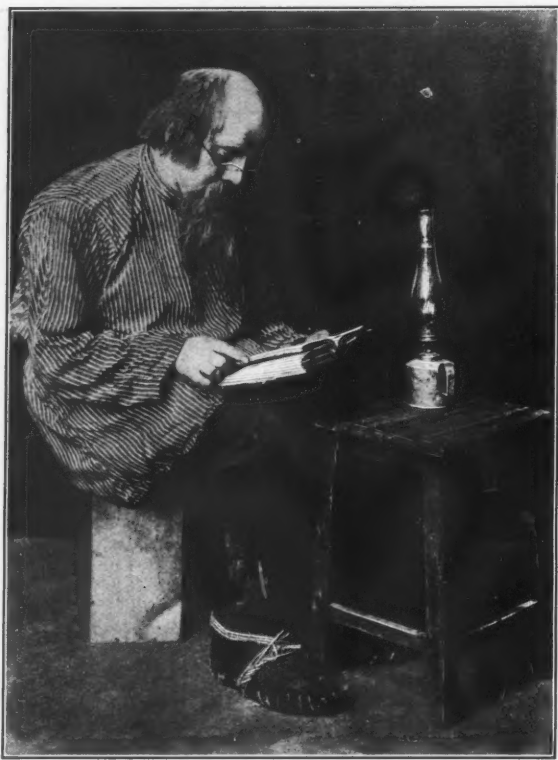
Within the decade a new race of prophets

outlined. To-day it is no longer these issues, but the struggle for a constitution, the extension of suffrage, common humanity to the Jews, and the modification or even obliteration of autocracy that have burned themselves into popular consciousness. About certain of these themes have been written, with more or less explicit intent, dramas depicting in relentless accents existing social and political conditions.

The plays which have lately made so profound an impression on the Russian public, which have awakened Russians to a pathetic consciousness of their weakness and lack of will, or have aroused in them a species of heroic ardor, have in large part been written by Chékhov and by Górký. Other men such as Chíríkov and Naíd-yenov are valiantly continuing the work, but it was the gentle, ironical painter of the "Intellectuals" and the indignant champion of the submerged who, more than any of their colleagues, realized the social function of the drama. It is with an acute sense of regret that one records the untimely death of the former and the interrupted activity of the latter.

Regarding, as we comfortably do, the theater as a place of diversion, as a convenient escape from business or from boredom, it is difficult for us to comprehend the vital influence on the Russian public of such productions as Chékhov's "Sea Gull,"

Górký's "At the Bottom," Naíd-yenov's "Vanyushín's Children" or Chíríkov's "Chosen People." It should, however, be remembered that the average Russian takes art seriously. He preaches no such insipid cant as "art for art's sake." His best novels and his best plays are dedicated to a broader, deeper passion than the mere craving for æsthetic stimu-



M. MÓSKVIN, AS LUKKA, IN GÓRKÝ'S "AT THE BOTTOM"

has sprung up using the actor as their mouthpiece and the stage as their battleground. While the pages of Turgénev, Dostoévsky and Tolstóy will always palpitate with pity, will always evoke a haunting, troubled beauty, their specific task has been fulfilled; the serfs have been freed and, though the reconstruction was not consummated, it was at least fearlessly



M. BARÁNOV, ONE OF THE IDOLS OF THE CONTEMPORARY RUSSIAN STAGE

lus, and not until most of the country's wrongs are righted or her bleeding wounds are healed, will fiction or the drama settle complacently down to a trivial dilettanteism.

It is unnecessary to detail the plot of any of these pieces. For the most part they are transcriptions of that baffling struggle for light and freedom which forms the text of every page penned by Russia's cherished champions. The "Sea Gull" full of eager, soaring aims, wings her way into the gray mists of blighted hope and falls stunned upon the shore. Before the fitful rushlight of "At the Bottom" pass and repass the forlorn or insolent shadows of humanity's poor outcasts. "Vanyushin's Children," deprived of their birthright of parental tenderness and understanding, curse their father and leave him to moral isolation and suicide; while here at our feet the "Chosen People" fall helpless victims of a ferocious, unreasoning hatred.

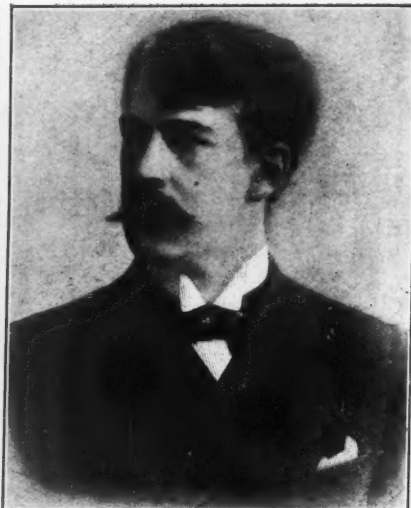
You will doubtless maintain that all this is revolting, and is even steeped with needless horror, yet the picture is rarely painted in a single, unrelieved tone. Through

"Plain Folk" rings a manful song of triumph, and often an endearing pity and commiseration illumine the saddest heart or the shabbiest exterior. In essence these plays are a protest against actual conditions, a condemnation of that system which has so long blighted the best endeavor of brain or hand. While their social import is apparent it seldom becomes obtrusive, for over each effort hangs the menacing ban of the censor keeping propaganda rigorously in the background. Whatever the lesson taught, it must be couched in the broad language of life, not in the narrow terms of a theory or a thesis.

Not infrequently a play will slip under the nose of authority and on its production will create such a furore that it has to be immediately suppressed. Such was lately the case with Gorky's "Dáchniki," or "Cottagers." Privately performed in Moscow, it was afterwards given by Mme. Kommissarzhevskaya at the Dramatic Theater in St. Petersburg to the accompaniment of such violent demonstrations of approval that the authorities felt impelled to prohibit any further representations. It



PAUL ORLÉNEV, WHOSE COMPANY IS NOW PLAYING IN THIS COUNTRY



CONSTANTIN STANISLÁVSKY, RUSSIA'S GREATEST STAGE DIRECTOR AND PRODUCER

was relatively easy to forego "Dáchniki," which merely shows a swarm of thoughtless flies buzzing on the brink of destruction, but a further order forbidding the production of any subsequent play by Górký on the Russian stage proved a far more serious matter. His latest dramatic effort, entitled "Children of the Sun," completed while he was in prison, was hence not produced until the recent manifesto according conditional freedom of speech and of the press became operative.

Not less remarkable than the current Russian drama is the manner of its interpretation. Utterly devoid of convention or artifice, sometimes scarcely more than a succession of profoundly realistic scenes transferred direct from life to the stage, these plays have proved a vital source of inspiration alike to actor and producer. The social upheaval which has in part been brought about by the Russian drama, has been accompanied by an almost equally significant artistic revolution. Hand in hand with the playwright has gone the player, both seeking truth with an almost sacred ardor, both striving to place before the public an unflinching lesson in sincerity, an irresistible appeal to sympathy.

While the ascendancy of the drama has

been due to the enthusiasm of a group of men, the consummate achievement of certain Russian actors is largely traceable to one individual. Something over a decade ago, the performances given by the leading amateur dramatic society of Moscow became the feature of each season. They were under the direction of a wealthy man of business who, though an admirable actor, proved to be an altogether exceptional stage manager. A practical man, as well as the possessor of progressive artistic ideals, it was not long before he decided to make professional use of his capacity in this direction. With certain of his former associates, and a few advanced pupils from the Philharmonic Conservatory, this manufacturer - manager founded the Moscow Artistic Theater. Though he began modestly enough the public was quick to recognize the originality of his methods and the high seriousness of his aims. The most ambitious students and some of the best-known actors in Russia were soon eager to play even small parts in his company, and the influence of his theater shortly reached to the farthest corners of the empire.

Constantin Stanislávsky looks, and is, the man of genius. Massive in stature, with a shaggy crown of gray hair and a short, dark mustache, he impresses you at

once with an absolute reverence for truth and an inherent scorn of sham or artifice. A five minutes' chat with him is sufficient to give you an idea of why he has been able to achieve such radical results, why he has managed within a few short years to revolutionize the interpretation and production of plays in Russia. His methods are the methods of human nature seen through the medium of a clear, discriminating mind. Though an inflexible realist, what he demands is not reality, but the illusion of reality; not life, but the closest, tensest, most faithful translation of life. One morning, when he was rehearsing a young woman in a rôle temperamentally suited to her, but for which she lacked the requisite ease and distinction of manner, he wheeled brusquely round and asked her where she lived.

"In the ———," she replied, naming one of the poorer streets of Moscow.

"How much do you pay for your rooms?"

"Sixty roubles a month," was her puzzled response.

"And how much do you spend a year on gowns?"

"About a thousand roubles."

"Very well; from to-morrow you will occupy an apartment in the Biélgorod (the smartest quarter of Moscow). You will have your carriage, your maid, manicure, masseuse and modiste, and in another three months I trust you may feel more at home in the part."

Though three months appears a short time in which to perfect a *femme du monde*, it seems a long while to spend rehearsing a play, yet with Stanislávsky an ordinary modern comedy with the simplest changes of scene is seldom produced under a hundred or more rehearsals. Every detail, even to the very words the characters exchange with each other *sotto voce* at the back of the stage, is scrupulously considered. In spite of this tremendous amount of preparation the final impression is invariably one of refreshing naturalness and spontaneity. Above all, the Stanislávsky actor speaks naturally, a thing rare, if not unknown, on the English stage. Any suspicion of affectation, rant or singsong is in fact utterly tabooed in the best theaters of Russia.

Although there is nothing approaching our definition of a star in Stanislávsky's constellation, and while each actor is re-

lentlessly required to sacrifice individual talent to ensemble effects, the principal players are all famous and all beloved by the public. Among the women, Mme. Olga Knipper, the widow of Chékhov, and an actress of penetrating tenderness and temperamental power, takes perhaps first rank. In "The Sea Gull," "Three Sisters" and "Uncle Ványa" by her husband and in Górký's "Plain Folk" and "At the Bottom," she interprets with singular



MME. OLGA KNIPPER

plasticity a widely different range of parts. Mme. Knipper possesses a vaguely haunting voice, and while not conventionally beautiful, exercises a far subtler and more enduring appeal. Sharing, at times, equal honor with Mme. Knipper are Mme. Lilina, the wife of Stanislávsky, a dramatic

ingénue of the richest promise, and Mme. Andréyva, Górký's second wife, whose unquestioned scenic gifts will doubtless achieve for her a more secure place than she has thus far attained.

The discovery and development of latent ability being among Stanislávsky's strongest characteristics, it is not strange that there should be several remarkable instances of this faculty in the personnel of his company. Baránov, the unforgettable Terev in the "Plain Folk," he took from a church choir, and out of handsome Veshnévsky, who had been an indifferent exponent of the young lover in the provinces, he made an inimitable character actor. Though both of these men stand high, Móskvin, particularly in such rôles as Lukka and the Tsar Féodor, would probably be considered their peer in method and in maturity of talent.

Apart from the Moscow Artistic Theater it cannot be maintained that the Russian stage offers any conspicuous or sustained instance of nationalism. The work accomplished by Mme. Yavórskaya (the Princess Bariátinsky), though brilliant and interesting, it too spasmodic and uneven to merit special attention. A beautiful, ambitious woman, the Princess Bariátinsky deserves the credit of having been the first Russian actress to win the plaudits of Paris, having taken her company there during the summer of 1902.

Genuine local interest has been aroused in the con-

temporary Russian stage through the success in our midst of Paul Orlénev, Mme. Nasimov and their remarkable St. Petersburg Dramatic Company. Both in their choice of plays and in the manner of interpretation this organization clearly represents the most advanced conception of the drama, their radical ideas having, in fact, been partially responsible for their coming to this country. Paul Orlénev is unquestionably one of the finest exponents of tense, concentrated, histrionic emotion who has ever visited our shores. Though his colleagues particularly commend his elaborate pathological portrait of the Tsar Féodor, he seems equally fulfilling as Oswald in "Ghosts," or as Raskólnikov

in "Crime and Punishment." So plastic is her personality and so supreme are her powers of identification, that it would be hazardous to say in what part Mme. Nasimov excels. Her accurate transition from the conscious coquetry and pathetic ardor of Zaza to the eerie poetry of Hilda is alone sufficient to prove her an actress of consummate versatility and charm.

It is a pleasure to note that something better and higher than a mere appreciation of their art has been accorded the efforts of these visiting players. And that something is, indeed, what they hoped to find when they were told by their countrymen to carry around the world the lesson taught so tragically in the "Chosen People"—the lesson of universal brotherhood and universal pity.



M. VESHNÉVSKY



Drawn by Gibbs Mason

The New Aristocracy

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON



MR. HOWELLS, in one of his recent papers on English life, suggests that the main reason why the British aristocracy continues to exist in this era of disintegration, is its studied unobtrusiveness. It is quite true that it is the least assertive class in England, in many respects the most democratic, by far the least offensively British. Whether these characteristics are the result of a serene consciousness of exalted social position and several centuries of good breeding, or fear of the highly inefficient British workman who spends so large a part of his time on strike, is a ques-

tion that cannot be settled offhand; but the great middle class is very proud of its aristocracy, whether its bias happens to be independent or snobbish.

Of course, it is only a small minority of our eighty millions that imitate, or think they imitate, the aristocracy of Great Britain, but these few thousands count far beyond their deserts, because, owing to the servile attentions of the newspapers and magazines, their numbers appear to be magnified with their importance; and the student of the somewhat menacing conditions in the United States is moved to wish that these people really knew those they have elected to copy and would do them the honor to be exact. Instead of laying away

their sense of social supremacy in old rose-leaves and lavender, our new aristocracy of wealth is often haughty and frigid in manner, rude to its "inferiors," and not only ostentatious in expenditure, but arrogantly assertive of what it believes to be its superior rights. The broad tolerance and high breeding of the British aristocracy has left socialism in the empire with only a wooden crutch to stand on, but if we have a revolution in the United States, we shall owe it entirely to the stupidity of the rich.

There is no doubt that new fortunes with their unaccustomed temptations, their magnetism for parasites, toadies, and flatterers, the barricade they raise against the ordinary trials of life, develop abnormally three qualities that are latent, at least, in every nature: frivolity, selfishness, and pride; and the constant exercise of these qualities hardens what, for convenience, we call the heart, and breeds indifference for the feelings and rights of others. I have been interviewed by women reporters in almost every country I have visited, and it is only in America—in New York, to be exact—that they have spoken of their dread of approaching fashionable or merely rich women. These women consent to the interview, for they are not indifferent to the market value of notoriety, but the unfortunate medium is treated in a fashion which was out of date in Europe a hundred years ago. It is bred in the bone of an Old-World aristocrat to be kind and considerate to those to whom fortune has been less prodigal or else to avoid them altogether; but these girls have told me that before ascending the steps of the house of a New York woman of fashion they have stood for minutes and fought for courage.

An Englishwoman, who had entertained at her country home a number of wealthy American women, once confided to me that the maids invariably complained to her maid of the refined brutality of their employers. The Englishwoman, who was large minded, added that she made allowances for these ladies as she believed them to be merely the victims of the traditions of slavery. She was very much astonished when I told her that the black slaves had been far better treated by the genuine American aristocracy of fifty years ago than are the highly paid servants of the pampered women whose grandfathers got their intellectual equipment at a night school, or

kept a shop on the Bowery. Those we have of ancient lineage—who have framed their family tree and proved their seven generations, whose fortunes have kept pace with the times, and who form the somewhat attenuated backbone of society, in New York, for instance—are more objectionable in some respects than the new-rich. While they ought to know better, they are so uneasily conscious of their position as real aristocrats in a country too large to give them a universal recognition, that anxious pride has bleached their very blood, attenuated their features, narrowed their lips, and practically deprived them of any distinctive personalities. The best thing that can be said of them is that they are not, with one notorious exception, vulgar in the common use of the word; and the power of this class in New York society was overlooked by Mr. Benson when taking notes for his novel, "The Relentless City." Such a woman as his loud, sensational heroine might descend upon New York and amuse it for a time, but she never could be a leader.

I have particularized the society of New York because it is the cynosure and envy of all the social aspirants in the Union, its influence is the most extensive and detrimental, it is indubitably the most heartless, extravagant and arrogant; and because, small as it is in numbers, it has come to be the objective point in the somewhat vague term, "American society." As a matter of fact, it not only represents an abnormal development of the most objectionable traits in the American character, but in many respects it is quite different from the fashionable life of other cities in the United States. In Boston there is an immense amount of wealth and luxury; but there are traditions behind—a great deal of genuine cultivation, pursuit of art and literature, high American ideals, and the simplicity that characterizes well-bred people everywhere. There are millions enough to excite the envy of the working classes, but they are kept in the background by the good taste of their owners. In the classic language of one of the cleverest men in America, "money in Boston does not stink;" and this it certainly does in New York.

In Philadelphia, the South, San Francisco, money, although rated at its proper value, has never assumed the brutal importance that it has in New York. The millionaire society of the Middle West may be



Drawn by H. Richard Boehm

THE CYNOSURE AND ENVY OF ALL THE SOCIAL ASPIRANTS IN THE UNION

vulgar or absurd, but it is in the main good-natured and generous; its principal defect is that it envies and emulates New York—that frigid manner and cool aloofness peculiar to those of the seven generations, the successful mask and lordly arrogance of those whose millions have become its bulwark. The real thing as it may be seen in England would only excite their scorn, and for the matter of that it is little enough understood in New York. I crossed the Atlantic not long ago with an English-woman, who being young, vigorous, and unaffected, rose every morning about seven o'clock and walked the deck for an hour or two before breakfast. I was in her state-room one day when her maid entered, tearful with wrath. She had had high words with the maid of a rich New York woman. "She says you are no lady, mum," she quavered, "because you get up so early. Her lady, she says, never gets up till one o'clock. 'Yes,' I says to her 'what doing? Lying in bed, drinking whiskey and sodas,' says I, 'until she ain't fit to get up at all!'"

There are perhaps half a dozen prominent women in New York society, who are not only exceptionally clever, but who arise in revolt every little while and take a stand against the frivolity of their class; but the lady who spent the better half of her day in bed because she was of too fine an organization for ordinary wear and tear, is a far more alluring ideal to the Western woman just beginning to feel the power of riches than any which has for its core a high intelligence or a healthy love of fresh air and exercise. There is a woman in New York society whose notorious vulgarities of speech and action, to say nothing of her abominable manners, are only condoned on account of her wealth and inherited position; and it is also an open secret that certain of her associates have more than once been carried out of fashionable restaurants, or, resisting, have made a scene on the pavement until forced into their carriages. These facts reach the social dreamers in every city of the United States, flying to the magnet of their active curiosity, and the result is that among people who are climbing toward a position where they could make their own traditions, a decent moral or intellectual tone, toward which they also have secret leanings, is likely to be flouted as old-fashioned. The prevalence of gambling among rich women all over the world has

been so much commented on that the subject is trite; but it is well to insist on the fact that the historic nervousness of American women of all classes is largely due to the constant use of alcohol in small doses. The wealthier women who have come to believe that they are above all laws, do not hesitate to order it any hour in the public restaurants. I took "tea" with five of them one afternoon at the Waldorf, and those that did not order whiskey revived themselves with absinthe. Then they abused everyone whose name came up, composing as they chattered, and no doubt forgetting as quickly. But for the moment not a woman they assaulted had a grandmother above the grade of a washerwoman, or a rag of morals to save her from the divorce court.

We have now had four accredited novelists of New York society—Edgar Saltus, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Cruger and Mrs. Wharton. All have written "from the inside," and, with the possible exception of Mrs. Harrison, who has a grain or two of human sympathy, not one of them seems to have found a single redeeming feature in the world in which they are, or were, a part. Their characters lie, steal, blackmail, murder, commit adultery as a matter of course, gamble, drink, oppress, plot to ruin innocent reputations, throw compromising letters into waste-paper baskets, are frivolous, foolish, vain and brutal; and, according to Mrs. Wharton, are even destitute of the ordinary virtues of loyalty and friendship. That there is little in New York society beyond what they report one is forced to believe, for they merely repeat what has been told over and over by the outsider gathering his facts from common rumor, and that has been made familiar by newspaper comment and the occasional protests of clergymen. There are apparently, only a few facts to relate, a few types to portray, but these are more fascinating to a certain sort of reader than any that inspire the modern novel. Of course, a great New York novel could be written, for New York is as many-sided as life itself; but the author of it must possess the creative gift, and the large vision that makes of characters something more than the one-sided victims of a passing phase of civilization. But it is doubtful if such a book would appeal so powerfully to those who long to know more of the mysterious hundreds that constitute New York's least important part. If they

come continually upon the same types, the same incidents, they turn as eagerly to the next exposition, hoping for the clue that shall reveal the composition of the halo.

Hereafter, when an outsider who has made stinging animadversions upon New York society is accused of jealousy or spite, he has only to retort, "Mrs. Wharton!"

woman, who, if a writer rather than an author, is a close and acute observer; one, moreover, whose pen in its most brilliant moments never takes fire and betrays her, and whose opportunities for studying her favorite subject are indisputable. Therefore, it is to be hoped that her book will do some good, not only in making her friends



Drawn by H. Richard Beehm

THESE GIRLS HAVE TOLD ME THAT THEY HAVE STOOD FOR MINUTES
AND FOUGHT FOR COURAGE

As yet, she is by far the most uncompromising of its critics. Of the only two characters in her last story that possess a lonely drop of the milk of human kindness, or a decent impulse, the one is quite brainless and the other a stalking horse. The heroine is a social parasite, who, in the supreme moment of her thirty years of life, renounces the intention to blackmail. This is the soberly written book of a remarkably clever

heartily ashamed of themselves, but in suggesting to the ingenuous hordes floating out from obscurity on the golden tide, that they had better find a worthier, and more interesting, model, or invent something more to the credit of the country.

For this is the danger: So great is the glamour of New York society that it is the ambition of every woman who has suddenly risen to social position in her own town, to



Drawn by H. Richard Boehm

WALKED THE DECK FOR AN HOUR OR TWO BEFORE BREAKFAST

transport her husband's millions to this Mecca of American life. And this factor of feminine ambition, to say nothing of feminine rapacity, is one that counts significantly in the system known as "graft." The influence of American women over men to-day is greater than woman's influence, except in isolated cases, has ever been before. American men are not only indulgent and kindly, but a strong natural desire to please women is their most famous characteristic. There are thousands of American women that influence men for their

good, but there are an appalling number of others—and most of them respectable wives—who, passively by extravagance, or actively by that form of mental pressure known as "nagging," force men to reach out for more money, at any cost. Sometimes the result is the defrauding bank clerk, with whom we are all so familiar; when there are more distinguished gifts to develop, smaller fry than banks are annihilated to swell the individual fortune; and, in the present condition of American laws, stripes are avoided. But that among latter-day

millionaires there is a large majority of criminals no one pretends to deny.

It would be an extravagance, of course, to lay the heartless methods employed in the rapid accumulation of wealth to any one cause, particularly to hold responsible a society that probably does less thinking than any society has done since the world began. Men are not all as women make them, and the modern lust for enormous wealth with the power over other men that it brings, the delight in the chase, in risk, in trampling human obstacles out of existence, are merely a modern development of primal instincts. Life has changed with the ages, but man very little. Those engaged in the fight for wealth to-day might almost be called a reversion to their savage ancestors, and it is a remarkable fact that in their hours of relaxation, when the hideous din of the battle must be forgotten if they would live to fight another, they are far more brutal in their excesses than any man of leisure would dream of being.

Nevertheless, their respectable wives, if they have not been the first to suggest that the gold of their neighbors be diverted into their own coffers, are not long whetting the appetite. Women who are obliged to do their own work, dream, if they dream at all, of little beyond a future competence, but the moment they find themselves in comparative affluence, with servants to do all but their thinking, their ambition and rapacity know no bounds. The records of other millionaires begin to interest them, and above all, personal details of the millionaires' wives, who, once obscure as themselves, are now of dazzling prominence, with pictures in the cheap magazines and every movement recorded by the press. Perhaps, however, the most dissatisfied women in our vast commonwealth are those who, without children, or with one or two that are old enough to be at school, live in flats or boarding-houses on an income too small to permit them to take any position in society, and large enough to keep them in idleness. These women read the society papers, envy bitterly those who are no better educated or better born than themselves, and when their husbands are weak, nag them into small dishonesties and long terms of social retirement. It is in this class that the largest number of actual

drunkards are to be found, and that from which the greatest number of women "fall." There should be a social crusade for their benefit, for although the multiplication of woman's clubs has in part solved the problem, there are still thousands that have absolutely no object in life beyond their petty personal interests.

And it is because the lives of fashionable women are rooted in the same evil, idleness, that they should not be judged too harshly; at all events their excuses should be taken into consideration. There is none of the complexity of English life, its intellectual and moral outlets, in the various fashionable groups of America, just as the brains and characters of the men and women of leisure have less development through lack of thinking ancestors. They are very often bored and disgusted, no doubt much amused at those that envy them. To spend money is their supreme distraction, and notoriety is at least one compensation for *ennui*.

Life and what to do with it is as much of a problem to them as to the lonely farmer driving in his dilapidated buggy across the dreary unpeopled expanse of a Western prairie; and automobiles, with their new group of sensations, including the daily recurring uncertainty of seeing the morrow's sun, has not solved the problem. Nor will there ever be a solution of the problem until universal work either becomes compulsory or the fashion.

I have never known an idle person happy, and I have heard few complaints from those whose lives were filled with a reasonable amount of work. The call is in the blood; we are everyone of us descended from the primeval races that converted chaos into a habitable world, and later, we in America, from those that worked in the wilderness with their hands—even the men who had been of some rank in the mother country; for those who came over in colonial days for any purpose but to better their fortunes returned as quickly as possible and left few descendants behind them. Americans, of all people in the world, are an anomaly in idleness; it will be another century, if then, before they will know what to do with leisure, or how to lead the lives of butterflies without exciting the wonder and amusement of older civilizations.

The Treason of the Senate

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort.

—THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES, Article III, Section 3.

II

Aldrich, the Head of It All



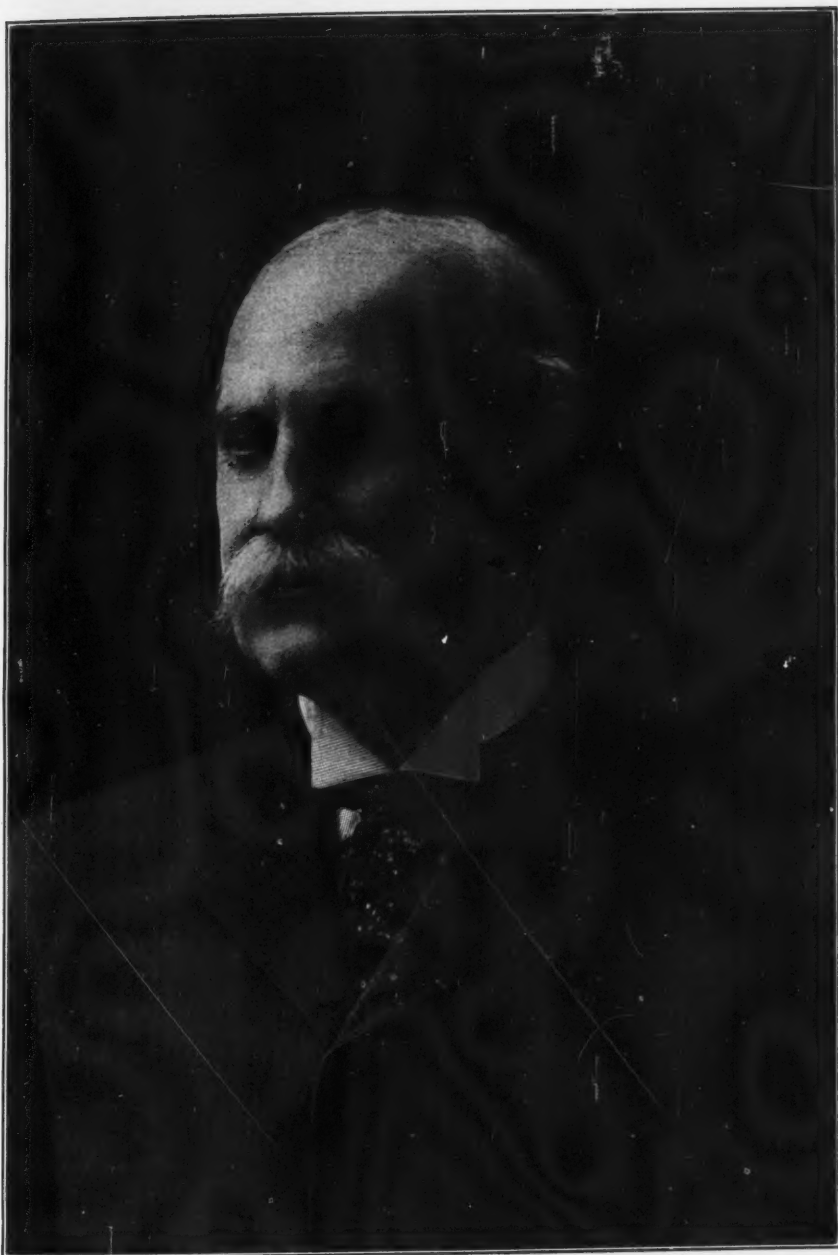
UT Platt and Depew are significant only as showing how New York, foremost state of our forty-five, is represented in the Senate, in the body that is the final arbiter of the distribution of the enormous prosperity annually created by the American people. Long before Platt and Depew were sent to the Senate by and for "the interests," treason had been organized and established there; they simply joined the senatorial rank and file of diligent, faithful servants of the enemies of their country. For the organizer of this treason we must look at Nelson W. Aldrich, senior senator from Rhode Island.

Rhode Island is the smallest of our states in area and thirty-fourth in population—twelve hundred and fifty square miles, less than half a million people, barely seventy thousand voters with the rolls padded by the Aldrich machine. But size and numbers are nothing; it contains as many sturdy Americans proportionately as any other state. Its bad distinction of supplying the enemy with a bold leader is due to its ancient and aristocratic constitution, changed once, away back before the middle of the last century, but still an archaic document for class rule. The apportionment of legislators is such that one-eleventh of the population, and they the most ignorant and most venal, elect a majority of the legislature—which means that they elect the two United States senators. Each city and township counts as a political unit; thus, the five cities that together have two-thirds of the population are in an overwhelming minority before

twenty almost vacant rural townships—their total population is not thirty-seven thousand—where the ignorance is even illiterate, where the superstition is mediæval, where tradition and custom have made the vote an article of legitimate merchandising.

The combination of bribery and party prejudice is potent everywhere; but there come crises when these fail "the interests" for the moment. No storm of popular rage, however, could unseat the senators from Rhode Island. The people of Rhode Island might, as a people and voting almost unanimously, elect a governor; but not a legislature. Bribery is a weapon forbidden those who stand for right and justice—who "fights the devil with fire" gives him choice of weapons, and must lose to him, though seeming to win. A few thousand dollars put in the experienced hands of the heelers, and the senatorial general agent of "the interests" is secure for another six years.

The Aldrich machine controls the legislature, the election boards, the courts—the entire machinery of the "republican form of government." In 1904, when Aldrich needed a legislature to reelect him for his fifth consecutive term, it is estimated that carrying the state cost about two hundred thousand dollars—a small sum, easily to be got back by a few minutes of industrious pocket-picking in Wall Street; but a very large sum for Rhode Island politics, and a happy augury of a future day, remote, perhaps, but inevitable, when the people shall rule in Rhode Island. Despite the bribery, despite the swindling on registration lists and all the chicane which the statute book of the state makes easy for "the interests," Aldrich elected his governor by a scant eight hundred on the face of the returns. His legislature was, of course, got without the least difficulty



NELSON W. ALDRICH, SENIOR SENATOR FROM RHODE ISLAND—THE CHIEF SERVANT OF
THE MONEY POWER IN THE SENATE

—the majority for "the interests" is on joint ballot seventy-five out of a total of one hundred and seventeen. The only reason Aldrich disturbed himself about the governorship was that, through the anger of the people and the carelessness of the machine, a people's governor had been elected in 1903 and was up for reelection; this people's governor, while without any power whatever under the Constitution, still could make disagreeable demands on the legislature, demands which did not sound well in the ears of the country and roused the people everywhere to just what was the source of the most respectable politician's security. So, Aldrich, contrary to his habit in recent years, took personal charge of the campaign and tried to show the people of Rhode Island that they were helpless and might as well quiet 'down, accept their destiny and spare his henchmen the expense and labor of wholesale bribery and fraud.

But, as a rule, Aldrich no longer concerns himself with Rhode Island's petty local affairs. "Not until about a year or so before it comes time for him to be elected again, does he get active," says his chief henchman, Gen. Charles R. Brayton, the state's boss. "He doesn't pay much attention to details." Why should he? Politically, the state is securely "the interests'" and his; financially, "the interests" and he have incorporated and assured to themselves in perpetuity about all the graft—the Rhode Island Securities Company, capitalized at and paying excellent dividends upon thirty-nine million dollars, representing an actual value of less than nine million dollars, owns, thanks to the munificence of the legislature, the

state's street and trolley lines, gas and electric franchises, etc., etc. It began in a street railway company of Providence in which Aldrich, president of the Providence council and afterwards member of the legislature, acquired an interest. The sugar trust's Searles put in a million and a half

shortly after the sugar trust got its license to loot through Aldrich at Washington; the legislature passed the necessary laws and gave the necessary franchises; Senator Steve Elkins and his crowd were invited in; more legislation; more franchises, more stocks and bonds, the right to loot the people of the state in perpetuity. Yes, Aldrich is rich, enormously rich, and his mind is wholly free for the schemes he plots and executes at Washington. And, like all the other senators who own large blocks of

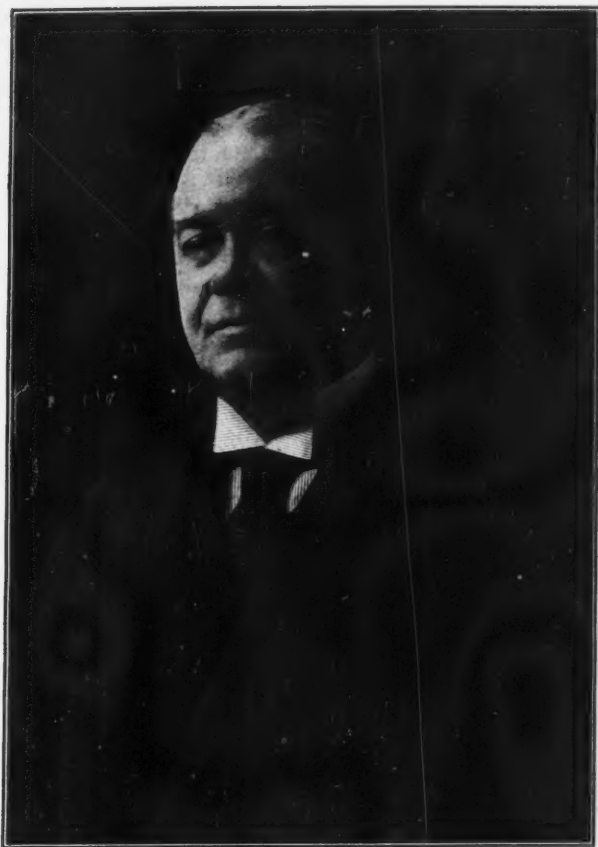
stocks and bonds in the great drainage companies fastened upon America's prosperity, his service is not the less diligent or adroit because he himself draws huge dividends from the people.

Early Training of Aldrich

He was born in 1841, is only sixty-four years old, good for another fifteen years, at least, in his present rugged health, before "the interests" will have to select another for his safe seat and treacherous task. He began as a grocery boy, got the beginning of one kind of education in the public schools and in an academy at East Greenwich, Rhode Island. He became clerk in a fish store in Providence, then clerk in a grocery, then bookkeeper, partner, and is still a wholesale grocer. He was elected to the legislature, applied himself so diligently to the work of getting



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., SON-IN-LAW OF
SENATOR ALDRICH



GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE, JUNIOR SENATOR FROM RHODE ISLAND

his real education that he soon won the confidence of the boss, then Senator Anthony, and was sent to Congress, where he was Anthony's successor as boss and chief agent of the Rhode Island interests. He entered the United States Senate in 1881.

In 1901 his daughter married the only son and destined successor of John D. Rockefeller. Thus, the chief exploiter of the American people is closely allied by marriage with the chief schemer in the service of their exploiters. This fact no American should ever lose sight of. It is a political fact; it is an economic fact. It places the final and strongest seal upon the bonds uniting Aldrich and "the interests."

When Aldrich entered the Senate, twenty-

five years ago, at the splendid full age of forty, the world was just beginning to feel the effects of the principles of concentration and combination, which were inexorably and permanently established with the discoveries in steam and electricity that make the whole human race more and more like one community of interdependent neighbors. It was a moment of opportunity, an unprecedented chance for Congress, especially its deliberate and supposedly sagacious senators, to "promote the general welfare" by giving those principles free and just play in securing the benefits of expanding prosperity to all, by seeing that the profits from the coöperation of all the people went to the people. Aldrich and the traitor Senate saw the op-

portunity. But they saw in it only a chance to enable a class to despoil the masses.

Before he reached the Senate, Aldrich had had fifteen years of training in how to legislate the proceeds of the labor of the many into the pockets of the few. He entered it as the representative of local interests engaged in robbing by means of slyly worded tariff schedules that changed protection against the foreigner into plunder of the native. His demonstrated excellent talents for sly, slippery work in legislative chambers and committee rooms and his security in his seat against popular revulsions and outbursts together marked him for the position of chief agent of the predatory band which was rapidly forming to take care of the prosperity of the American people.

Various senators represent various divisions and subdivisions of this colossus. But Aldrich, rich through franchise grabbing, the intimate of Wall Street's great robber barons, the father-in-law of the only son of the Rockefeller—Aldrich represents the colossus. Your first impression of many and conflicting interests has disappeared. You now see a single interest, with a single agent-in-chief to execute its single purpose—getting rich at the expense of the labor and the independence of the American people. And the largest head among the many heads of this monster is that of Rockefeller, father of the only son-in-law of Aldrich and his intimate in all the relations of life!

There are many passages in the Constitution in which a Senate, true to its oath and mindful of the welfare of the people and of the nation, could find mandates to stop wholesale robbery, and similar practices.

And yet, what has the Senate done—the Senate, with its high-flown pretenses of reverence for the Constitution? It has so legislated and so refrained from legislating that more than half of all the wealth created by the American people belongs to less than one per cent. of them; that the income of the average American family has sunk to less than six hundred dollars a year; that of our more than twenty-seven million children of school age, less than twelve millions go to school, and more than two millions work in mines, shops, and factories.

And the leader, the boss of the Senate for the past twenty years has been—Aldrich!

In vain would "the interests" have stolen franchises, in vain would they have corrupted the public officials of states and cities, if they had not got absolute and unshakable control of the Senate. But, with the Senate theirs, how secure, how easy and how rich the loot!

Source of His Power

The sole source of Aldrich's power over the senators is "the interests"—the sole source, but quite sufficient to make him permanent and undisputed boss. Many of the senators, as we shall in due time and in detail note, are, like Depew and Platt, the direct agents of the various state or sectional subdivisions of "the interests," and these senators constitute about two-thirds of the entire Senate. Of the remainder several know that if they should oppose "the interests" they would lose their seats; several others are silent because they feel that to speak out would be useless; a few do speak out, but are careful not to infringe upon the rigid rule of "senatorial courtesy," which thus effectually protects the unblushing corruptionists, the obsequious servants of corruption, and likewise the many traitors to party as well as the people, from having disagreeable truths dinged into their ears. Tillman will "pitchfork" a president, but not a senator, and not the Senate in any but the most useless, futile way—this, though none knows better than he how the rights and the property of the people are trafficked in by his colleagues of both parties, with a few exceptions. There are a few other honest men from the South and from the West, as many of the few honest Republicans as honest Democrats. Yet party allegiance and "senatorial courtesy" make them abettors of treason, allies of Aldrich and Gorman.

"Senatorial courtesy!" We shall have to return to it, as it is the hypocritical mask behind which the few senators who pose as real representatives of the people hide in silence and inaction.

The greatest single hold of "the interests" is the fact that they are the "campaign contributors"—the men who supply the money for "keeping the party together,"



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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, TO WHOM SENATOR ALDRICH'S ALLEGIANCE
IS STRONGEST

and for "getting out the vote." Did you ever think where the millions for watchers, spellbinders, halls, processions, posters, pamphlets, that are spent in national, state and local campaigns come from? Who pays the big election expenses of your congressman, of the men you send to the legislature to elect senators? Do you imagine those who foot those huge bills are fools? Don't you know that they make sure of getting their money back, with interest, compound upon compound? Your candidates get most of the money for their campaigns from the party committees; and the central party committee is the national committee with which congressional and state and local committees are

affiliated. The bulk of the money for the "political trust" comes from "the interests." "The interests" will give only to the "political trust." And that means Aldrich and his Democratic (!) lieutenant, Gorman of Maryland, leader of the minority in the Senate. Aldrich, then, is the head of the "political trust" and Gorman is his right-hand man. When you speak of the Republican party, of the Democratic party, of the "good of the party," of the "best interests of the party," of "wise party policy," you mean what Aldrich and Gorman, acting for their clients, deem wise and proper and "Republican" or "Democratic."

To relate the treason in detail would

mean taking up bill after bill and going through it, line by line, word by word, and showing how this interpolation there or that excision yonder meant millions on millions more to this or that interest, millions on millions less for the people as merchants, wage or salary earners, consumers; how the killing of this measure meant immunity to looters all along the line; how the alteration of the wording of that other "trifling" resolution gave a quarter of a cent a pound on every one of hundreds of millions of pounds of some necessary of life to a certain small group of men; how this innocent looking little measure safeguarded the railway barons in looting the whole American people by excessive charges and rebates. Few among the masses have the patience to listen to these dull matters—and, so, "the interests" and their agents have prosperity and honor instead of justice and jail.

No railway legislation that was not either helpful to or harmless against "the interests"; no legislation on the subject of corporations that would interfere with "the interests," which use the corporate form to simplify and systematize their stealing; no legislation on the tariff question unless it secured to "the interests" full and free license to loot; no investigations of wholesale robbery or of any of the evils resulting from it—there you have in a few words the whole story of the Senate's treason under Aldrich's leadership, and of why property is concentrating in the hands of the few and the little children of the masses are being sent to toil in the darkness of mines, in the dreariness and unhealthfulness of factories instead of being sent to school; and why the great middle class—the old-fashioned Americans, the people with the incomes of from two thousand to fifteen thousand a year—is being swiftly crushed into dependence and the repulsive miseries of "genteel poverty." The heavy and ever heavier taxes of "the interests" are swelling rents, swelling the prices of food, clothing, fuel, all the necessities and all the necessary comforts. And the Senate both forbids the lifting of those taxes and levies fresh taxes for its master.

Three Acts of Treason

Let us concentrate on three signal acts of treachery which Aldrich had to perpe-

trate publicly and which are typical and all-embracing in effect.

There are, of course, two honestly tenable views of the tariff question. But both the honest advocates of high tariff and the honest advocates of low tariff are agreed in opposition to tariff for plunder only. And we are noting here only that last kind of tariff, which is as hateful to protectionist as to free trader because it is in truth a treason.

Two years after Aldrich came to the Senate there was a revision of the tariff law enacted during the Civil War. In that revision Aldrich took an active part, and laid the foundations of his power with "the interests," then in their early formative period. But it was not until 1890 that he had an opportunity to make his first large contribution toward the firm establishment of conditions of unequal division of prosperity which have now resulted in expropriating the American people from the ownership of their own country. In 1890 the House of Representatives passed the so-called McKinley bill. As it left the House it was, on the whole, a fairly honest protective-tariff measure, extreme, in the opinion of some Republicans and of many Democrats, but on the whole an attempt to raise revenue and to protect all American industries. "The interests" had their representatives in the House by the score; but the House is so directly responsible to the people that it dared not originate and utter a measure of frank treason. The bill went to the Senate, was there handed to Aldrich and his committee for examination in the secrecy of the committee room. When Aldrich reported the bill, there was a wild outcry from the House—largely for political effect upon the astonished people, who almost awakened to the enormity of the treason. The McKinley bill had been killed; for it Aldrich had substituted a bill to enrich "the interests" with the earnings and savings of the masses. The sugar trust's schedule, for example, was so scandalous that even the mild and devotedly partisan McKinley exclaimed publicly that it was far too high. It gave the trust a lot of sixty cents the hundred pounds, of three million dollars a year over and above the high protection it already had, when sugar can be refined more cheaply in this country than anywhere else in the world, the labor cost being insignificant.

But the traitor Senate stood firm for its masters; and the House, in terror of Aldrich and his "campaign contributors" accepted what it knew meant temporary political ruin—better offend the short-memoried people than "the interests" that forgive and forget nothing and never. The Aldrich bill was passed and was signed by the President. The party and the President, and Congressman McKinley and all who had had anything to do with the bill went down in defeat—but not Aldrich, secure in his Rhode Island seat, and not any of the senators who were needed by "the interests." And "the interests" got their loot—literally, hundreds of millions a year, every penny of it coming out of the pockets of the people.

The Democrats came in, and in 1894 the Wilson bill passed the House—a fairly honest and really moderate expression of the low-tariff view of the tariff question. The Senate had a small Democratic majority, nominally. So, Aldrich was pretending to take a back seat; and his right bower, Gorman, was posing as leader of the Senate, that is, of its traitorous band of servants of "the interests"—more than half of all the senators. The Wilson bill reappeared from the secrecy of the Aldrich-Gorman committee so absolutely transformed from a thing of decency to a thing of shame that the whole country was convulsed. Again "the interests" had been looked after; there had been injected into the bill provisions for loot for each and every one of Aldrich's powerful clients, the electors of senators, Democratic and Republican, the suppliers of campaign funds and tips on stocks and shares in "good things," and of funds to be lost at poker to congressmen too "honest" and too "proud" to accept a direct bribe. The scandal was enormous—so enormous that there had to be a farcical investigation at which Havemeyer, the sugar king, and Chapman, the agent of the brokers through whom the senators and representatives gambled in stocks, refused to tell what they knew of the utter rottenness of the leaders of Senate and House. Chapman got a few days in jail for contempt; Havemeyer, tried for the same offense, and whistling softly all through this farcical trial, was acquitted. But the scandal did not stagger Aldrich and Gorman and their band. They, more than a majority of the Senate, most of them traitors to the people wearing the

Republican disguise, enough of them from among the Democrats—Gorman, Jim Smith of New Jersey, Brice of Ohio, Ed Murphy of New York—formed a solid, brazen phalanx and forced the House—again in terror of the "campaign contributors"—to accept the Aldrich bill or nothing. The President denounced it, refused to sign it—he almost took the advice of Tom Johnson to veto it. But the "Aldrich-Gorman political trust" had been shrewd enough to leave in the bill some features popularly attractive that happened not to injure any of the interests, some features that made it *seem* less predatory than the Aldrich bill of 1890; and the President let it become a law without his signature. In action, it soon demonstrated that as a whole it was quite as effective as the Aldrich bill of 1890 in doing all that a tariff law could to accelerate the expropriation of the people from ownership of any property whatever.

Poor Wilson! Had he been a "practical" tariff expert like Aldrich, how he would have cried out against that law which bore his name as a cover for Aldrich's treachery!

Aldrich's next great positive tariff opportunity came in 1897. The Dingley tariff bill left the House more satisfactory to "the interests" than any that had preceded it. The House had been gradually passing into the control of "the interests" and the doctrine that to serve "the interests" which financed the party and acted as fatherly guardians of the poor, helpless and so mysteriously impoverishing American people was to serve God and country, had gained ground, had become almost as axiomatic as it now is. Still, the leaders of the House had not dared wholly to lose their point of view—or, rather, to pretend to lose it. The Dingley bill entered the Senate, almost perfect from the standpoint of the agents of the enemies of the people there enthroned. But not quite perfect. The defects were all speedily remedied, however, in the secrecy of Aldrich's committee room. And the third Aldrich tariff bill became a law. Like the Aldrich-emasculated anti-trust legislation, like the Aldrich-manipulated laws for the regulation of railways, this law is, in its main schedules—those dealing with the fundamental necessities of civilized life used by all the people—a stupendous robbery, taking cognizance of the huge developments of American resources to arrange that all but a

scanty share of them shall become profit for the plunderers. And since 1897 the up-piling of huge fortunes, the reduction of the American people toward wage and salary slavery has gone forward with amazing rapidity. The thieves use each year's rich haul to make larger nets for larger hauls the next.

The abounding prosperity, the immense amount of work to do, has caused the paying of salaries and wages that, as the reports of the commercial agencies show, are *in money* almost as high as they were fifteen years ago and about where they were *in purchasing power* thirty years ago. But the cost of living is going up, up, faster than incomes; and the number of tenant farmers, of renters, of paupers, of unemployed has increased as never before, even in straightened times. In place of the old proportion in the lot of the American people, there is gross disproportion. How Aldrich must laugh as he watches the American people meekly submitting to this plundering through tariff and railway rates and hugely overcapitalized corporations! And what, think you, must be his opinion of the man who in all seriousness attributes the astounding contrasts between the mountainous fortunes of the few and the ant-hill hoardings of the many to the superior intelligence of the few? Yet, Aldrich's contempt for the mentality of the masses is not unjustified, is it?

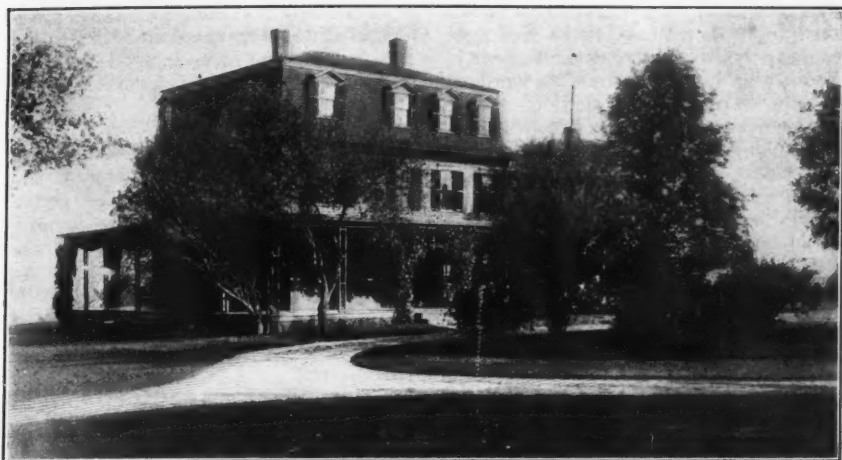
A Juggler of Legislation

How does Aldrich work? Obviously, not much steering is necessary, when the time comes to vote. "The interests" have a majority and to spare. The only questions are such as permitting a senator to vote and at times to speak against "the interests" when the particular measure is mortally offensive to the people of his particular state or section. Those daily sham battles in the Senate! Those paradiings of sham virtue! Is it not strange that the other senators, instead of merely busying themselves at writing letters or combing their whiskers, do not break into shouts of laughter?

Aldrich's real work—getting the wishes of his principals, directly or through their lawyers, and putting these wishes into proper form if they are orders for legislation or into the proper channels if they are

orders to kill or emasculate legislation—this work is all done, of course, behind the scenes. When Aldrich is getting orders, there is of course never any witness. The second part of his task—execution—is in part a matter of whispering with his chief lieutenants, in part a matter of consultation in the secure secrecy of the Senate committee rooms. Aldrich is in person chairman of the chief Senate committee—finance. There he labors, assisted by Gorman, his right bower, who takes his place as chairman when the Democrats are in power; by Spooner, his left bower and public mouthpiece; by Allison, that Nestor of craft; by the Pennsylvania Railroad's Penrose; by Tom Platt of New York, corruptionist and lifelong agent of corruptionists; by Joe Bailey of Texas, and several other sympathetic or silent spirits. Together they concoct and sugar-coat the bitter doses for the people—the loot measures and the suffocating of the measures in restraint of loot. In the unofficial but powerful steering committee—which receives from him the will of "the interests" and translates it into "party policy"—he works through Allison as chairman—but Allison's position is recognized as purely honorary.

And, also, Aldrich sits in the powerful interstate-commerce committee; there, he has his "pal," the brazen Elkins of West Virginia, as chairman. He is not on the committee on appropriations; but Allison is, is its chairman, and Cullom of Illinois is there—and in due time we shall endeavor to get better acquainted with both of them. In the commerce committee, he has Frye of Maine, to look after such matters as the projected, often postponed, but never abandoned, loot through ship subsidy; in the Pacific Railroad committee he has the valiant soldier, the honest lumber and railway multi-millionaire, the embalmed-beef hero, Alger, as chairman; in the post-office and post-roads committee, which looks after the railways' postal graft, a clean steal from the Treasury of upward of ten millions a year—some put it as high as thirty millions—he has Penrose as chairman. In that highly important committee, the one on rules, he himself sits; but mouthpiece Spooner is naturally chairman. Their associates are Elkins and Lodge—another pair that need to be better known to the American people. Bailey is the chief



HOME OF SENATOR ALDRICH, WARWICK, RHODE ISLAND

"Democratic" member. What a sardonic jest to speak of these men as Republicans and Democrats!

When the Curtain Was Lifted

These committees carry on their colorless routine and also their real work—promoting thievish legislation, preventing decent legislation, devising ways and means of making rottenest dishonesty look like honesty and patriotism—these committees carry on their work in secrecy. *Public* business in profound privacy! Once Vest, angered by some misrepresentation made by Aldrich, had part of the minutes of a meeting of the finance committee read in open Senate—a gross breach of "senatorial courtesy"! Before the rudely lifted curtain was dropped, the country had a rare, illuminatory view of Aldrich. Here is this official minute:

"At a meeting of the Committee on Finance on March 17, 1894, on motion of Mr. Aldrich, the committee proceeded to a consideration of the provisions (of the Wilson bill) in regard to an income tax. Mr. Aldrich moved that the whole provision be stricken out of the bill."

He and Allison, that lifelong professional friend of the "plain people," had both voted aye. A pitiful sight he and Allison were, flustering and red, as this damning fact was read in open Senate, with the

galleries full and all the reporters in their places! It is the only time the people have ever had a look at Aldrich in his shirt sleeves and hard at his repulsive but remunerative trade. But the people do not need to see the processes. They see, they feel, they suffer from the finished result—the bad law enacted, the good law killed.

When Bacon, in 1903, moved to call on the Department of Commerce and Labor for full facts about the selling of American goods at prices from one-fourth to a full hundred per cent. cheaper abroad than at home, Aldrich at once moved to refer the resolution to his committee, and his motion was carried. A year later, Bacon reminded the Senate of his former resolution and of how it was sleeping in Aldrich's committee, and reintroduced it. He backed it up with masses of facts—how "our" sewing machines sell abroad for fifteen dollars and here for twenty-five dollars; how "our" borax, a Rockefeller product, costs seven and a half cents a pound here and only two and a half cents abroad; how "our" nails, a Rockefeller-Morgan product, sell here for four dollars and fifty cents a keg and abroad for three dollars and ten cents; how the foreigner gets for one dollar as much of "our" window glass as we get for two dollars; how Schwab, in a letter to Frick on May 15, 1899, had said that, while steel rails sold here at twenty-eight dollars a ton, he could deliver them in England for

sixteen dollars a ton and make four dollars a ton profit; how the beef trust sold meat from twenty-five to fifty per cent. dearer in Buffalo than just across the Canadian line; how the harvester trust sold its reapers cheaper on the continent of Europe than to an Illinois farmer coming to its main factory at Chicago; how on every article in common use among the American people of city, town and country, "the interests" were boldly robbing the people.

And Mr. Aldrich said, "Absurd!" And the Senate refused even to call upon the Department of Labor for the facts.

An illustration of another form of Aldrich's methods: When House and Senate disagree on a bill, each appoints a conference committee; and the two committees meet and try to find common ground. At one of these conferences—on the war-tax bill—Aldrich appeared, as usual in all matters which concern "the interests," at the head of the Senate conferees. He pressed more than a score of amendments to a single paragraph in the House measure. The House committee resisted him, and he slowly retreated, yielding point after point until finally he had yielded all but one. He said: "Well, gentlemen of the House, we of the Senate have yielded practically everything to your body. We dare not go back absolutely empty-handed." And the House conferees gave him the one remaining point—the "mere trifle." It afterwards appeared that this was probably the only one of his more than a score of amendments that he really wanted; the others were mere bluffs. For, that "mere trifle" subtly gave the tobacco "interests" (Rockefeller-Ryan) a license to use the war-revenue tax on tobacco to extort an additional four or five cents a pound from the consumer! There are half a dozen clauses, at least, in the present so-called Dingley tariff that

protect the many-sided Standard Oil trust alone. But it takes an expert to find them, and doubtless many have escaped detection.

The Man Who Laughs

Such is Aldrich, the senator. At the second session of the last Congress his main achievements, so far as the surface shows, were smothering all inquiry into the tariff and the freight-rate robberies, helping Elkins and the group of traitors in the service of the thieves who control the railway corporations to emasculate railway legislation, helping Allison and Bailey to smother the bill against the food poisoners for dividends. During the past winter he has been concentrating on the "defense of the railways"—which means not the railways nor yet the railway corporations, but simply the Rockefeller-Morgan looting of the people by means of their control of the corporations that own the railways.

Has Aldrich intellect? Perhaps. But he does not show it. He has never in his twenty-five years of service in the Senate introduced or advocated a measure that shows any conception of life above what might be expected in a Hungry Joe. No, intellect is not the characteristic of Aldrich—or of any of these traitors, or of the men they serve. A scurvy lot they are, are they not, with their smirking and cringing and voluble palaver about God and patriotism and their eager offerings of endowments for hospitals and colleges whenever the American people so much as looks hard in their direction!

Aldrich is rich and powerful. Treachery has brought him wealth and rank, if not honor, of a certain sort. He must laugh at us, grown-up fools, permitting a handful to bind the might of our eighty millions and to set us all to work for them.

(To be continued)

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the March instalment of Mr. Phillips's articles on "The Treason of the Senate," the statement was made that a candidate for a federal district attorneyship, recommended by Senator Platt, "had been caught stealing trust funds," and that on this account his candidacy was rejected by the President. Mr. Phillips has since ascertained that this statement was untrue, and that the reason for the failure of his candidacy was not his character, which is above reproach, but was his zealous espousal of the Platt side of the New York factional warfare.

It is requested that any other publication which may have reprinted such statement will publish this correction, as the COSMOPOLITAN and Mr. Phillips wish to be fair and just and accurate throughout this series.

The subject of the next article will be Senator Gorman, of Maryland.



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

YOUNG PLATT WAS EVER AT HAND, LUGGING LOYALLY THE BAG OF CLUBS

The Lesson of Platt

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

ONCE upon a sultry House occasion the late Thomas Brackett Reed, as leader of his party on the floor, had just concluded a speech. He was followed by a Democrat of no vast thought area and much narrowness of observation. The Democrat was one of those personages of convention who are careful to think nothing that hasn't been thought, say nothing that hasn't been said, do nothing that hasn't been done, and are mightily disturbed, not to say alarmed, at any symptom of originality in either deed or doctrine, on the part of other men. He stuck always to the beaten path in legislation, as in everything else, fearful, should he leave it, of being lost in the woods. He would not so much as pare his nails with-

out a precedent, and his speeches, when one eliminated the quotations, were no speeches at all.

The utterances of the big man from Maine had, by their force and nervous newness, much excited our narrowist, and to the end that the House be saved from adopting heresies so dangerous, he read hugely, by way of warning, from the speeches of publicists long dead and gone, referring descriptively to each as he reached him as "that great statesman."

When he had done the big Maine man retorted with an epigram, which has since as a truism found moderate adoption. He fixed his little seal-eyes upon the narrow one, called up that fat, oily sneer which was part of his forensic equipment, and said:

"The gentleman, Mr. Speaker, in support of the horror with which my sugges-

tions have filled him, has fallen back upon the past, and pelted me with excerpts from the speeches of this 'statesman' and that 'statesman,' all of whom he compliments as 'great.' It is plain that he expects me to be crushed beneath the weight of those authorities, whom he draws from out the cobwebs and the collected dusts of time, and who are supposedly ponderous because they are old. The past he thinks is to put fetters on the present, and I am to sit tongue-tied lest I contradict a patriarch. In this connection, Mr. Speaker, and for the consideration of the gentleman who comes marching to the field with such a throng of 'statesmen' at his back, I should like to propose a question. I should like, if I may, to ask him, What is a statesman? And, Mr. Speaker, in case he be not able instantly to see his way to an answer, I'll even hold a lamp to guide his steps. For the comfort of the gentleman, and to allay those alarms which fill his breast, I'll reply to my own query, and assure him that a statesman, when all is said and done, is just no more, no less than a dead politician."

The House laughed; and, since men often vote as they laugh, the result of the subsequent roll call favored the big man from Maine.

Thomas Collier Platt is first, last and all the time a politician. Despite the honorable dictum quoted, no dozen deaths would serve to graduate him into statesmanship, or lift him above those sordid personal political levels to which he is congenitally adapted. To my own mind, the big man from Maine, while sparkling and, if you will, witty in the cynic's way, offered no true definition of either a politician or a statesman. Rather, I should have put it that a statesman is one who helps the people, while a politician is one who helps himself. By this last, there should be no doubt of the political species of Platt; he is, was, and will ever be a politician.

Platt was born in Owego as far away as 1833. The event gained little notice at the time. No planets abandoned their orbits; no stars went shooting athwart the heavens; there was not even a village thrill to stamp his advent as important.

His father was a lawyer, and, by Tioga county standards, well-to-do. Our sucking senator was not cradled in chill penury; his walks were smoothed and graveled to his

childish feet, with shaven lawns to border them.

He went in time to the village school, and eke to the village church. His father was an old-line Presbyterian, who, believed in "predestination," "foreordination," and other ancient theological rigidities, and was comfortable with the theory that while "many are called, but few are chosen."

Whether or no young Platt endorsed these iron-bound tenets is not surely to be known. It is probable that he went round them, as he's gone round what other stiff proposals of church and state have in later years confronted him. He has ever been a creature of circuitities, obliquities, and indirections, and it is vastly the chance that he arrived at his Presbyterianism, as he has at everything else, not by a front attack but by a movement in flank. Whatever the method, it is of churchly record that he "joined," and by way of working his religious passage began to sing in the choir. Platt has since abandoned singing; but oldsters, who recall a melodious past, declare that in childhood's treble hour he was a perfect catbird.

Having studied at the village school, and polished his morals at the village church, Platt broke into Yale as a freshman. Also, as a freshman he took a prize for Latin translations. Later he severed his connection with that seminary, without waiting for a degree. Whether this desertion of his college, while in mid-career as a student, was born of a Yale objection to Platt or a Platt objection to Yale is likewise one of those matters upon which history stands mute. In the face of the unknown, one may hope that the separation recorded worked for the credit of both.

Being out of college, young Platt tried his uncalloused hand at business. He was in turn a druggist, a lumberman, a miller and an editor. In the latter rôle he wrote for an Owego imprint until he found quill culmination on Horace Greeley's "Tribune." It is not claimed by Platt's most frantic admirers that he set the world on fire with his pen, albeit there comes one now and then to exalt him for a certain line of flea-bite paragraphs which he was known to write. In later years, Platt has performed as banker and expressman, with occasional side flights into legislation as a lobbyist, and all to the advantage of his bank balance.

While Platt has played many parts in

commerce, and never registered a loss, he did not permit mere trade to interfere with his plain destiny as a politician. Politics as a theater of effort attracted him, just as poultry as a theater of effort attracts a weasel, and he entered the Republican party as the weasel enters a henroost.

Nor can it be said that, politically, he was not fitted to advance himself. His day has been a day for weasels to succeed. Had he appeared fifty years earlier, he would have failed. In that sturdier period there were such full-blown bears and panthers and wolves in the political New York woods as the Clintons, the Schuylers, the Livingstons, the Burrs, the Hamiltons, the Jays, and the Marcys. There were, to be sure, weasels, as sedulous to suck the yolk from the eggs of party opportunity as ever has been Weasel Platt; but they went unnoticed, and in a measure didn't count. The public's eye was held by the Clinton bears, and the Livingston panthers, and the great Burr timber wolves, that growled and fought politically; and the doings of the party weasels and minks and foxes challenged scanty attention. Wherefore had Weasel Platt been of that political day, none would have heard of him. He might have been trapped, and his pelt tacked *in terrorem* on the public barn door; but no one would have heeded, and mention of the vermin tragedy would have been omitted from the annals of those times.

However, as we have seen, he was granted better fortune. He was withheld in his coming until the big-man era had drifted by. The bears and the panthers and the ravening wolves had all disappeared from the forests, and the reign of the fox and the mink and the weasel was at hand. Thus it will be observed that the fortunate young Platt matched his smallish hour extremely well, and came at once into notice, not because he was big, but because there was nothing bigger. This last is to be corrected. There was one who was larger—Conkling, that turkey cock of politics, than whom no Senate gobbler ever strutted more majestically or unfurled a profounder breadth of tail!

Young Platt, from the beginning, made up to the majestic Conkling. Not for love, not for admiration; but by precisely the principal upon which a jackal makes up to the lion. He was attracted by the prospect of those torn fragments of rejected advan-

tage, which go to the jackal because the lion doesn't want them.

The majestic Conkling received the advances of young Platt with pompous toleration. The latter was plausible, pleasant, bendable, insinuating; he would do what he was told, and seemed to be capable of those scarce clean details of party management which the fastidious Conkling never liked to touch. Thus it was arranged. The majestic Conkling, as chief, occupied the great front chamber of party. And because young Platt, agog for profit and preferment, was *deft*, willing, subservient, and in all things self-effaceable, the majestic Conkling adopted him as his confidential clerk, and installed him in the party hall-bedroom, where he would be within easy call.

And young Platt was faithful unto the majestic Conkling—faithful as the caddy is faithful to what golfer employs him. While his curled and essenced chief swatted the ball about the party links, young Platt was ever at hand, lugging loyally the bag of clubs. It was thus he went to the Senate with his chief in 1881.

Still it is but fair to say that just as many a ragged caddy is a better golf player than his fashionably knickerbockered principal, just so was young Platt the superior, in intrigue and chicane, of the majestic Conkling. In good truth, concerning whatever was to be accomplished by stealth and plot and humbug and hypocrisy, and heading one way while appearing to go the other, the majestic Conkling might have gone to school to Caddy Platt. The latter was and is an American composite, reduced and diminished, of both Talleyrand and Richelieu. He has neither the depth nor breadth nor strength of mind of the two Frenchmen; but at deception, and what petty diplomacies hold their breath for fear of being heard, and creep about at midnight while bold men sleep, he has shown himself their blood brother.

It is difficult, in any sketch of Platt, to tell what he has publicly done, for he has publicly done nothing. Nowhere in the body of our laws are to be found the amendatory hammer-marks of Platt. Doubtless he might have evolved a measure, and worked at it on the anvil of legislation until he had beaten it into a statute. Doubtless he has the intelligence; but if so, then he has lacked the impulse so to do.

Perhaps his selfish education made against it. As a boy Platt was taught—what most American lads are taught—that life offers but two targets worthy a wise man's aim. If he might make himself rich, or lift himself into high office, he could write himself among life's victors; but to do a public good would be to waste his time. And he learned this selfish lesson in his heart. Acting thereon if, in the public sense, he has supported a policy or taken a position, the reason which moved him was ever a private one. With him patriotism was Plattism, and he has decided his public attitudes by consulting his pocket.

When the Civil War befell, Platt was twenty-seven, and there exists no Tioga tradition that he had to be locked up to keep him from rushing to the front. Indeed, there has never been in the Platt composition aught of a bellicose aggressiveness which gets folk into trouble. Not even in politics has he gone where blows were struck. His successes—if he has had them—were never of the battle-ax. When, by the exigencies of an occasion, he was pitted against the natural war-dog, he has always gone down.

The following is an example: Partly for a Collis Huntington, and partly for a sugar, plus insurance, reason, he was for nominating the late Speaker Reed for President in 1896. He said he was for Morton; but Morton was a mask. He was for Reed; and yet, with New York and all New England at his elbow, with the sinuous Quay and Pennsylvania to call his own, Hanna, an amateur, took McKinley, whom Reed had distanced for speakership, and went over him like a landslide. That happened because Hanna was a fighter, and Platt was not.

Nowhere in the story of Platt may one name the man whom, blade to blade and toe to toe, he has beaten. It wasn't Black; it wasn't Odell; last, and most of all, it wasn't the vigorous Roosevelt. The latter, from his veriest boyhood, made Platt fly before him.

There was never the moment when the sly, secret, timid one from Tioga did not go plotting the destruction of the Rough Rider. And how has he prospered with that assassin enterprise? He moved him to the Navy Department to be rid of him as police commissioner, and thereby opened the way for San Juan Hill. When Roosevelt returned

from Cuba, Platt wasn't sure that he wanted him for governor, but for such as Platt, with methods of spun glass, wholly artificial, to talk of controlling a Roosevelt, was like trying to put down an Indian uprising with a resolution of the board of trade. The Rough Rider went to Albany. Platt became subsequently dexterous, and rid himself of the Albany presence of Roosevelt by making him vice president. And the latter is now President, while the scheming one waits, hat in hand, in the anteroom.

For all that, not even the weaknesses nor faltering blunders of Platt should be given the credit of Roosevelt as President. The Rough Rider is in the White House, not because of any dishwater virilities on the part of Platt, but because he belongs there. Still, when—as in the instance of Platt with Roosevelt—one beholds a gentleman devote himself to another's obliteration for a round quarter of a century, and the one to be obliterated goes bravely on from the legislature to the civil service, to the police commission, to the Navy Department, to the head of a regiment, to a governorship, to a vice presidency, and by way of climax to the White House and the hearts of the people, the tale does not tell thunderously for the deadly powers of that would-be destroyer. Write it down then, that Platt has no strength of leadership. If he have any, it is the strength of the before-noted weasel, and should only serve at its bravest to send a shiver through a henroost.

It was but the other day I heard a gentleman declare that Platt was a great man. I did not answer him, for I reflected in time that his head was as empty as a bell. Yes, his head was as hollow as a bell, with his tongue for the clapper, and since he must gong out something he had gonged out the greatness of Platt.

When the clangorous eulogist had departed, he left me thinking on Platt. In the end I myself was willing to consent that the latter *is* great; but only as the aforesaid weasel is great. He could never be great on grizzly-bear lines. However, I reflected, there be things he might accomplish which go beyond the ponderous powers of a grizzly. He could kill a rat. What grizzly might kill a rat? He could rob a nest. What grizzly might rob a nest? Lastly, and fortunately—for himself—he could squeeze through a very small hole, one so small that a grizzly might not so much as find in its

little circumference accommodations for his snout. Taken in that light, one must not deny to Platt some elements of greatness. He may be taken to represent the triumph of the little—the greatness of the small.

Platt sticks closely to the little. He has no grand policies to come in the front door and down the middle aisle of events, and challenge admiration. No matter what he is about, he arrives always by the side entrance and leaves by the back stairs. He prefers moonlight to sunlight, midnight to noon, and, in making his journeys of politics, adopts the back alleys and keeps clear of the streets. He has, moreover, the attribute, common to animals at once vicious and timid, of being able to see in the dark. I say "vicious" advisedly; for Platt can hate like a woman. And yet, because of the flaccid character of his courage, even his hatreds shrink back from weapons more honorably Gothic than cord and creese, or mayhap a pinch of poison.

In his "graft," as in all else personal or political, the rôle of Platt is small—the weasel rôle. He has grown rich not by big pillage but through cheap incessant piracies that, while sleepless to swoop on oyster boats or raid the docks of public interest, timidly let the big deep-water ships alone. And, even in these piracies, Platt worked prudently by indirection.

Long ago when a certain ring was profiting by St. Louis blackmail the base shares of individual ringsters were not put directly into their venal hands. One careful blackmailer hung an old coat in one corner of his room. The blackmail was dropped into a pocket of this convenient garment. The blackmailed one was alone when he paid; the blackmailer was alone when he collected. Only the coat knew, and that loyal surtout told no tales.

And so, with the sly, timid, secretive Platt. He has no coat to hang in some dark corner of his twilight destinies; but there is his express company—the United States. What fattens the express company fattens Platt, and that which the one receives the other gets. Thus you will notice the daylight and dark solicitude of Platt concerning that express company, over whose business he constantly bends like a painter over a picture or a mother over a child. In every public field, city, state or national, which offers least of "picking" for the express

company, Platt is to be seen most earnestly engaged.

Those of the outside were given some recent glimpse of our senior senator's sinuous industry so favorable to the express company. It came about through litigation preferred by a vivacious young person of Omaha, who sued Platt and the express company for unpaid spy-services rendered. Platt, it would appear, acting as senator, had planted the vivacious one in the Post-Office Department, where the public paid the salary and the vivacious one scanned,



Drawn by J. M. Flagg

HE ALWAYS LEAVES BY THE BACK STAIRS

hawk-like, the entire departmental field in the express company's sordid interests. The Post-Office Department can toss many a fat morsel in the way of contracts to an express company. Platt was determined that in said fat morsel connection his express company should not be passed by. It was the duty of the vivacious one to keep watch and ward in that fat-morsel-tossing, Platt-express-company behalf and see that nothing got away. The whole patronage of the department, so far as Platt could control

it, was made to feel his hungry, never-satiated company.

On a principle that the laborer is worthy of his hire and the spy should have his fee, the vivacious one came into final court against Platt and his express company. Platt with a business conservatism which has often added figures to his fortune had held, it seems, that the spy ought to be satisfied with the sunshine of his countenance and the salary which the public paid. The vivacious, coquettish spy thought differently. And so the suit.

While his graft-hunger is as the hunger of a shark, Platt proves ever the hare-heart, and is readily driven away. As chairman of the senate committee on printing he coolly gave a contract, not to the lowest, but the highest bidder. The actual purpose, whether political or mere coin of the realm, which underlay this remarkable outburst in business was never developed; albeit one may be sure that Platt, like Stevenson's Ben Gunn in "The Treasure Island," had "reasons of his own." Before the contracts were let, however, the lowest bidder, being the Champion International Paper Company of Lawrence, Massachusetts, appeared and asked why it was thus scandalously overlooked. Butler Ames, a Bay State congressman, was at the elbow of the Champion Company. Platt tried to make a stand. But no; his heart turned to water in his breast, as has been always the case in a pinch. Like the celebrated Crockett's coon—last quoted, if one's memory be not at fault, by a learned judge, but of morals stale and money-musty—he came down. The highest bidder did not get the paper contract, and the lowest bidder, the Champion Company, did. Certainly for such cork screw actions of place-debauching and contract-grabbing, the Senate ought to cast Platt in outer darkness, first taking his toga away.

While he wants in stark courage and fibrous strength, Platt is not without his powers of retaliation. His retaliations are those which lurk in treason, and of which a striking example was furnished by Benedict Arnold. As a party manager, he can divide and subtract, without being able to add or multiply. It was by this genius for subtraction and division that, in those Conkling caddy days, he defeated Folger for governor, and a handful of years ago very nearly did as traitorously much for Odell.

Yes; there are not absent in Platt certain seeds of destruction. He cannot build; but, now and then, when the world's back is turned, he can tear down. The boast is a cheap one. Construction is the difficult task, destruction easy. A common laborer may throw down a wall as fast as a regiment of skilled bricklayers can put it up. Such a poor beast as a rat has been known, with his vermin teeth, to spoil a Rubens.

The bell-head one, who thought that Platt possessed sparks of greatness, based his belief on this, that Platt politically has come untouched through crashing tempests which beat down other men. That should prove nothing, beyond a quality of lightness which has stood him in good stead. The cork outrides the hurricane that sinks the liner, while the tornado which uproots an oak but carries the thistle-down upon its merry way. Thus has it been more times than once with Platt, whose very longevity as a politician but proves the insignificance of his genius.

Platt is not wanting in what Falstaff would call "a pretty wit," and once spoke of Carl Schurz as "a lively Dutch peddler of apples of discord," and again as "a vender of political vinegar expressed from sour apples." Also, he is as vain as a peacock of what he would call his "leadership," and to say aught in its disparagement is as though one mentioned to some reigning belle that her teeth were uneven or she had contracted a squint in one eye. For hours he will stand before the mirror of his vanity, as it were, combing the locks of his beloved "leadership," the while painting and powdering and patching and primping politically like some beauty on the threshold of a ball. It is his weakness among a multitude of weaknesses—this bent to play the Narcissus of politics, in endless rapt worship of his own picture as reflected in some party pool.

Platt's seat in the Senate is but an incidental thing in his eyes, and only his "leadership" counts. He went to the Senate to strengthen his grip on state patronage, and thereby add both weight and luster to that "leadership." The Senate is a patronage trust. It transacts its togated destinies on the Scotch aphorism of giffgaff, which translated means, "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours," to which it gives the name of "senatorial courtesy." In his caddy days, Platt had found this out. That was during those two Senate months which

fell to him, before Conkling yanked the string, and bade him follow his example and go into exile. And so, when Garfield and Blaine and what others had aforetime barred his way were gone, Platt went back to the Senate. But in so going he thought of himself only as a "leader" and never as a senator, and was the latter merely as a support to the former. Against "Boss" Platt a president might rebel, and negative that "leadership" by refusing him the state patronage. By adding "senator" to "boss," should a president thus mutiny, he could bring instantly the whole force of the Senate to suppress that White House insurrection, and teach the mutinous chief magistrate his place.

While such as Platt are a public disaster, they never really interrupt the march of history. They are so little, and the country is so big, that their mal-effect is more imagined than suffered. True, they are adders, and poison dwells in their fangs; but they are, when all is said, but adders of a moment, and their venom owns no immortality. They sting the heel of progress, to be ground beneath the heel of progress; after which progress goes limping on its way. One doesn't like them in the Senate, just as one does not like burglars in a bank; and yet, while deploring the criminal solecism, one need not despair. One should throw them out, or drive them out, and then take honest measures against their return. While they are there for the trusts, working always for these pirate organizations and never for the people, while they are guided in their Senate comings in and goings out by no light of patriotism, and their pulses throb

solely at the call of self-interest, the actual harm they do is slight. They intend more than they accomplish, and are feared more than they are worth. They bear that relation to the ship of state which is borne to the big steamship by the rat skulking in the hold, and their mean potentialities are on a par with the rodent's. They can't control the ship; they can't sink the ship; they can neither injure nor retard the ship. The most one need fear from them is that they'll pillage a trifle of the cargo.

The real peril that belongs with folk of the dingy stripe of Platt, is the example they set others before whom they sometimes shine out like false lights on a difficult coast. Should some misguided youngster, bedazzled by what he might regard as the Platt successes, set his wren-head course by him, he would infallibly go crashing on every manner and sort of sunken dishonesties, and all fashions of ignoble reefs.

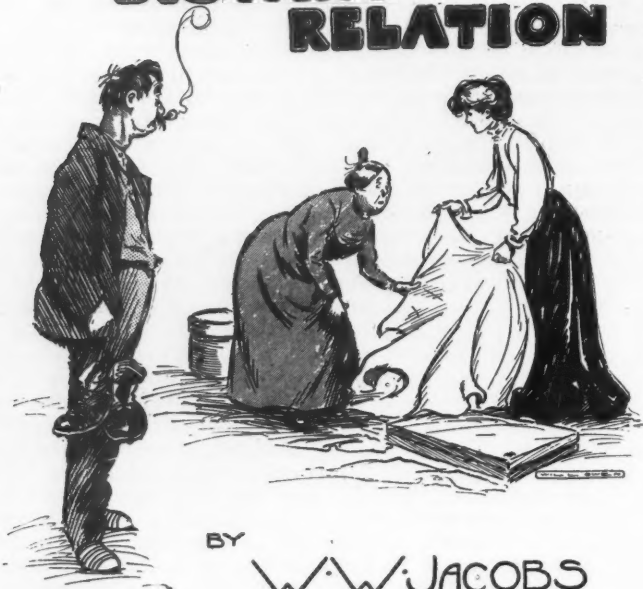
And yet, if one but study Platt in his career, there should be small risk of adopting him as an example. What is he? Nothing. What has he done? Nothing. Who will remember him a day beyond his death? No one. And, while he is living, he is as often laughed at as listened to! Verily, rightly tested, there is nothing of Platt upon which to feed one's envy. He is a weak, vain, troubled, unhappy, unrespected man. His toga but reproaches him for that muddy ungrace wherewith he has worn it. The country owes him nothing, for he has given it nothing; in no wise has he left his favoring mark upon his times. One day he will die; and his epitaph might truthfully be, "He publicly came to nothing, and privately came to grief."



Drawn by J. M. Flagg

BEFORE THE MIRROR OF HIS VANITY

A DISTANT RELATION



R. POTTER had just taken Ethel Spriggs into the kitchen to say good-by; in the small front room Mr. Spriggs, with his fingers already fumbling at the linen collar of ceremony, waited impatiently.

"They get longer and longer over their good-bys," he complained.

"It's only natural," said Mrs. Spriggs, looking up from a piece of fine sewing. "Don't you remember——"

"No, I don't," said her husband, doggedly. "I know that your poor father never 'ad to put on a collar for me; and mind you I won't wear one after they're married, not if you all went on your bended knees and asked me to."

He composed his face as the door opened, and nodded good night to the rather overdressed young man who came through the room with his daughter. The latter opened the front door, and passing out with Mr. Potter, held it slightly open. A penetrating draught played upon the exasperated Mr. Spriggs. He coughed loudly.

"Your father's got a cold," said Mr. Potter in a concerned voice.

"No, it's only too much smoking," said the girl. "He's smoking all day long."

The indignant Mr. Spriggs coughed again; but the young people had found a new subject of conversation. It ended some minutes later in a playful scuffle, during which the door acted the part of a ventilating fan.

"It's only for another fortnight," said Mrs. Spriggs hastily, as her husband rose.

"After they're spliced," said the vindictive Mr. Spriggs, resuming his seat, "I'll go round, and I'll play about their front door till——"

He broke off abruptly as his daughter, darting into the room, closed the door with a bang that nearly extinguished the lamp, and turned the key. Before her flushed and laughing face Mr. Spriggs held his peace.

"What's the matter?" she asked, eying him. "What are you looking like that for?"

"Too much draught—for your mother," said Mr. Spriggs, feebly. "I'm afraid of her asthma agin."

He fell to work on the collar once more and, escaping at last from the clutches of that enemy, laid it on the table and unlaced his boots. An attempt to remove his coat was promptly forestalled by his daughter.

"You'll get doing it when you come round to see us," she explained.

Mr. Spriggs sighed, and lighting a short clay pipe—forbidden in the presence of his future son-in-law—fell to watching mother and daughter as they gloated over dress materials and discussed double-widths.

"Anybody who can't be 'appy with her,"

"Pride is his great fault," said his wife, mournfully.

"It's no good taking up troubles afore they come," observed Mr. Spriggs; "per'aps Gussie won't come 'ere."

"He'll come straight here," said his wife with conviction, "he'll come straight here and try and make a fuss of me; same as he used to do when we was children and I'd got a ha'penny—I know him."

"Cheer up, old gal," said Mr. Spriggs, "if he does we must try and get rid of him, and if he won't go we must tell Alfred that he's been to Australia, same as we did Ethel."

His wife smiled faintly.

"That's the ticket," continued Mr.



Drawn by Will Owen

AN ANXIOUS FACE WITH SOMEWHAT FURTIVE EYES WAS THRUST INTO THE ROOM

he said half an hour later as his daughter slapped his head by way of bidding him good night, and retired, "don't deserve to be 'appy."

"I wish it was over," whispered his wife. "She'll break her heart if anything happens, and—and Gussie will be out now in a day or two."

"A gal can't help what her uncle does," said Mr. Spriggs, fiercely; "if Alfred throws her over for that he's no man."

Spriggs. "For one thing I b'leve he'll be ashamed to show his face here, but if he does, he's come back from Australia. See? It'll make it nicer for 'im too. You don't suppose he wants to boast of where he's been?"

"And suppose he comes while Alfred is here," said his wife.

"Then I say 'how 'ave you left 'em all in Australia?' and wink at 'im," said the ready Mr. Spriggs.

"And suppose you're not here," objected his wife.

"Then you say it and wink at 'im," was the reply. "No, I know you can't," he added hastily, as Mrs. Spriggs raised another objection; "you've been too well brought up; still you can try."

It was a slight comfort to Mrs. Spriggs that Mr. Augustus Price did, after all, choose a convenient time for his reappearance. A faint knock sounded on the door two days afterward as she sat at tea with her husband, and an anxious face with somewhat furtive eyes was thrust into the room.

"Emma!" said a mournful voice, as the upper part of the intruder's body followed the face.

"Gussie!" said Mrs. Spriggs, rising in disorder.

Mr. Price drew his legs into the room, and closing the door with extraordinary care, passed the cuff of his coat across his eyes, and surveyed them tenderly.

"I've come home to die," he said slowly, and, tottering across the room, embraced his sister with much unction.

"What are you going to die of?" inquired Mr. Spriggs, reluctantly accepting the extended hand.

"Broken 'art, George," replied his brother-in-law, sinking into a chair.

Mr. Spriggs grunted and, moving his chair a little farther away, watched the intruder as his wife handed him a plate. A troubled glance from his wife reminded him of their arrangements for the occasion, and he cleared his throat several times in vain attempts to begin.

"I'm sorry that we can't ask you to stay with us, Gussie, 'specially as you're so ill," he said at last, "but per'aps you'll be better after picking a bit."

Mr. Price, who was about to take a slice of bread-and-butter, refrained, and closing his eyes uttered a faint moan. "I shan't last the night," he muttered.

"That's just it," said Mr. Spriggs, eagerly, "you see, Ethel is going to be married in a fortnight, and if you died here that would put it off."

"I might last longer if I was took care of," said the other, opening his eyes.

"And besides, Ethel don't know where you've been," continued Mr. Spriggs. "We told 'er that you had gone to Australia. She's going to marry a very par-

ticular young chap, a grocer, and if he found out it might be orkard."

Mr. Price closed his eyes again, but the lids quivered.

"It took 'im some time to get over me being a bricklayer," pursued Mr. Spriggs. "What he'd say to you——"

"Tell 'im I've come back from Australia if you like," said Mr. Price, faintly. "I don't mind."

Mr. Spriggs cleared his throat again. "But you see we told Ethel as you was doing well out there," he said with an embarrassed laugh, "and girl-like, and Alfred talking a good deal about his relations, she—she's made the most of it."

"It don't matter," said the complainant Mr. Price, "you say what you like; I shan't interfere with you."

"But you see you don't look as though you've been making money," said his sister impatiently. "Look at your clothes."

Mr. Price held up his hand. "That's easy got over," he remarked, "while I'm having a bit of tea, George can go out and buy me some new ones. You get what you think I should look richest in, George—a black tail coat would be best, I should think, but I leave it to you; a bit of a fancy waistcoat per'aps, lightish trousers and a pair o' nice boots—easy sevens."

He sat upright in his chair, and ignoring the look of consternation that passed between husband and wife, poured himself a cup of tea and took a slice of cake.

"Have you got any money?" said Mr. Spriggs, after a long pause.

"I left it behind me—in Australia," said Mr. Price with ill-timed facetiousness.

"Getting better, ain't you?" said his brother-in-law sharply. "How's that broken 'art getting on?"

"It'll go all right under a fancy waistcoat," was the reply, "and while you're about it, George, you'd better get me a scarfpin, and, if you could run to a gold watch and chain——"

He was interrupted by a frenzied outburst from Mr. Spriggs, a somewhat incoherent summary of Mr. Price's past, coupled with unlawful and heathenish hopes for his future.

"You're wasting time," said Mr. Price calmly, as he paused for breath. "Don't get 'em if you don't want to. I'm trying to help you, that's all. I don't mind anybody knowing where I've been; I was



Drawn by Will Owen

MR. POTTER WAS THEN INTRODUCED AND RECEIVED A GRACIOUS RECEPTION

innocent. If you will give way to sinful pride, you must pay for it."

Mr. Spriggs by a great effort regained his self-control. "Will you go away if I give you a quid?" he asked, quietly.

"No," said Mr. Price, with a placid smile. "I've got a better idea of the value of money than that. Besides, I want to see my dear niece, and see whether that young man's good enough for her."

"Twoquid?" suggested his brother-in-law.

Mr. Price shook his head. "I couldn't do it," he said calmly; "in justice to myself I couldn't do it. You'll be feeling lonely when you lose Ethel, and I'll stay and keep you company."

The bricklayer nearly broke out again, but, obeying a glance from his wife, closed his lips and followed her obediently upstairs. Mr. Price, filling his pipe from a paper of tobacco on the mantelpiece, winked at himself encouragingly in the glass and smiled gently as he heard the chinking of the coins upstairs.

"Be careful about the size," he said, as Mr. Spriggs came down and took his hat from a nail, "about a couple of inches shorter than yourself, and not near so much round the waist."

Mr. Spriggs regarded him sternly for a few seconds, and then closing the door with a bang, went off down the street. Left alone, Mr. Price strolled about the room investigating, and then drawing an easy-chair up to the fire, put his feet on the fender and relapsed into thought.

About an hour later he sat in the same place, a changed and resplendent being. His thin legs were hidden in light checked trousers, and the companion waistcoat to Joseph's coat graced the upper part of his body. A large carysanthemum in the buttonhole of his frock coat completed the picture of an Australian millionaire as understood by Mr. Spriggs.

"A nice watch and chain, and a little money in my pockets, and I shall be all right," murmured Mr. Price.

"You won't get any more out o' me," said Mr. Spriggs, fiercely; "I've spent every farthing I've got."

"Except what's in the bank," said his brother-in-law; "it'll take you a day or two to get at it, I know. S'pose we say Saturday for the watch and chain?"

Mr. Spriggs looked helplessly at his wife, but she avoided his gaze. He turned and gazed in a fascinated fashion at Mr.

Price, and received a cheerful nod in return.

"I'll come with you and help choose it," said the latter. "It'll save you trouble, if it don't save your pocket."

He thrust his hands in his trousers pockets, and spreading his legs wide apart, tilted his head back and blew smoke to the ceiling. He was in the same easy position when Ethel arrived home accompanied by Mr. Potter.

"It's—it's your Uncle Gussie," said Mrs. Spriggs, as the girl stood eying the visitor.

"From Australia," said her husband, thickly.

Mr. Price smiled, and his niece, noticing that he removed his pipe, and wiped his lips with the back of his hand, crossed over and kissed his eyebrow. Mr. Potter was then introduced and received a gracious reception, Mr. Price commenting on the extraordinary likeness he bore to a young friend of his who had just come in for forty thousand a year.

"That's nearly as much as you're worth, uncle, isn't it?" inquired Miss Spriggs, daringly.

Mr. Price shook his head at her and pondered. "Rather more," he said at last, "rather more."

Mr. Potter caught his breath sharply. Mr. Spriggs, who was stooping to get a light for his pipe, nearly fell into the fire. There was an impressive silence.

"Money isn't everything," said Mr. Price, looking round and shaking his head. "It's not much good, except to give away."

His eye roved round the room and came to a rest finally upon Mr. Potter. The young man noticed with a thrill that it beamed with benevolence.

"Fancy coming over without saying a word to anybody, and taking us all by surprise like this," said Ethel.

"I felt I must see you all once more before I died," said her uncle, simply. "Just a flying visit, I meant it to be, but your father and mother won't hear of my going back just yet."

"Of course not," said Ethel, who was helping the silent Mrs. Spriggs to lay supper.

"When I talked of going your father 'eld me down in my chair," continued the vexatious Mr. Price.

"Quite right, too," said the girl. "Now

draw your chair up and have some supper, and tell us all about Australia."

Mr. Price drew his chair up, but, as to talking about Australia, he said ungratefully that he was sick of the name of the place and preferred instead to discuss the past and future of Mr. Potter. He learned among other things that that gentleman was of a careful and thrifty disposition, and that his savings, augmented by a lucky legacy, amounted to a hundred and ten pounds.

"Alfred is going to stay with Palmer and Mays for another year, and then we shall take a business of our own," said Ethel.

"Quite right," said Mr. Price, meaningly; "I like to see young people make their own way. It's good for 'em."

It was plain to all that he had taken a great fancy to Mr. Potter. He discussed the grocery trade with the air of a rich man seeking a good investment, and threw out dark hints about returning to England after a final visit to Australia and settling down in the bosom of his family. He accepted a cigar from Mr. Potter after supper and, when the young man left, at an unusually late hour, walked home with him.

It was the first of several pleasant evenings, and Mr. Price, who had bought a book dealing with Australia, from a second-hand bookstall, no longer denied them an account of his adventures there. A gold watch and chain, which had made a serious hole in his brother-in-law's savings-bank account, lent an air of substance to his waistcoat, and a pin of excellent paste sparkled in his necktie. Under the influence of good food and home comforts he improved every day, and the unfortunate Mr. Spriggs was at his wit's end to resist further encroachments. From the second day of their acquaintance he called Mr. Potter "Alf," and the young people listened with great attention to his discourse on "Money—How to Make It and How to Keep It."

His own dealings with Mr. Spriggs afforded an example which he did not quote. Beginning with shillings he led up to half-crowns and, encouraged by success, one afternoon boldly demanded a half-sovereign to buy a wedding present with. Mrs. Spriggs drew her overwrought husband into the kitchen and argued with him in whisper.

"Give him what he wants till they're married," she entreated; "after that Alfred can't help himself, and it'll be as much to his interest to keep quiet as anybody else."

Mr. Spriggs, who had been a careful man all his life, found the half-sovereign and a few new names which he bestowed upon Mr. Price at the same time. The latter listened unmoved. In fact a bright eye and a pleasant smile seemed to indicate that he regarded them rather in the nature of compliments than otherwise.

"I telegraphed over to Australia this morning," he said, as they all sat at supper that evening.

"About my money?" said Mr. Potter, eagerly.

Mr. Price frowned at him swiftly. "No, telling my head clerk to send over a wedding present for you," he said, his face softening under the eyes of Mr. Spriggs. "I've got just the thing for you there; I can't see anything good enough over here."

The young couple were warm in their thanks.

"What did you mean, 'about your money'?" inquired Mr. Spriggs, turning to his future son-in-law.

"Nothing," said the young man, evasively.

"It's a secret," said Mr. Price.

"What about?" persisted Mr. Spriggs, raising his voice.

"It's a little private business between me and Uncle Gussie," said Mr. Potter, somewhat stiffly.

"You—you haven't been lending him money?" stammered the bricklayer.

"Don't be silly, father," said Miss Spriggs, sharply. "What good would Alfred's little bit o' money be to Uncle Gussie? If you must know, Alfred is drawing it out for uncle to invest it for him."

The eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Spriggs and Mr. Price engaged in a triangular duel. The latter spoke first.

"I'm putting it into my business for him," he said, with a threatening glance, "in Australia."

"And he didn't want his generosity known," added Mr. Potter.

The bewildered Mr. Spriggs looked helplessly round the table. His wife's feet pressed his, and like a mechanical toy his lips snapped together.

"I didn't know you had got your money handy," said Mrs. Spriggs in trembling tones.

"I made special application and I'm to have it on Friday," said Mr. Potter with a smile. "You don't get a chance like that every day."

He filled Uncle Gussie's glass for him, and that gentleman at once raised it and proposed the health of the young couple. "If anything was to 'appen to break it off now," he said with a swift glance at his sister, "they'd be mis-

erable for life, I can see that."

"Miserable forever," assented Mr. Potter in a sepulchral voice as he squeezed the hand of Miss Spriggs under the table.

"It's the only thing worth 'aving—love," continued Mr. Price, watching his brother-in-law out of the corner of his eye, "money is nothing."

Mr. Spriggs emptied his glass, and, knitting his brows, drew patterns on the cloth with the back of his knife. His wife's foot was still pressing on his, and he waited for instructions.

For once, however, Mrs. Spriggs had none to give. Even when Mr. Potter had gone and Ethel had retired upstairs, she was still voiceless. She sat for some time looking at the fire and stealing an occasional glance at Uncle Gussie as he



Drawn by Will Owen

A GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN LENT AN AIR OF
SUBSTANCE TO HIS WAISTCOAT

smoked a cigar; then she arose and bent over her husband.

"Do what you think best," she said in a weary voice. "Good night."

"What about that money of young Alfred's?" demanded Mr. Spriggs, as the door closed behind her.

"I'm going to put it in my business," said Uncle Gussie, blandly, "my business in Australia."

"Ho, you've got to talk to me about that first," said the other.

His brother-in-law leaned back and

the sort o' young chap as'll believe anything. Bless 'im."

Mr. Spriggs bounced up from his chair and stood over him with his fists clenched. Mr. Price glared defiance.

"If you're so partikler, you can make it up to 'im," he said, slowly. "You've been a saving man, I know. And Emma 'ad a bit left her that I ought to have 'ad. When you've done play acting I'll go to bed. So long."

He got up yawning, and walked to the door, and Mr. Spriggs, after a momentary idea of breaking him in pieces and throwing him out into the street, blew out the lamp and went upstairs to discuss the matter with his wife until morning.

Mr. Spriggs left for his work next day with the question still undecided, but with a pretty strong conviction that Mr. Price would have to have his way. The wedding was only five days off, and the house was in a bustle of preparation. A certain gloom which he could not shake off he attributed to a raging toothache, turning a deaf ear to the various remedies suggested by Uncle Gussie, and the name of an excellent dentist who had broken a tooth of Mr. Potter's three times before extracting it.

Uncle Gussie he treated with bare civility in public, and to blood-curdling threats in private. Mr. Price, ascribing the latter to the toothache, also varied his treatment to his company; prescribing whiskey held in the mouth and other agreeable remedies when there were

listeners, and recommending him to fill his mouth with cold water and sit on the fire till it boiled when they were alone.

He was at his worst on Thursday morning; on Thursday afternoon he came home a bright and contented man. He hung his cap on the nail with a flourish, kissed his wife, and, in full view of the disappearing Mr. Price, executed a few clumsy steps on the hearthrug.

"Come in for a fortune?" inquired the latter, eying him severely.



Drawn by Will Owen

HE PAUSED A MOMENT TO GLANCE UP AND DOWN THE STREET

smoked with placid enjoyment. "You do what you like," he said easily. "Of course if you tell Alfred I shan't get the money, and Ethel won't get 'im. Besides that he'll find out what lies you've been telling."

"I wonder you can look me in the face," said the raging bricklayer.

"And I should give him to understand that you were going shares in the hundred and ten pounds, and then thought better of it," said the unmoved Mr. Price. "He's

"No, I've saved one," replied Mr. Spriggs gayly. "I wonder I didn't think of it myself."

"Think of what?" inquired Mr. Price.

"You'll soon know," said Mr. Spriggs, "and you've only got yourself to thank for it."

Uncle Gussie sniffed suspiciously. Mrs. Spriggs pressed for particulars.

"I've got out of the difficulty," said her husband, drawing his chair to the tea-table. "Nobody'll suffer but Gussie."

"Ho!" said that gentleman, sharply.

"I took the day off," said Mr. Spriggs, smiling contentedly at his wife, "and went to see a friend of mine, Bill White the policeman, and told him about Gussie."

Mr. Price stiffened in his chair.

"Acting—under—his—advice," said Mr. Spriggs, sipping his tea, "I wrote to Scotland Yard and told 'em that Augustus Price, ticket-of-leave man, was trying to obtain a hundred and ten pounds by false pretenses."

Mr. Price, white and breathless, rose and confronted him.

"The beauty o' that is, as Bill says," continued Mr. Spriggs with much enjoyment, "that Gussie'll 'ave to set out on his travels agin. He'll 'ave to go into hiding, because if they catch him, he'll 'ave to finish his time. And Bill says if he writes letters to any of us it'll only make it easier to find 'im. You'd better take the first train to Australia, Gussie."

"What—what time did you post—the letter?" inquired Uncle Gussie, jerkily.

"'Bout two o'clock," said Mr. Spriggs, glancing at the clock. "I reckon you've just got time."

Mr. Price stepped swiftly to the small sideboard, and taking up his hat clapped it on. He paused a moment at the door to glance up and down the street, and then the door closed softly behind him. Mrs. Spriggs looked at her husband.

"Called away to Australia by special telegram," said the latter, winking. "Bill White is a trump; that's what he is."

"Oh, George," said his wife. "Did you really write that letter?"

Mr. Spriggs winked again.

Renewal

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

APRIL, when I heard
Your lyrical low word,
And when upon the hawthorn hedge your first white blossoms stirred,
Something strangely came—
Something I cannot name—
And touched my heart and cleansed my soul with a reviving flame.

When the yellow gleam
Of your hosts that stream—
Jonquil, buttercup and crocus—made the world a golden dream,

Something, April, said
To my heart that bled—
Bled with old remembrance—"Lo! the grief-strewn days are fled!"

Sursum corda! Now,
When blooms the apple-bough,
April, of your pity, let your light rain kiss my brow;

Heal me, if you will;
Bathe my heart until
I am one with your first primrose or the shining daffodil!

What Life Means to Me

BY JOHN BURROUGHS



HAVE had a happy life, and there is not much of it I would change if I could live it over again. I think I was born under happy stars, with a keen sense of wonder, which has never left me, and which only becomes jaded a little now and then, and with no exaggerated notion of my own deserts. I have shared the common lot and have found it good enough for me. Unlucky is the man who is born with great expectations and who finds nothing in life quite up to their mark.

One of the best things a man can bring into the world with him is natural humility of spirit. About the next best thing he can bring, and they usually go together, is an appreciative spirit—a loving and susceptible heart. If he is going to be a reformer and stir up things, and slay the dragons, he needs other qualities more. But if he is going to get the most out of life in a worthy way, if he is going to enjoy the grand spectacle of the world from first to last, then he needs his life pitched in a low key and well attuned to common universal things. The strained, the loud, the farfetched, the extravagant, the frenzied—how lucky we are to escape them, and to be born with dispositions that cause us to flee from them!

I would gladly chant a pæan for the world as I find it. What a mighty, interesting place to live in! If I had my life to live over again, and had my choice of celestial abodes, I am sure I should take this planet and I should choose these men and women for my friends and companions. This great rolling sphere with its sky, its stars, its sunrises and sunsets, and with its outlook into infinity—what could be more desirable? What more satisfying? Garlanded by the seasons, embosomed in sidereal influences, thrilling with life, with a heart of fire and a garment of azure seas, and fruitful continents—one might ransack the heavens in vain for a better or a more picturesque abode. As Emerson

says, it is "well worth the heart and pith of great men to subdue and enjoy it."

Oh, to share the great, sunny, joyous life of the earth! to be as happy as the birds are! as contented as the cattle on the hills! as the leaves of the trees that dance and rustle in the wind! as the waters that murmur and sparkle to the sea! To be able to see that the sin and sorrow and suffering of the world are a necessary part of the natural course of things, a phase of the law of growth and development that runs through the universe, bitter in its personal application, but illuminating when we look upon life as a whole! Without death and decay how could life go on? Without what we call sin (which is another name for imperfection) and the struggle consequent upon it, how could our development proceed? I know the waste, the delay, the suffering in the history of the race are appalling, but they only repeat the waste, the delay, the conflict through which the earth itself has gone and is still going and which finally issues in peace and tranquillity. Look at the grass, the flowers, the sweet serenity and repose of the fields—at what a price it has all been bought, of what a warring of the elements, of what overturnings, and pulverizings and shiftings of land and sea, and slow grindings of the mills of the gods of the fore-world it is all the outcome!

The agony of Russia at the present time, the fire and sword, the snapping of social and political ties, the chaos and destruction that seem imminent—what is it but a geologic upheaval, the price that must be paid for law and order on a permanent basis? We deplore the waste and the suffering but these things never can be eliminated from the processes of evolution. As individuals we can mitigate them; as races and nations we have to endure them. Waste, pain, delay—the gods smile at these things; so that the game goes on, that is enough. How many thousand centuries of darkness and horror lie between the man of to-day and the low animal ancestor from which he sprang! Who can picture the



Drawn from a photograph, by M. Stein

JOHN BURROUGHS AT HIS HOME "SLABSIDES," WEST PARK, NEW YORK

sufferings and the defeats! But here we are and all that terrible past is forgotten, is, as it were, the soil under our feet.

Our fathers were cheered and sustained by a faith in special providences—that there was a supreme power that specially interested itself in man and his doings, and that had throughout the course of history turned the adverse currents in his favor. It is certain that all things have worked together for the final good of the race as a whole, otherwise it would have disappeared from the face of the earth. But Providence does things by wholesale. It is like the rain that falls upon the sea and the land alike, upon the just and the unjust, where it is needed and where it is not needed just the same; and the evolution of the life of the globe, including the life of man, has gone on and still goes on, because, in the conflict of forces, the influences that favored life and forwarded it, have in the

end triumphed. Providence is on our side, not by interfering here and there, and changing the natural course of events, such as the reversal or the suspension of the law of gravity, of fire or flood, or the breaking at any point of the chain of causation that binds all things together, but through the constitution of the universe, and our relations to it. The credit side of the account is finally in our favor. The credit side of the account with Russia will finally be in its favor, just as it has been with America, England, France, Germany.

As individuals we suffer defeat, injustice, pain, sorrow, premature death; multitudes perish to fertilize the soil that is to grow the bread of other multitudes; thousands but make a bridge of their dead bodies over which other thousands are to pass safely to some land of promise. The feeble, the idiotic, the deformed, seem to suffer injustice at the hands of their maker;

there is no redress, no court of appeal for them; the verdict of natural law cannot be reversed. When the current of life shrinks in its channel there are causes for it and if these causes ceased to operate, the universe would go to pieces; but the individual whose measure, by reason of these causes, is only half full, pays the price of the sins or the shortcomings of others; his misfortune but vindicates the law upon which our lives are all strung as beads upon a thread.

In an orchard of apple trees some of the fruit is wormy, some scabbed, some dwarfed, from one cause and another; but nature approves of the worm and the fungus that makes the scab and of the aphid that makes the dwarf, just as sincerely as she approves of the perfect fruit. She holds the stakes of both sides; she wins, whoever loses. An insect stings a leaf or a stem, and instantly all the forces and fluids that were building the leaf turn to building a home for the young of the insect, the leaf is forgotten, and only the needs of the insect remembered, and we thus have the oak gall and the hickory gall and other like abnormalities. The cancer that is slowly eating a man up—it too is the result of a vital process just as much as is the life it is destroying. Contagion, infection, pestilence, illustrate the laws of life. One thing devours or destroys another, the parasite destroys its host, the rust destroys the wheat or the oats, the vermin destroy the poultry, and so forth; still the game of life goes on and the best wins, if not to-day, then to-morrow, or in ten thousand years. In the meantime, struggle, pain, defeat, death, come in; we suffer, we sorrow, we appeal to the gods. But the gods smile and keep aloof, and the world goes blundering on because there are no other conditions of progress. Evil follows good as its shadow; it is inseparable from the constitution of things. It shades the picture, it affords the contrast, it gives the impetus. The good, the better, the best—these are defined to us and made to entice us by their opposites. We never fully attain them because our standards rise as we rise; what satisfied us yesterday will not satisfy us to-day. Peace, satisfaction, true repose, come only through effort, and then not for long. I love to recall Whitman's words, and to think how true they are both for nations and for individuals:

"Now understand me well—It is provided in the essence of things, that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary."

I have drifted into deeper waters than I intended to when I set out. I meant to have kept nearer the shore. I have had, I say, a happy life. When I was a young man (twenty-five), I wrote a little poem called "Waiting," which has had quite a history, and the burden of which is, "my own shall come to me." What my constitution demands, the friends, the helps, the fulfillments, the opportunities, I shall find somewhere, sometime. It was a statement of the old doctrine of the elective affinities. Those who are born to strife and contention find strife and contention ready at their hand; those who are born for gentleness and love find gentleness and love drawn to them. The naturally suspicious and distrustful find the world in conspiracy against them; the unkind, the hard-hearted see themselves in their fellows about them. The tone in which we speak to the world the world speaks to us. Give your best and you will get the best in return. Give in heaping measure and in heaping measure it shall be returned. We all get our due sooner or later, in one form or another. "Be not weary in well doing;" the reward will surely come, if not in worldly goods, then in inward satisfaction, grace of spirit, peace of mind.

All the best things of my life have come to me unsought, but I hope not unearned. That would contradict the principle of equity I have been illustrating. A man does not, in the long run, get wages he has not earned. What I mean is that most of the good things of my life—friends, travel, opportunity—have been unexpected. I do not feel that fortune has driven sharp bargains with me. I am not a disappointed man. Blessed is he who expects little, but works as if he expected much. Sufficient unto the day is the *good* thereof. I have invested myself in the present moment, in the things near at hand, in the things that all may have on equal terms. If one sets one's heart on the exceptional, the far-off—on riches, on fame, on power—the chances are he will be disappointed; he will waste his time seeking a short cut to these things. There is no short cut.

For anything worth having one must pay the price, and the price is always work, patience, love, self-sacrifice—no paper currency, no promises to pay, but the gold of real service.

I am not decrying ambition, the aiming high, only there is no use aiming unless you are loaded, and it is the loading, and the kind of material to be used, that one is first to be solicitous about.

"Serene I fold my hands and wait;" but if I have waited one day, I have hustled the next. If I have had faith that my own would come to me, I have tried to make sure that it was my own, and not that of another. Waiting with me has been mainly a cheerful acquiescence in the order of the universe as I found it—a faith in the essential veracity of things. I have waited for the sun to rise and for the seasons to come; I have waited for a chance to put in my oar. Which way do the currents of my being set? What do I love that is worthy and of good report? I will extend myself in this direction; I will annex this territory. I will not wait to see if this or that pays, if this or that notion draws the multitude. I will wait only till I can see my way clearly. In the meantime I will be clearing my eyes and training them to know the real values of life when they see them.

Waiting for some one else to do your work, for what you have not earned to come to you, is to murder time. Waiting for something to turn up is equally poor policy, unless you have already set the currents going that will cause a particular something to turn up. The farmer waits for his harvest after he has sown it. The sailor waits for a breeze after he has spread his sail. Much of life is taken up in waiting—fruitful waiting.

I have never sought wealth, I have been too much absorbed in enjoying the world about me. I had no talent for business anyhow—for the cutthroat competition that modern business for the most part is—and probably could not have attained wealth had I desired it. I dare not aver that I had really rather be cheated than to cheat, but I am quite sure I could never knowingly overreach a man, and what chance of success could such a tenderfoot have in the conscienceless struggle for money that goes on in the business world? I am a fairly successful farmer and fruit grower. I love

the soil, I love to see the crops grow and mature, but the marketing of them, the turning of them into money, grinds my soul because of the sense of strife and competition that pervades the air of the market place. If one could afford to give one's fruit away, after he had grown it to perfection, to people who would be sure to appreciate it, that would be worth while and would leave no wounds. But that is what I have in a sense done with my intellectual products. I have not written one book for money (yes, one, and that was a failure); I have written them for love, and the modest sum they have brought me has left no sting.

I look upon this craze for wealth that possesses nearly all classes in our time as one of the most lamentable spectacles the world has ever seen. The old prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," is the only sane one. The grand mistake we make is in supposing that because a little money is a good thing, unlimited means is the sum of all good, or that our happiness will keep pace with the increase of our possessions. But such is not the case, because the number of things we can really make our own is limited. We cannot drink the ocean because we ever so thirsty. A cup of water from the spring is all we need. A friend of mine once said that if he outlived his wife he should put upon her tombstone, "Died of Things"—killed by the multitude of her possessions. The number of people who are thus killed is no doubt very great. When Thoreau found that the specimens and curiosities that had accumulated upon his mantlepiece needed dusting, he pitched them out of the window.

The massing of a great fortune is a perilous enterprise. The giving away of a great fortune is equally a perilous enterprise, not to the man who gives it—it ought to be salutary to him—but to his beneficiaries.

Very many of the great fortunes of our time have been accumulated by a process like that of turning all the streams into your private reservoir; they have caused a great many people somewhere to be short of water and have taken away the power of many busy, peaceful wheels. The ideal condition is an even distribution of wealth. When you try to give away your monstrous fortune, to open your dam, then

danger begins, because you cannot return the waters to their natural channels. You must make new channels and you may do more harm than good. It never can go now where it would have gone. The wealth is in a measure redistributed, without enriching those from whom it originally came.

Beyond the point of a moderate competency, wealth is a burden. A man may possess a competency; great wealth possesses him. He is the victim. It fills him with unrest; it destroys or perverts his natural relations to his fellows; it corrupts his simplicity, it thrusts the false values of life before him; it gives him power which it is dangerous to exercise; it leads to self-indulgence; it hardens the heart; it fosters a false pride; to give it away is perilous; to keep it is to invite care and vexation of spirit. For a rich man to lead the simple life is about as hard as for a camel to go through the needle's eye. How many things stand between him and the simple open air of our common humanity! Marcus Aurelius thought a man might be happy even in a palace; but it takes a Marcus Aurelius—a man whose simplicity of character is incorruptible—to be so. Yet I have no disposition to rail at wealth as such, though the penalties and dangers that attend it are very obvious. I never expect to see it go out of fashion. Its unequal distribution in all times, no doubt, results from natural causes.

Sooner or later things find their proper level, and the proper level of some things is on top. In the jostle and strife of this world the strong men, the master minds, are bound to be on top. This is inevitable; the very laws of matter are on their side.

Not socialism, or any other "ism," can permanently equalize the fortunes of men. The strong will dominate, the weak must succumb. "To him that hath shall be given, from him that hath not shall be taken away that which he hath." Power draws power; inefficiency loses even that which it hath. To abolish poverty, to abolish wealth, we must first abolish the natural inequality among mankind. It is as if some men had longer arms than others and could reach the fruit on the tree of

opportunity beyond the grasp of their competitors. Shall we cut off their arms? No, we can only shame them out of making hogs of themselves and of laying up greater stores than they can possibly use. In our day and country the golden fruit on the tree has been so abundant that the long-armed men have degenerated into wealth maniacs and have resorted to all manner of unfair means; they have trampled down the shorter-armed men and gained an advantage on their prostrate bodies. That is where the injustice comes in. Some of our monstrous trusts and combines, for instance, have killed competition by foul and underhanded means; they have crowded or thrust their competitors entirely away from the tree, or else have mounted up on their shoulders. They have resorted to the methods of the robber and assassin.

I am bound to praise the simple life, because I have lived it and found it good. When I depart from it evil results follow. I love a small house, plain clothes, simple living. Many persons know the luxury of a skin bath—a plunge in the pool or the wave unhampered by clothing. That is the simple life—direct and immediate contact with things, life with the false wrappings torn away—the fine house, the fine equipage, the expensive habits, all cut off. How free one feels, how good the elements taste, how close one gets to them, how they fit one's body and one's soul! To see the fire that warms you, or better yet, to cut the wood that feeds the fire that warms you; to see the spring where the water bubbles up that slakes your thirst, and to dip your pail into it; to see the beams that are the stay of your four walls, and the timbers that uphold the roof that shelters you; to be in direct and personal contact with the sources of your material life; to want no extras, no shields; to find the universal elements enough; to find the air and the water exhilarating; to be refreshed by a morning walk, or an evening saunter; to find a quest of wild berries more satisfying than a gift of tropic fruit; to be thrilled by the stars at night; to be elated over a bird's nest, or over a wild flower in spring—these are some of the rewards of the simple life.



A Speaking Likeness

BY BAILEY MILLARD

Illustrated with portrait busts by Paul Nocquet

MY story begins in the approved fashion of the society drama—that is to say, with a housemaid, a feather duster and a bronze bust. I am the bust. They call me Melancholia.

"I wonder," said Phyllis, the maid, after she had given her duster a most offensive flick in my face which upset me completely and nearly tumbled me off the

mantelpiece, "I wonder if statues ever have nervous prostration. She looks as if she had it now." Then she let loose that cackly little laugh of hers, and set me up between the *cloisonné* on the right and the elephant-foot cigar receiver on the left. "I declare if she doesn't look gloomier than ever. She's as cross as sin."

Well, I will leave it to any discriminating mind if a real bronze made by Le Blanc after one of the most beautiful and cultured American models who ever lived and

died of a broken heart—a bronze with a face which the great Gérôme himself once called a “speaking likeness,” a “divine reincarnation”—would not be likely to look cross after such an upsetting incident! And what is more natural than that a speaking likeness should utter what is in her mind on occasion, too, as I do now, after a long and what you, my dear sir, would probably term an unfeminine silence?

“Melancholia,” added the impudent little upstart, “you’re a peach. Why don’t you pull a smile once a week, at least, instead of standing there, making such a face all the time—just ready to cry?”

I maintained possession of my features until her back was turned, when I glared at her scornfully. For such is my strange nature—the nature which my great creator gave me—that when no one is looking my face can take on any expression I care to assume, but the only change I can make when a human eye is upon me is that of a lessened or deepened melancholy. “This latter phase depends upon the observer’s mind?” Um-m! That sounds just like a man.

What I saw next put me in a still worse humor. She went over to a cabinet, took down a photograph of her master—the handsome, dark man who gloomed about there every evening and smoked and looked so sadly into the fire—took it down, I say, and actually kissed it.

“Oh, Edwin,” I heard her say, though her voice was low and she was bent over the picture. “How I love you! And you don’t know it. You don’t even look at me. You think I’m a broom, a dustrag, a mop—a thing to serve you. But, oh—”

I didn’t hear the rest of it, for she began to whimper, maid-fashion, while I—well, I couldn’t help it—I just threw back my head and laughed, a noiseless little bronze laugh. “Edwin,” indeed! The idea! It would have been ridiculous enough if it had been “Mr. Bratton.” But “Edwin!” And he, with that solemn, cold face, like a statue himself, and eyes that never seemed to be aware of any woman who came into that library.

Then the thought struck me that he would see the stains of her teardrops on his picture and be annoyed. He didn’t

like the idea of having the photograph stuck up on top of that cabinet, anyway. I’ve seen him grasp it down and throw it into a drawer several times, but she—poor, silly, romantic thing—always set it up again. After all, though I was sorry for Phyllis, despite her uncouth way with me, she really couldn’t help falling in love with Edwin Bratton, ridiculous though it was for her to do so.

Soon I heard the housekeeper’s step in the passage and up springs poor little Miss Romance, wiping her eyes and putting the picture back. Then she seizes her duster and nearly smashes a Bohemian vase that stands on the cabinet.

That evening—they said it was a cold night, but I didn’t feel it—Edwin Bratton sat gloomily before the fireplace, as usual, all alone, a book in his hand and a cigar in his mouth. But he wasn’t reading; he was just brooding and smoking and staring straight into the fire. From time to time he would heave one of his old long-drawn sighs and rub the arm of his leather chair with his hand, while his features would seem to grow more set and stern from moment to moment. He never once glanced at me, standing there looking down upon him with all the compassion of a heart that is not so hard as you may suppose.

I was glad when Phyllis came tiptoeing in and announced “Mr. Adney,” for he was about the only visitor that ever seemed to do Edwin Bratton any good. Mr. Adney came in, with his round, full-blooded face aglow and his clear blue eyes lighting up wonderfully in the fireshine.

“Hullo, Ned,” said he, with a hearty hand grip. “No, don’t move. I’ll settle right down here on the rug, if you don’t mind. Been golfing in the cold with Morris and the rest. You ought to have been there to see me beat ’em hands down.”

“I don’t play any more,” said Edwin Bratton, sadly.

“I know you don’t. And you’ve given up tennis and driving auto, and I heard you’d sold your motor boat and drawn out of the Good Fellows. This won’t do, old man, won’t do at all. You’re just settling down here in an exclusive little club all your own and losing life at the rate of a year a day. You ought to have seen me make that long drive this afternoon



SHE HAD GIVEN HER DUSTER A MOST OFFENSIVE FLICK IN MY FACE

on the links—two hundred and twenty yards if it was an inch. What's that book—Poe's tales? Does anybody read that morbid flapdoodle nowadays? Nobody but *you*, I guess."

"My dear fellow—" began Edwin Bratton, mildly.

"And sitting here brooding over this forgotten lore, with a bust of Pallas perched up there in front of you—I mean that gloomy old Melancholia. Do you know

what I'd do if I owned that thing?" He pointed a scornful finger at me. "I'd chuck it into the ash can."

"Oh, but Melancholia is a valuable work of art."

"Such art isn't worth a burnt match. Give me a panatela." He lighted the cigar and held up the blackened cinder of the match. "Yes, that's more'n it's worth."

No, I wasn't insulted. I knew this was



IF TEARS COULD FLOW FROM EYES OF BRONZE

only his brusque way of cheering up his friend.

"Frank Adney," said Edwin, after he had brooded a while longer, "you take such an interest in me and my lonely life here in Owl's Wood, that perhaps I ought to tell you why I keep that bust up there." He paused and looked at me sternly for a moment. "But no; after all, I don't think I'd better. It's a deucedly dull story."

"If you don't tell me, I'll never come here again."

"No, a man has no right to pull such a cheery chap as you into the bottomless abyss of his own depression." As he said this there was a set of sad certitude in his mouth and his teeth bit his cigar-end.

"*Ach, du lieber Gott!*" groaned Adney. "The trouble with you is that you sit here every night with your Poe or your Burton and—yes, Burton—don't deny it—I've seen



HE RAISED A HAND TO GRASP ME, BUT EDWARD BRATTON FENDED IT

his 'Anatomy' on your table there—and brood over something in the dead past that you should have cremated long ago. Why don't you do as Doctor Johnson did when he was in the dumps? He used to fly to his coffeehouse and his Bozzy and Goldy. You could fly to the Good Fellows—or, if you must stay at home, brighten things up a bit; open your doors of an evening; have some music and fellows and girls. Speaking of girls, that's a

mighty pretty maid of yours. She ought to be some comfort to you."

I should have liked to stop my ears, for I didn't know what might be coming next, but Edwin Bratton gave one of his dry little laughs and said, "Well, you know, a melancholy friend——"

"A friend should bear a friend's infirmities," quoted Adney. "Come, tell me what it all means, and it will relieve you. Who is the woman, and what worry-

ing over does she deserve any more than any other 'rag and bone and hank of hair'?"

"None," said Edwin Bratton, in a low, hard, reckless way; "only that she happens to be my wife."

"Your—— Man alive! When did this happen?"

I was as much surprised as Adney could have been, and more, though this dry little forced-out confession accounted to me for many things, including the burning of a bundle of letters one night, the frequent starting up as if at the sound of a voice, the taking of a plain gold ring out of a pocket once in a while and the long, agonized gaze at it.

"Yes, my wife. She was Rose Stirling—you knew her, and you can understand why we were secretly married. Everybody knew about her father's collapse after his hypothecation of the Mowry Iron stock—his strange dementia, her mother's death and all that. We wished to put an end to the Sunday newspaper 'featuring' of the family—the beautiful staring pictures of Rose as 'the bankrupt's daughter,' and that sort of thing. So we were very quietly wedded in Milan, two months after her mother's death, by a little dried-up Italian priest. Then we went for an auto tour in the Levant, and for a dahabeah voyage up the Nile. Meantime my agent was having Owl's Wood fitted up for us. It used to belong to the Sathers, you know. I bought it just before I sailed for Europe. Rose and I had been here several times, looking it over. This Mission wainscot was her idea; and that book-case let into the side wall there—she planned that."

He sighed deeply, let his head down into his two hands and stared into the fire a long time before he said any more.

"The Riviera in April—only last April, remember. And Ischia—Ischia, a dream—and all that golden Maytime in the Levant! Then the Nile, the pyramids and the palms. I suppose, Adney, that that's what a fellow gets for being one of those damnably intense sort of men—these things meant too much to me. I was too ineffably happy. Then there's the matter of relativity. It never came to me, in my dense discernings, that because she was all the world and the circling stars to me, it should not necessarily follow that I should be as much to her."

He paused again, and I liked Mr. Adney the better because he did not urge him on with his story.

"One day, coming back toward Rome, we fell in with an Englishman named Wayne Ledyard. His auto, which he had been driving alone, had gone to smash over a steep bank, near a little place called Fontana, but he had miraculously escaped without injury. We picked him up and drove him into Rome. Ledyard was not a distinctly British type of man. Nor was he young or handsome, but yet a wonderfully taking fellow—a man of tremendous experiences—as thoroughgoing a man of the world as you ever saw. He was the kind of man you felt you had known all your life, and couldn't help liking. He was a magnificent talker and greatly entertained Rose, with whom he chatted easily and as with an old acquaintance. The trouble with me was that I never knew how to talk to a woman, and so maybe my reticence—but we were man and wife, remember that.

"I don't know how it came about, and I don't think it was at her suggestion, but after a fortnight we again found ourselves all in my car together, whisking through Austria. It was a stupid thing to do, this taking along another man on your wedding journey, but I always found myself doing strange things in Rose's company—she was very unconventional. Never mind, it was just her way, of course, and always seemed innocent enough. We went for a long tour and then doubled back to Monte Carlo. Not that I cared anything about going to the place—had always avoided it, in fact, but I didn't want to disappoint Rose, who had put it on our touring list. At Monte Carlo we found it pleasant to have Ledyard in to dinner at our hotel, and we used to sit till late afterward, smoking and talking.

"Well, one night, coming back from the garage, I missed Rose from the veranda of the hotel and searching about found her with Ledyard in the gambling-hall. They were at a table and before them was a stack of the glittering stuff they had won. Rose was flushed with the fever of the game. Of course, I was very angry and hustled her out of the place, she expostulating all the while that she didn't see that she had done anything 'out of the way.' I thought it was the Wall Street



THE PISTOL CRASHED FORTH IN AN EAR-SHOCKING REPORT

spirit working its way out in the daughter of old Stirling, so I didn't somehow worry so much about the gaming side of it; but the going there with the other man—and on her bridal tour, too. Well, perhaps, I *did* bear on a little too hard about that—perhaps I *did*."

He mused abstractedly for a moment.

"Yes; it might have turned out differently but for that terrible explosion of mine and the tragic quarrel that followed.

But what would you do—your own wife going to such a place with a man who—well, no doubt I *was* a little too severe. She had never seen a flash of my volcanic temper before. She didn't know how fulminatingly jealous I might be on occasion. It ended in her flying to her room with wet cheeks and flaming eyes. In the morning when I knocked at her door she made no reply. When I entered I found the room empty. I rushed to Ledyard's



LOOKING DOWN ON ALL THAT TRAGIC PICTURE

hotel. The clerk told me he had gone, leaving no address. I telegraphed everywhere and put the police of all Europe on the watch for them. At last it became a world-search. It was three months before a cable came from Cape Town that Ledyard and Rose were there, living quietly at a farmhouse a few miles out of town. There was your man of the world—there was your fascinating Faust and there was the woman, the one woman who——”

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His hoarse, half-articulate sentence broke down lamely.

Adney turned on the rug and took his hand, pressing it tightly again and again without a word. And so the two men sat there for several minutes, while the clock on the cabinet ticked harshly and unsympathetically, while I—well, if tears could flow from eyes of bronze, they would have flowed from mine.

The rest of it was told in a quiet, strained

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monotone, with a constant and almost unsuccessful effort to keep the voice from breaking.

"I rushed wildly to the steamship office, and secured passage for Cape Town, but the boat did not sail for ten days, and in that time I passed through many moods. It ended, strangely enough, not in my going to South Africa, but in taking a liner for home. Home didn't mean much to me, to be sure, but it was home, and there seemed, after all, no better place to go."

"But why did you come to Owl's Wood," asked Adney, impatiently, "to the very place you ought to have kept away from?"

"I don't know why I came here," ran Edwin Bratton's monotone. "I don't know of any other reason than that my thoughts had so strongly centered here before—before Monte Carlo—that I couldn't stay away."

"But my dear fellow, can't you see?—that was hugging the thing to your heart with a vengeance—crucifying yourself, day in and day out. God, if I had only known about this, Ned, I'd have had you out of here months ago. Why, it's morbid folly. And sitting here with that cheerful face up there before you. I say, old man, let me take it down this minute. I'll chuck the cursed thing out of the window." He raised a hand to grasp me, but Edwin Bratton fended it.

"No—you don't understand. That face—that head—is the very image of hers. In my first rage I destroyed all my portraits of her. Then I saw this in a curio-dealer's window and I brought it home."

"To set it up there to mock you—to play vampire to your heart's blood day after day! Edwin Bratton, this passes all the folly I ever heard of. I've no patience with it, nothing but ridicule for it. Come, don't be such a sedulous ass—don't contrive so many ways to make yourself remember a creature unworthy of a single moment's thought by such a man as you. I don't mind the statue staying, after all, nor the bookcase, nor the wainscot, nor the gloomy old house, itself, but you—you've got to get out of here right away and I'm going to see to it that you do get out. Forgive me, old man!"

He seized Edwin's hand again, for his head had drooped upon his breast and his low groan was like to that of a man under the knife.

And the next day he did go. I heard him tell the housekeeper he was starting for California, and did not know how long he would be gone. His plans, he said, were not decided. He shook hands with them all and started out of the house, but returned soon afterwards as if he had forgotten something. Phyllis was in the library, crying over his photograph. I felt a little sorry for the girl this time—she took his going away so much to heart. She did not see him when he stepped quickly into the room, locked a drawer of his writing-desk and put the key in his pocket; and she was sobbing so that she did not hear him. He stared about at her just as she kissed his photograph for the tenth time and said, bending over it, her eyes blinded with tears,

"Oh, you're going away—you're going away, and you don't think of me—you're not sorry for me, and I—I love you so!"

He looked at her as one amazed, then very pityingly, and was about to steal away unobserved, when, starting up of a sudden, she caught sight of him and cried out, holding up the picture in sad confusion:

"You saw me then—you saw me! I thought you had gone; but I don't care. You might have known it all along. And I'll say it again, not to your picture, but to you: I love you, I love you. I don't care if you hear me. I don't care if you send me away forever. I love you, and I don't care—send me away!"

She looked up at him with a sort of laughing defiance.

"No, Phyllis," he said, very tenderly, "I shan't send you away; I am going myself. But I am sorry this has happened. I wish I had known. I might have prevented—"

"No," she cried passionately. "Nothing could have prevented it—nothing could keep me from loving you—not even what I have learned about that other woman. Yes; I know all about her. I listened behind the portières. I heard it all, and I hate her for wrecking your life. And yet I'm glad she ran away from you, for I can go on loving you—nothing can keep me from doing that."

"Well, Phyllis," he said, with a world of compassion in his tone, "I must go now." He went over to her where she stood, put a gentle arm about her, as a brother might have done, kissed her on the cheek and

strode quickly out of the house. For a long while poor little Phyllis stood there, like a somnambulist, the photograph in her hand. Then she went to the glass, looked at her tearful face and reverently touched with her finger tips the place on her cheek where he had kissed her. After a while she came over to me and said: "So you—you look like her. Well, then, I hate you!" Then she slipped the photograph into her bosom and left the room.

For two or three months after that I stood in the dark, for the blinds were drawn and the library was closed. One day when the housekeeper was gone out marketing, Phyllis came in, threw up the blinds and began to dust things in a desultory way. The girl was paler than when I last saw her, and there was in her face a look of longing. She had a bunch of keys in her hand and she tried several of these in the lock of the desk-drawer into which Edwin had put the things just before his departure. Key after key she tried, and at last she pulled the drawer open and took out from it a bundle of papers, a blue-barreled pistol and a little black box. She laid all these on the table right before my eyes. After looking at them a moment in an awesome way she opened the box.

"Nothing in it but a ring," said she.

It was a sapphire. She held it up to the light and watched the blue glint of its facets for a while, then scanned the inside of the golden band.

"To R. S." she read. "Her initials before she was married. It was *her* ring. But I'm going to wear it, just the same. I'm going to wear it till he comes back."

She held up the proud middle finger on which she slipped the ring and gazed at it a long time. Then the doorbell rang and soon afterwards there were footsteps along the passage. They were those of the butler and a visitor he was showing in.

Phyllis sprang up quickly and thrust the pistol, the papers and the empty box into the elephant's foot, right under my left shoulder. The library door swung back.

"This is the only room that's open, ma'am," I heard George say to the visitor. "If you want to wait here until the housekeeper comes. What name shall I say?"

"Never mind," said the lady. "I will tell her when she comes. Thank you.

No; you needn't bring the paper. I'll just sit here and rest."

She sat down with her back to me, but I saw her face in the mirror opposite—Phyllis had swung the glass about—and I saw my own face, too, and I knew in a moment who she was. Phyllis was starting to leave the room, when of a sudden the duster fell from her hand. She, too, had looked in the glass, seen the two images there, and she knew what I knew, that here was Rose Bratton coming back to find the man she had deserted—back to the rooftop she had disgraced. The visitor turned at the sound of the fall of the duster and looked upon the girl out of the saddest and most beautiful blue eyes I have ever seen.

"So you have come at last, have you?" said the maid, in a hard, accusative little voice that clicked like a clash of foils.

"Yes, I have come," replied the woman, wearily. "But—pardon me—I don't remember that I have seen you before. Oh, you are one of Mr. Bratton's servants!"

Angrily and with a certain majesty, Phyllis threw her cap upon the floor and hastily let slip her apron.

"I'm *not* a servant. I was just playing at maid for a while. I had nothing else to do, while waiting for Mr. Bratton to return."

"Yes, they told me at his office; he is coming home to-day from the West."

Phyllis bit her lip. It was plain to me that this was news to her. But she said, "Yes; he wired me this morning."

As I have intimated before, there was an air of distinction about Phyllis. Certainly, in her towering manner of now, and without her cap and apron, she looked anything but a maidservant.

"Then you are—" began the visitor.

"I am Mrs. Bratton."

The other woman, paler, if possible, than before, sank back into her chair. Then she boldened up a little.

"But that, my dear woman, is impossible. You may, as your manner infers, bear a certain relation to him, but you are not his wife. I married him a year ago in Milan."

"And left him at Monte Carlo—fled from him with another man. And now you come here, thinking to smooth it all over—thinking he will forgive you and take you back again. You have learned

that he is returning here and you want to come and—but you threw him away—you lost him. He is mine. You can never have him back.”

All the woman and all the actress had thrust itself forth in Phyllis's present rage. Having asserted so much of her false claim, her next move was no surprise to me, though I could have blushed for the audacity of the girl.

“You came here this morning because you heard he was coming home to-day. But you can't stay. As mistress of this house, I tell you to go.”

“But you have no right. I am——”

“No right?” fired forth the love-mad maid. “No right? Do you see this ring? He gave it to me. You wore it once—I wear it now. Leave the house.”

The pale, distraught wife looked wildly about. She glanced out of the window. Then her face glowed in a sudden light, and she said in firm tones:

“I see him coming. He is walking up the road. If he tells me I am not welcome, so be it. But I shall not go at the bidding of a mere servant. As for him, I know him, and I know he will forgive me when he has heard all.”

“You mean when you have told him your lies,” cried Phyllis. “But I tell you you've got to go—before he comes, too. Out of that side door and away, before he sees you.” Although it seemed all of a piece with her other acting, I was horrified to see the girl rush to the shelf, seize the pistol and flash its ugly barrel toward the other woman. “Go!” she repeated, “go! go! go!”

With what wild intent I know not, but probably to wrest the weapon from the hands of the maid, the unhappy woman rushed forward. Let me tell you, now and here, that I'm sure Phyllis didn't intend to do it. It was an accident, if ever there was one and it all occurred right before my eyes, indeed, within a foot of me.

“Take care,” said Phyllis, as the woman's hand grasped her wrist. Instantly the pistol crashed forth in an ear-shocking report. The unhappy wife wheeled in a half-circle and dropped to the floor.

There was a sound of quickly opened doors at the outside front entrance and in the hallway, and a scurry of footsteps. But Phyllis was quick. Before they opened the door she flung the pistol down beside the lifeless woman, grasped up her cap, apron and duster and whisked through the portières into the drawing-room.

Edwin Bratton was bending over that which had been his wife and George was running for brandy, when Phyllis came in through the hall doorway, her cap on her head and her duster in her hand.

“Oh!” she cried out. “What has happened? Poor lady! Who is she? What does it mean? Oh, Mr. Bratton!”

“Please go away, Phyllis,” he said firmly, “and tell George not to come, either. Nothing will restore her now. Keep them all out of this room—all, everybody.”

Phyllis, her apron to her eyes, slowly left the room.

Edwin Bratton lifted the dead woman in his arms and carried her to the sofa. As her head lay back upon the pillow her disarranged hair fell down about her neck. He knelt beside her a long hour, and out of the desolate heart of him there came in all that time but one low moan and only the words:

“Why did you come back just to die, Rose—to die when you were forgiven—all forgiven? Why did the cruel God let you do it? Why, why?”

At last he arose and looked all about with eyes in which the great drops gleamed and then went trickling down over his white face. Through his tears he caught sight of me, where I sat looking down upon all that tragic picture, and he glanced from my face to hers again and again with sad approval of our resemblance. He came over close to me.

“Melancholia,” he said softly, “I was happier with you than fleeing from you. Happier than in all my forced fellowship with men. Nothing is emptier than that strained convivial life—that desperate trying to forget. But now they shall never take you from me. I shall keep you always. You are so like to her.”

Love and Advertising

BY RICHARD WALTON TULLY



DO not demand," said Mr. Pepper, "I simply suggest a change. If you wish me to resign"—his self-deprecatory manner bespoke an impossible supposition—"very well. But, if you see fit to find me a new assistant——" He paused, with an interrogatory cough.

It was the senior partner who answered, "We shall consider the matter."

The advertising manager's lean face took on an expression of satisfaction. He bowed and disappeared through the door.

Young Kaufmann, the junior partner, smiled covertly. But the elder man's face bespoke keen disappointment. For it must be explained that Mr. Pepper's simple announcement bore vitally upon the only dissension that had ever visited the firm of Kaufmann & Houghton during the thirty years of its existence.

In 1875, when John Houghton, fresh from college, had come to New York to find his fortune, the elder Kaufmann had been a candy manufacturer with a modest trade on the East Side. Young Houghton had taken the agency of a glucose firm. The disposal of this product had brought the two together, with the result that a partnership had been formed to carry on a whole-sale confectionery business. Success in this venture had led to new and more profitable fields—the chewing-gum trade.

The rise to wealth of these two was the result of the careful plodding of the German workman, who kept the "K. & H." products up to an unvarying standard, joined with the other's energy and acumen in marketing the output. And this mutual relation had been disturbed by but one difference. When Houghton was disposed to consider a college man for a vacancy, Kaufmann had always been ready with his "practical man dot has vorked hiss vay." And each time, in respect to his wishes, Houghton had given in, reflecting that perhaps (as Kaufmann said) it had been that he, himself, was a good business man in

spite of his college training, not because of it; and, after all, college ideals had sunk since *his* time. And the college applicant had been sent away.

Young Johann Kaufmann graduated from grammar school. Houghton suggested high school and college.

"Vat? Nein!" said the elder Kaufmann. "I show him how better the gum to make."

And he did. He put on an apron as of yore and started his son under his personal supervision in the washing-room. He took off his apron when Johann knew all about handling chicle products, from importing-bag to tin-foil wrapper. Then he died.

And this year, troublesome conditions had come on. The Consolidated Pepsin people were cutting in severely. Orders for the great specialty of K. & H.—"Old Tulu"—had fallen. Something had to be done.

Houghton, now senior partner, had proposed, and young Kaufmann agreed, that an advertising expert be secured. But the agreement ended there. For the first words of the junior partner showed Houghton that the spirit of the father was still sitting at that desk opposite and smiling the same fat, phlegmatic smile at his supposed weakness for "dose college bitzness."

They had compromised upon Mr. Pepper, secured from Simpkins' Practical Advertising School. But at the end of six months, Pepper's so-called "follow-up campaign" had failed to meet materially the steady inroads of the western men. He had explained that it was the result of his need of an assistant. It was determined to give him one.

Then, one night as he sat in his library, John Houghton had looked into a pair of blue eyes and promised to "give Tom Brainard the chance." In consequence he had had his hair tousled, been given a resounding kiss and a crushing hug from the young lady on his knees. For Dorothy Houghton, despite her nineteen years, still claimed that privilege from her father.

And in that way, for the first time, a college man had come into the employ of

K. & H., and been made the assistant of Mr. Pepper at the salary he demanded—"any old thing to start the ball rolling."

And now had come the information that the senior partner's long-desired experiment had ended in failure.

Young Kaufmann turned to his work with the air of one who has given a child its own way and seen it come to grief.

"I—I suppose," Houghton said slowly, "we'll have to let Brainard go."

And then a peculiar thing happened. Through the open window, floating in the summer air, he seemed to see a familiar figure. It was dressed in fluffy white and carried a parasol over its shoulders. It fluttered calmly in, seated itself on the sill and gazed at him with blue eyes that were serious, reproachful.

"Daddy!" it said, and it brushed away a wisp of hair by its ear—just as another one, long ago, had used to. "Daddy!" it faltered. "Why did I ask you to give him the place, if it wasn't because—because—"

The spell was broken by Kaufmann's voice. "Whatefer you do, I am sooted," he was saying. It might have been his father. "But if w'at Pepper says about Brainard—"

The senior partner straightened up and pushed a button. "Yes. But we haven't heard what Brainard says about Pepper."

Several moments later, Tom Brainard entered. Medium-sized and muscular, he was dressed in a loose-fitting suit that by its very cut told his training. He stood between them as Mr. Pepper had done, but there was nothing of the other's ingratiating deference in his level look.

"Sit down, Brainard," said Houghton. The newcomer did so, and the senior partner marked an attitude of laziness and indifference.

Houghton became stern. "Brainard," he began, "I gave you a chance with us because—" He paused.

The other colored. "I had hoped to make good without that."

"But this morning Mr. Pepper—"

"Said we couldn't get along together. That's true."

"Ah! You admit!" It was Kaufmann. "Yes."

There was a pause. Then Houghton spoke. "I can't tell you how much this disappoints me, Brainard. The fact is, for years I have tried to shut my eyes to the

development of college training. In my time there was not the call for practicality that there is to-day. Yet it seems to me that the training in our colleges has grown less and less practical. Why do the colleges turn out men who spend their time in personal gossip over sport or trivialities?"

"You remember that the King of Spain—or was it Cambodia—puzzled his wise men for a year as to why a fish, when dropped into a full pail of water, didn't make it overflow."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Because I must answer as the king did: It's not so—the pail *does* overflow. They hadn't thought to try it."

"You mean that I am wrong."

"Yes. Are you sure your gossips were 'college men'?"

"Ah!" Houghton made a gesture to his partner, who was about to speak. "Then let us commence at the root of the matter. Mr. Kaufmann and I have often discussed the subject. In this case you are the one who has 'tried it.' Suppose you explain our mistake."

"I'd be glad to do that," said Brainard, "because I've heard a lot of that talk."

"Well?"

"Well—of course when I say 'college man' I mean college graduate."

"Why?"

"If a kitten crawls into an oven, is it a biscuit?"

There was an earnestness that robbed the question of any flippancy.

Houghton laughed. "No!"

"If a dub goes into college and gets flunked out in a month, is he a college man?"

"Hardly."

"Oh, but he calls himself one. He goes to Podunk all decorated up in geraniums and the rest of his life is a 'college man.' I'm not talking about him or the man who comes to college to learn to mix cocktails—inside. He may last to the junior year. I'm talking about the graduate—they're only about a tenth of the college. But they're the finished product. Mr. Kaufmann, you wouldn't try to sell gum that had only gone as far as the rolling-room, would you?"

"W'at—me?"

"Would you?"

"No." The junior partner was puzzled.

"That's because you want it to go

through all the processes. Well, let's talk only about the boy who has gone all the way through the man factory."

Houghton nodded. "That's fair."

"The trouble is, people don't do that. They persist in butting into the college world, jerking out some sophomore celebration and saying, 'What use is this silly thing in the real world?'"

"Well, aren't they right?"

"No. That's just the point. The college world is a mimic world—and your lifetime is just four years. The sophomore celebration is a practical thing there; perhaps it's teaching loyalty—that generally comes first. That's your college rolling-room. But the graduate—he's learned to do something well. I never knew a college man who wasn't at least responsible."

"But——"

"But here's the trouble: after selecting say two hundred fellows out of an entering bunch of six hundred, and developing the thing each is best fitted for, *father* steps in and the boy who would have made a first-class professor is put into business and blamed for being impractical. The fellow who has been handling thousands of dollars in college management and running twenty assistants—the man who could have taken the place—has no father to give him the boost necessary, and the other man's failure has queered his chances. He has to go to work as a mere clerk under a man—excuse me, I don't want to do any knocking."

"You think the whole trouble is caused by misdirected nepotism."

"Yes."

"Ah——" It was young Kaufmann again. "But you said that you were trained in advertising on your college paper."

"Yes—and I was going to tell you today, if Mr. Pepper hadn't, that the money you're paying for me is utterly wasted."

"Ah!"

"Yes. I can't look in the face of a hungry designer and beat him down to within a dollar of the cost of materials. And—and—my suggestions upon broader lines don't seem to cause much hooray."

"Well——" the junior partner sat up—"since you admit——" He paused for his partner to speak the words of discharge.

But Houghton was looking quizzically at the college man. "What was your idea as to broader lines?"

Brainard hesitated. "Well, it seemed to me that Pepper is trying to do two things that are antagonistic: be '*elite*' and sell chewing-gum. The fact is that *elite* people don't chew gum. I'd like to know how the statement 'Old Tulu—Best by Test' will make a kid on the corner with a cent in his fist have an attack of mouth-watering."

Kaufmann roused himself. "It is true. Our gum *is* the best."

"I'm not disputing that, but still it's *gum*. If you're trying to increase the vulgar habit of gum-chewing—well—you can't do it by advertising the firm's financial standing, its age, or the purity of its output. That would do for an insurance company or a bank—but *gum*! Who cares for purity! All they want to know is if it *schmeckt gut*." This last with a humorous glance at Kaufmann.

The latter was scowling. Brainard was touching a tender spot.

"Well, what would you do?"

Brainard flushed. He felt the tone of sarcasm in the elder man's voice. He tightened his lips. "At least, I'd change the name of the gum!"

"Change the name!" Kaufmann was horrified.

"Well, nobody wants 'Old Tulu.' They want 'New Tulu' or 'Fresh Tasty Tulu.' At least, something to appeal to the imagination of Sadie-at-the-ribbon-counter."

"Oh!" observed Houghton. "And the name you suggest?"

"Well, since you ask—say something like 'Lulu Tulu.'"

"Gott!" Kaufmann struck the desk a blow with his fist. It was an insult to his father's memory.

Brainard rose. "I'm sorry," he said, "if I have offended. To save you any further bother, I'll just cut it out after Saturday. I—thank you for the chance—" he smiled a little ruefully—"the chance you have given me. Good day, gentlemen."

He turned on his heel and left the office.

As John Houghton was driven home that night, he became suddenly conscious that he would soon meet the apparition of the afternoon in the flesh. And though, of course, there was no need, he found himself rehearsing the justification of his position. "Lulu Tulu" indeed! Imagine the smile that would have illumined the faces at the club on such an announcement. The im-



Drawn by William R. Leigh

"I—THANK YOU FOR THE CHANCE YOU HAVE GIVEN ME. GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN"

pudence of the boy to have suggested it to him—him who had so often held forth upon the value of conservatism in business! And he remembered with pride the speaker who had once said, "It is such solid vertebræ as Mr. Houghton that form the backbone of our business world." That speaker had been Bender, of the New York Dynamo Company. Poor Bender! The Western Electric Construction had got him after all.

This line of thought caused Houghton to reach in his pocket and produce a letter. He went over the significant part again.

"Our Mr. Byrnes reports the clinching of the subway vending-machine contract,"

it read, "and this, together with our other business, will give us over half of the New York trade. With this statement before us, we feel that we can make a winning fight if you still refuse to consider our terms. In view of recent developments, we cannot repeat our former offer, but if you will consider sixty-seven as a figure——"

Sixty-seven! And a year before he would not have taken one hundred and ten! In the bitterness of the moment, he wondered if he, too, would finally go the way that Bender had.

And then, as the butler swung the door back, he was recalled to the matter of Tom

Brainard by the sight of a familiar figure that floated toward him as airily as had its astral self that afternoon.

He kissed her and went to his study. Just before dinner was not a time to discuss such things. But later, as he looked across the candelabra at his daughter, all smiles and happiness in that seat that had been her mother's, he regretted that he had not, for—

"Daddy," Dorothy was saying, "I got such a funny note from Tom this afternoon. He says there has been a change at the office and that you will explain."

"Yes."

"Well—?" She paused eagerly. "It's something awfully good—I know."

Her father frowned and caught her eye. "Later," he said significantly.

The girl read the tone, and the gayety of the moment before was gone. After that they ate in silence.

One cigar—two cigars had been smoked when she stole into the library. Since coffee (whether from design or chance he never knew), she had rearranged her hair. Now it was low on her neck in a fashion of long ago, with a single curl that strayed over a white shoulder to her bosom. She knelt at his side without a word.

He looked down at her. Somehow he had never seen her like this before—that curious womanly expression.

"Tell me," was all she said.

And, as he told of Tom Brainard's failure to fit in, he watched her closely. "I'm sorry," he concluded.

"So am I, daddy," she returned steadily; "because I am going to marry him."

"What?"

"Oh, you knew—you must have," she said, "when I asked you to give him the chance."

The father was silent. In fancy he again heard Dolly Warner promising, against her parents' advice, to wait for her John to "get on in the world."

"Well?" he asked.

"Do you think you've given him a fair chance?"

He was restored to his usual poise. "I suppose he complained that I didn't."

Dorothy's eyes went wide. "No, he said that after I had heard the news from you, he would leave everything to me."

"Oh!"

"But, father, I don't think you have

been fair. Tom is right. I don't chew gum, do I?"

"Well——" He was indignant. Then he stopped thoughtfully. "No."

"But Mary downstairs does. She wouldn't be offended at 'Lulu Tulu.' I dare say she'd think it 'just grand.'"

He returned no answer.

"Come, daddy," she went on. "New York has grown lots—even since I was little. And—and some people get behind the times. They think they're being dignified when it's only that they're antiquated."

He looked shrewdly at her. "I never heard you talk like that before. Where did you——"

"Tom said that a week ago," she admitted. "And he said, too, that he could double the results if he only had full swing. Instead, you admit he's a mere clerk for that horrid Pepper. Oh, daddy, daddy," she pleaded. "Give him a chance." Then her voice went low again. "I'm going to marry him anyway," she said, "and you don't want this between. If he fails, I'll stand the loss from what mother left me. Give him full swing—a real chance, daddy! He's going to be—*your son*."

John Houghton looked into the earnest girlish face. He wound the curl about his finger. "Kaufmann has always wanted to visit the Fatherland," he said irreverently.

She gave a quick, eager look. "And that Pepper could go on a vacation."

Days drag very slowly at a summer resort, especially when one has promised not to write to him. But Dorothy's father had kept his word, so she could but do the same. Behind, in the sweltering city, in full charge for six weeks was Tom Brainard. His authority included permission to invent and use any new labels or trade-marks he saw fit.

The girl at the seashore, however, was also busy—amusing her father that he might not give too much time to thinking. And then, when three of the six weeks had passed, came the accident to the motor car.

She was told that with rest and no worries, her father would recover in a week or two. She cheerfully fitted into the rôle of assistant to the nurse in charge, and, as soon as the doctor allowed, prepared to



Drawn by William R. Leigh

"OH, YOU KNEW—YOU MUST HAVE," SHE SAID, "WHEN I ASKED YOU TO GIVE HIM THE CHANCE"

read his mail to him as he lay, eyes and head bandaged. But as she opened and glanced over the accumulated letters, she suddenly went pale. She read one in particular from end to end, and then, with a scared, furtive look at the bandaged figure, slipped it into a pocket.

Later, when her father had finished dictating to her, she answered the concealed letter herself.

Again the days drifted. The bandages

were removed; but still the girl continued to scan the mail. Her vigilance was rewarded. She flushed over a second letter which, with one in a worn envelope, she took to her father.

He saw the careworn expression. "My little girl has been overworking," he said.

She held out the worn letter. "I've had this for some time—but—but I waited for something more, and here it is." She showed the other.

He took the first, and when he had finished, his hand was trembling.

"I regret to report that things are in a chaos," it ran. "All of the regular advertising has been withdrawn. The usual entertainment money for salesmen (classed under this head) has been stopped. In consequence, our city trade has tumbled fearfully—and you know how bad it was before. The worst news I have to offer is in regard to Mr. Brainard personally. Our detective reports that his time outside is spent in most questionable company. He has been seen drinking at roof-gardens with a certain dissipated pugilist named Little Sullivan, and was traced with this man to the apartment of a song-and-dance woman named Violette. He seems to be spending money extravagantly and visits certain bohemian quarters in the vicinity of Jones Street, where he puts in his time with disreputable-looking men. I beg leave to advise immediate action.—Mowbray."

"My God!" groaned Houghton. This explained that derisive offer of fifty-one from Consolidated Pepsin.

"And you kept this from me?"

"They said not to worry you," she said. "I—I've had enough for two. Besides, I answered it."

"You did! What——?"

"I told them to wait a little longer."

The father groaned again.

"I just *had* to, daddy; and then to-day this letter came."

He seized it eagerly. It read: "You were right about waiting. Suspend all action."

"What does it mean?" she asked.

"We'll find out to-morrow," he answered grimly.

The 4:30 train gave John Houghton just time to reach the office before it closed. Dorothy went home. Her father, roused by the evil news of the day before, had impressed her with all that it might mean in a material way. As though that mattered!—as though anything could hurt her more! She would have been willing to go with Tom Brainard in rags before—but now!

She sat by the telephone with clenched fists, her traveling-veil still pushed up on her hat, the lines that had come into her face during the past week deepening with the dusk. At last—a long, sharp ring! "Yes—father—not dine at home—meet you at the Yolland—a guest. Yes—but

about Tom—what?—7:30—But about Tom, daddy? Good-by?! But, daddy!!!"

It was no use. He had hung up. She called feverishly for the office, but the reply was, "They do not answer." Mechanically she went up to her room. "The blue mousseline, Susan," she said.

As the maid laid it out, she walked the floor. Through the window the park lay green and inviting. She longed to fly to the cool grass and run—and run——

From below came the loud, rasping notes of a street-piano that, in some incomprehensible fashion, had wandered to the deserted row of houses. The noise, for all that there was a pleasing swing to the air, irritated her. She threw the man a quarter. "Go away," she waved.

At last the maid said her mistress was ready, and Dorothy, without questioning the decision, allowed herself to be put into the brougham.

The drive seemed hours long, and then—her father's face told her nothing. Without a word, he led her to a reception-room. As they entered, a figure sprang to meet them.

For a moment she hesitated. Then, "Tom!" she cried, and caught his hand.

He saw the whiteness of her face, and all the yearnings of their separation matched it upon his.

"Dorothy!" he faltered.

Her father interrupted. "Tom is to explain how he has quadrupled our business in the last week."

A sudden weakness seized her. She followed them unsteadily. Seated at a table, however, she was able to smile again. At that moment, the orchestra, striking up, suddenly caught her attention. "Tum—tum - tum — tum - tum — tum"—that haunting, swinging melody of the street-piano.

"What tune is that?" she asked.

Brainard smiled. "That is a tune that has suddenly become popular. Any night you may see hundreds of East Side children dancing on the asphalt and singing it."

"Yes," she said. "I heard it on a street-piano."

"It's called," he went on, "'My Lulu Tulu Girl.' All the grinders have it. Billy Tompkins, Naughty-three, who lives in the Jones Street social settlement, worked that for me. Those dagoes worship him—saved a kid's life or something."

A light came into John Houghton's eyes. "That's part of the scheme. Aspsell wrote the song. I found him down in bohemia working on an opera. But, for the sake of old days in the senior extravaganza, he turned off 'My Lulu Tulu Girl.' You know those orders on your desk are for

they dance they chew the gum and perform calisthenics with it) but it seems to go. Then——"

"Tom!"

"After we've dined, I'll show you our regular magazine and newspaper advertising in the reading-room—double space.



Drawn by William R. Leigh

A DIFFERENT LIGHT STOLE INTO THE YOUNGER MAN'S EYES

our new brand, 'Lulu Tulu.' The song was introduced two weeks ago at the Metropolitan Roof by Violette, a young lady who married our old football trainer, Little Sullivan. We'll hear her later—I have tickets. Then we'll go on to Leith's, there's a turn there by 'Jim Bailey and his Six Lulu Tulu Girls'—rather vulgar (while

You see, I couldn't ask you to increase, so I stopped it for a time and saved up. But I hope you'll stand for it regularly. It's mainly pictures of Miss Lulu Tulu in a large Florodora hat, with verses below apostrophizing the poetry of motion of her jaws. Then there's a line of limericks about the adventures of the 'Lulu Tulu

Gummies'—small gum-headed tykes—always in trouble until they find Lulu. I got Phillips to do that as a personal favor."

"Also Noughty-something, I suppose," remarked Houghton.

"Yes. But he graduated before my time. I knew his work in the college annual. He's in the magazines now. Then I got Professor Wheaton—'Jimmy the Grind,' we used to call him—his folks wanted him to be a poet—imagine Jimmy a poet!—I got Professor Wheaton to give us some readers on 'Tulu as a Salivary Stimulant,' 'The Healthful Effect of Pure Saliva on Food Products' and 'The Degenerative Effect of Artificially Relieving an Organ of its Proper Functions.' That hits at the Pepsin people, you see—"

And so it ran—until he had covered his plan fully, and Dorothy's face with happy smiles.

"Tom," said the father, "if I had opened that letter instead of Dolly!"

Dorothy suddenly became demure under their gaze, and sought to change the subject. "Then you admit, daddy, that a college man is of some use?"

"I'll admit that Tom got the business. But that was because he is naturally clever and business-like, not because—"

"Just a moment," said Brainard. "I think I can show that you're mistaken. I found out that Pepper was doing the wrong thing—by the first rule of criticism (freshman English): 'What is the author trying to do? Does he do it? Is it worth doing?' Substitute 'advertising man' for 'author' and you have a business that is worth doing (since you continue it)—and by the other two questions I saw his 'incongruity of subject-matter and expression.' My economics taught me the 'law of supply and demand,' 'Analytical research of original authorities' taught me where the demand was. There was only the problem of a cause to stimulate it. Through 'de-

ductive logic' and 'psychology' I got the cause that would appeal, and the effect worked out in an increased demand which we were ready to supply—just like a problem in math."

The elder man smiled. "I don't understand a word you say, but it seems to have *worked* well. In the future, bring in as many of your Noughty friends as we need. I'll answer for Kaufmann."

The other shook his head. "I'm not sure they would be any too anxious."

Houghton gasped in surprise. "What's that—they wouldn't be anxious to go into *business*? Why not?"

"Why not?" There was equal amazement in the younger man's tone. "Would you be anxious to leave a place where you're surrounded by friends you've tried—friends that won't stab you in the back the next minute and call it a 'business deal'—where you're respected and in control of things, and plunge out to become a freshman in the world-life, to do the sorting and trying all over again?"

"I remember—I remember—"

"And besides, what right has anyone to assume that *business* is above art, charity or even mere learning? Billy Tompkins, in the slums helping dagoes, is a failure to his father—so is Aspswell with his opera—so is Williams with his spectacles in his lab. But—who knows—when the Great Business is finally balanced—" He stopped, conscious that he was growing too rhetorical.

"If you loved college ideals so much more than business," observed Houghton, "then why did you come to us?"

A different light stole into the younger man's eyes. "Because"—he answered, "because I loved something else better than either." And he reached his hand under the cloth to one who understood.

That is all—except that the next offer of Consolidated Pepsin was, "Will you please name your own terms?"



Temptations of a Young Journalist

BY T. T. WILLIAMS



NEWSPAPER reporter is exposed to more temptations than most men.

His work impinges on the fortune and fame of many who think that the short way to success is bribery.

Fortunately, the *esprit de corps* among reporters is very high, and such a thing as the betrayal of a newspaper trust is almost unknown in the profession.

Along certain lines of work a reporter is constantly beset by tempters, and his only safeguards are the courage to live within his income, and the ambition to make himself worthy of the highest place in his profession.

Many newspaper proprietors and editors get much better service from their reporters than they deserve.

A reporter frequently turns in a story of great general interest. When he reads it next day and finds that the names of some of the principal actors in the story have been eliminated, because they were large advertisers in the paper, or because they were of the same political faith as the proprietor, or because they enjoyed social relations with the editor, that reporter is scarcely to be blamed if he declines to consider his newspaper as a great moral force and decides in his own mind that it is run for graft and its employees are therefore entitled to graft a little on their own account.

If it were possible to do so, some city editors would make all of their reporters dishonest.

A custom prevails in many newspaper offices of allotting a certain sum of money to each department. In their eager desire to show themselves as alert as their neighbors and bring all the news to the paper, city editors frequently exceed their limit of expense, and some of them have been known, in order to save themselves from trouble with the business manager, to cut

down the space bills and other compensations of the reporters. Under such circumstances it is scarcely to be expected that the reporters of that newspaper will remain with it if they are honest, or fail to graft on their own account if they are naturally dishonest.

A reporter who is constantly told by his superior to make the worse appear the better cause; to help his party at the expense of the truth; to conceal the peccadillos of men with a pull; and generally to lie and deceive, must be made of pretty tough moral fiber if his employment doesn't weaken his character.

One of the very best editors I ever knew once said to a member of his staff:

"I want my paper to have a reputation for truth and honesty. What is the best way to obtain such a reputation?"

"Be honest and truthful," was the reply.

"But we are honest and truthful," said the editor. "We have given orders not to mislead, and we have informed the members of our staff that accuracy will be considered of as much value as alertness and cleverness."

"Have you always taken pains to see that the same courtesy was accorded to a Democratic enemy as to a Republican friend?" was the inquiry.

The editor thought for a little while and then said, "I am afraid if we did that, the Republican state central committee would not have very much use for us."

And then came the answer, "You can't serve truth and a political state central committee at the same time."

The real temptations of a reporter's life come from those men and institutions that have the most to gain by favorable publicity—the theaters, railroads, racing associations, public officials, life insurance companies, people who desire to shine in high society, and commercial firms that don't like to have to do business under the restrictions of the revised statutes.

For years a famous letter-writing journalist drew a regular salary from one of the large life insurance companies. He never attempted to conceal the fact, but said he more than earned it by calling attention to the promptitude with which death claims were paid and to the good work that the company was doing in providing for the widow and the orphan. He seemed to be utterly oblivious to the moral turpitude that lay in the deceptions he practiced on the public and on his employers.

Recent disclosures in the *Equitable* have uncovered a whole mass of corruption, and that no newspaper man has yet been smirched, speaks volumes for the profession, as there were many press agents working for the *Equitable*, with large contingent funds at their disposal.

A few years ago, nearly every correspondent in Washington traveled to New York and back on a pass. It was a regular thing to take in the theater on Saturday night and get away from Washington heat at the expense of one of the two railroad companies. There was never any difficulty about it, so long as you were registered as a newspaper correspondent in the Congressional Directory. The presentation of your card at an office on Pennsylvania Avenue would always produce the required permit to ride. I suppose that nine-tenths of the men who accepted such favors did it merely as a matter of course, and did not expect to make any improper return for the courtesy. But the fact is that two principal railroads entering Washington were constantly asking for favors, constantly doing evil deeds, constantly acquiring possessions to which they had no right, appearing as the owners of senators, always known as the head of a corrupt lobby, and were always anxious to escape unfavorable newspaper criticism.

Now, a Washington correspondent, as a general thing, enjoys a great deal of latitude. He can't write about everything, and as long as he writes about the things which most interest the readers of his paper at home his work is satisfactory. It was easy, for instance, for a Chicago correspondent to ignore some wrongdoing that particularly affected Pennsylvania, and it was a very nice thing for a Washington railroad company to be in a position to say to Newspaper Row: "We have always been very good to you—what is the use of stirring up

a fuss about trifles? Your paper doesn't care about it."

No doubt things have improved in Washington since the days of which I write, and railroad passes are not so common as they used to be. Perhaps the other temptations have been removed also.

In the bad old days it was thoroughly understood along Newspaper Row that the man who was willing to ignore the peccadillos of certain senators and tickle the vanity of other senators could get on the pay roll of his country without doing any work for it. One correspondent in those wicked days was assistant horseshoer to the Maltby House messenger horses. Others were made messengers without any messages to carry. The common gag, however, was for a senator or his secretary to write an order to the folding-room of a printing department to give the bearer one hundred thousand documents to fold. The price of that labor was one hundred dollars. Some newspaper men had their order for one hundred thousand every month. Of course, they never folded any documents, but that did not make any difference, except to make their allegiance to the giver of the good things absolutely secure, as in collecting their bill they had to assert the service was performed.

Not many correspondents in Washington were known or suspected of doing that sort of thing, but the temptation was always there, as well as the insidious temptation to speak kindly of senators from their home state, who then might give them, or their friends, a job at the government's expense.

In many instances a Washington correspondent has had to choose between concealing the truth or having his work as a news-gatherer made doubly hard.

If you want to get the inside of an executive session of the Senate, you must go to a senator or his secretary for the fact. In return for such a betrayal of senatorial secrecy, the correspondent is expected to be a eulogist of that senator and never under any circumstances reveal his wrongdoing.

The White House itself has always tempted newspaper men. Its doors have always been shut against those who were too free in their criticisms of its occupants. Its doors have always been open and a welcome extended to the newspaper friends of the administration. Even the great press as-

sociations, which are supposed to be mere chroniclers of passing events without color or feeling, have to employ a man who has insured his welcome at the White House by never sending out anything objectionable. Perhaps this will be denied, but Washington knows just how long a press correspondent would stay on his job if he incurred the enmity of Mr. Loeb by telling the truth about him or his master.

Grant was the squarest President in that respect that I have ever known. He seemed to be above flattery, and certainly he was above petty vengeance on a hostile critic.

Harrison would do almost anything on earth for a friendly newspaper writer.

And as for McKinley—well, McKinley was so kindly and courteous to almost everyone that it was very difficult to get anything disagreeable written about him. A man who did anything for McKinley always felt that he was doing it because he really liked and admired a beautiful character. A newspaper always felt that it was juster, and quite as satisfactory, if anything wrong was going on, to take it out of Hanna.

It is nearly a work of supererogation to write about the temptations to which the theatrical reporter is exposed. If he writes the truth about the show, he is barred out of their theaters by the syndicate. There are some newspapers in New York that would back up their critics, no matter what happened. Other newspapers at the first threat to withdraw the theatrical advertising would fly screaming for help. Most of the critics in New York are honest and independent.

When John L. Sullivan started out as an actor, his manager told me that he paid four hundred dollars to the critic of a very conservative newspaper to treat poor John's histrionic efforts seriously and to say that he really gave promise of being an actor. I asked him how he could afford to pay so much money for a notice of a show. His reply was: "We can use that all over the United States. Our advance agent has got to have something to travel with, and all the country papers will swallow such guff as that from a high-class New York newspaper."

Many bribes are offered to keep names out of the paper. There is one of the Commandments, the breaking of which requires

more than one person, which seems to be more fruitful of shameful details than the actors desire to have suppressed than any other. Reporters who have to work around police stations know the formula very well: "I don't care anything about myself, but it would be dreadful for her name to appear in the newspaper. I will give you fifty dollars if this does not come out." In most cases such offers are rejected without comment. Sometimes, no doubt, the use of money has saved the reputation of a sinner.

All over the country the race tracks are a common source of temptation to the reporter. The man who runs a gambling game is very sensitive about criticism, and at many race tracks the newspaper man is clerk of the scales or has the form-book privileges. Race tracks don't like to have it said that they are covering up crooked work, but crooked work is done on them just the same. The small horse-owners have got to have money to pay the feed bills, and generally about the end of the meeting a few races are made up to programme. Tame racing reporters know where to obtain the information that will win them a lot of money when such things are coming off. A racing reporter who has any respect for himself will consider it disgraceful to be caught betting on a fixed race.

Even the jockeys have their own way of tempting the press—very often unsuccessfully, but occasionally they find a weak member. Jockeys like "puffs" and favorable notices of great rides that they make. It is pleasant for them to see in the paper that really the horse did not amount to much, but the jockey, by a tremendous effort of skill and strength, literally forced it to the front by a nose at the finish. The fact is, no jockey ever made a horse run faster than it could, and most of them make horses run slower than they should; but you see more puffs than you do criticisms. Stable information is the reward of a good reporter, who is always discovering virtues and always blind to blemishes.

The popular impression that the average reporter is amenable to bribery comes from the fact that a large proportion of the public is not honest and thinks that the other man would do as it would do when opportunity offered.

Many newspapers have made themselves

distrusted because of doing dishonest things, but a working reporter could no more accept bribes continuously than a member of a religious order could constantly parade the streets intoxicated and retain his standing.

Every man who hates a newspaper accuses it of being crooked. Every bad actor that receives his deserts at the hands of a critic speaks of him as a blackmailer.

I will venture to tell a couple of personal anecdotes, though I have no doubt every old newspaper man has had more interesting experiences:

The name of the paper was the "Alta California." It was the most conservative, respectable commercial and plutocratic sheet on the whole Pacific Coast. It had been the organ of the Vigilance committee, and carried all the auctioneers' advertising—honors so great and deep and wide and high that I can't possibly explain their immensity where the Pacific Coast is not well known. There came into the office one day an individual guarded by two policemen. He asked to see the police reporter. I was introduced and the policemen stepped aside. The man said: "I am Professor Pilcher, proprietor and inventor of the famous process for the removal of tapeworms. A man came to my office recently to have a tapeworm removed, and I gave him a big dose of medicine, and after that he took some whiskey, and he died and I have been arrested. Now, it will ruin my business if that gets into the paper, and it was not my fault. I want you to keep it out of the paper." With that he laid down a ten-dollar gold piece on the desk. It took twenty minutes to explain to him that the refusal to accept the ten dollars was not due to a desire to get a larger sum from him.

On another occasion, the editor of a paper on which I was employed was making a crusade against a certain class of nefarious practitioners whose income is extorted from unfortunate women. One of this class had married to get himself justly charged with the crime of manslaughter and the performance of a felonious operation, and our paper was making his conviction as certain as possible. The Supreme Court of the state, in order to show its superior intelligence, had rebuked the court below by sending the case back for

retrial on the ground of an uncrossed *t* or an undotted *i*. When the case was about to come up for the second time, a little woman, old, bent and filthy, with hands like the claws of crabs, and wearing a ragged dress, tottered into the editor's room and announced that she was the wife of that practitioner, and began to beg for mercy. She said she had paid the expense of his former trial by working in fruit-canneries, where she managed to earn as much sometimes as one dollar and twenty-five cents a day; that she was living on twenty-five cents a day and had saved the remainder for lawyers' fees and other expenses.

She said: "Mr. Editor, I am quite sure if you stop writing about my husband in the paper he will be acquitted this time. Won't you please let him alone? Please do. I will give you fifteen dollars if you will promise not to write any more about it. I haven't got it all with me, but I will give you seven dollars and a half, and the rest next month," and with that she produced a handkerchief and, unknitting it, disclosed a collection of nickels and dimes and twenty-five-cent pieces that made up the sum she had stated. No amount of persuasion or explanation could convince her that the editor had any other purpose in publishing the evidence against her husband than the desire to extort money. She went away believing that her offer was too small to be acceptable.

The young reporter finds that an easy way to get news is by flattering officials and ignoring their misconduct. The temptation to speak of the bold arrest made by officers, and to conceal the fact that they clubbed a helpless man into insensibility from mere wanton brutality, is very great. All policemen are not brutes, but power is apt to make its holder cruel. Hence there are two kinds of reporters known at police headquarters—those who give all the facts, and those who do not think it necessary to enlighten the public about things the police do not wish to see in print.

Statistics show that the smallest proportion of criminals come from the ranks of the reporters, notwithstanding their meager salaries and constant temptations.

All good reporters are enthusiasts and crusaders—two things that this country has more need of than of soldiers, statesmen or men of learning.

Who Is Our Worst Actor?

BY ALAN DALE



HE wagers I have been asked to umpire, by foolish people, who address me a few impulsive lines, and enclose (or don't enclose) a coy and shrinking little two-cent stamp, represent a sum that would keep me in affluence for the rest of my life. My correspondents have a wide range of subject, and expect me to be as a god, knowing good and evil. I am an authority on the age of the most cryptic of our actresses, and have a complete count of the wives of our most frequently married comedians. At least I must think so, judging by the queries with which I am assailed.

An often recurring question is, "Who is our worst actor?" and hitherto I have allowed it to remain unanswered, or have replied, in noncommittal flippancy, "You pays your money and you takes your choice." Acting is scarcely an art nowadays, when every little leading man and leading woman is hailed as an effulgent star. There is no standard by which to judge acting. One can give his opinion, and his reasons for that opinion. These may be demolished by the next comer.

The sobriety of the opinion counts of course; also the experience of the man who gives it. The views of Mr. Stead, in London, who, at his advanced age, has been visiting the theaters for the first time in his life, would, for instance, "cut no ice." They have been singularly uninteresting and warped; no more valuable than would be the reflections of a savage suddenly confronted with lobster à la Newburg.

I venture to think that my own views, the result of a life's theater-going, if less freakish, are at least more credible. At any rate, they possess significance, as a personal opinion quarried laboriously from the virgin rock. If I tell my readers, who, in my opinion, is our worst actor, they at least know that it is not the reflection of a novice, doing his round of theaters for the first time.

I have always made a point of looking

upon actors and actresses not as men and women, but as puppets. I imagine myself before a string of marionettes, and tell myself it is my duty to criticize the way in which they do their work. I try to exclude the personal note, and I believe that I am justified. The very moment I remember that a particular actress is supporting mother, or educating little brother, or that a particular actor has a brood of children by whom he is trying to do the right thing, I am lost!

It is very hard sometimes. The personal note intrudes and obtrudes. Here is a woman risen from a bed of sickness—*vide* newspaper reports—trying to earn a living. Here is a man doing the best he can to hew a career for himself out of a mound of obstacles. Forget it. Forget it all. Regard them as puppets. Reciprocally they look upon you as a machine for grinding out callous views.

I shall answer the query, "Who is our worst actor?" in the same spirit as though it were, "Who is our best actor?" I look among a row of puppets, and put my finger on that which has appealed to me least. That is all.

Nor shall I rummage among the poor little puppets of the cheap theaters, who have had no chance to be luminous, and who drag on a precarious existence by impersonating the nefarious heroes of boisterous melodrama. I look among the actors who have a "reputation" and who have achieved "success." For it is the successful actors who give the worst results, all incentives to struggle having been removed.

The actor that charms me is the actor of perfect elocution—the man from whose lips the English language issues in all its beauty, purity, and inestimable flavor—the man who can make you forget the Elizabethan turn of a Shakespearean "speech" by means of the exquisite rhetorical intelligence with which he utters its splendid ideas.

The actor that charms me is the man of sympathetic presence, lacking in the petty pretense of "mannerism"—the man whose individuality is clear-cut, free from undue



FRITZI SCHEFF IN VICTOR HERBERT'S LATEST MUSICAL COMEDY, "MLLE. MODISTE."



JAMES K. HACKETT AND MARY MANNERING IN ALFRED SUTRO'S POWERFUL PORTRAYAL
OF MODERN BRITISH SOCIETY, "THE WALLS OF JERICOH."

eccentricity and wholesomely rather than morbidly original.

The actor that charms me is the man who is good in all the rôles he plays and absurd in none, and who is wise enough to abstain from attempting parts that are, to him, temperamentally impossible. This is not the man who surrounds himself with magnificent scenery, calculated to deaden the critical judgment; nor is it the man who insists that all the other puppets shall revolve subversively around him.

The man who has reached a position comparatively secure to-day from adverse criticism is Mr. Richard Mansfield. He is carelessly permitted to represent the *ne plus ultra* of success. Ask the unthinking person of sycophantic mind for the name of the leading actor, and he will probably say, "Mansfield." Ask him why, and he will not know. He has ceased to think about it. Somebody else has thought for him. It is delicious and even luxurious to be thought for.

Few actors arrive at the stage when people are too lazy to criticize them, and accept them at their own valuation. Mr. Mansfield is one of the few, and one is bound to admire his position, so strenuously attained. In spite of which I present this much-lauded actor as my idea of the "worst." I do this with all due deference to his zeal as a producer, to the comparatively high quality of his productions and to his unflagging industry. That he has remained a bad actor after such a long and arduous dalliance with acting is quite wonderful.

Mr. Mansfield is a victim to mannerisms—mannerisms of speech, walk, gesture and intonation. This is not individuality, except in its worst sense. Sometimes these mannerisms have accorded with the rôle selected by the actor, and then the result has been most felicitous. The charm of Mansfield's Beau Brummel was very great indeed, and nobody realized it more completely than I did. It was Mansfield himself. It was a great success, and if this success was not due precisely to the art (so-called) of acting, nobody questioned it. Since those days Mr. Mansfield has been a modified Beau Brummel in everything.

Lured by this success into the belief that he was a great actor, he has attempted rôles that great actors play, with curious results. It is safe to say that nothing quite so bad as his Brutus, in "Julius Cæsar," has ever been

offered by an actor of prominence. Had this Brutus been the work of an unknown actor, he would scarcely have escaped with his skin. It was a cynical, dyspeptic and finicky Brutus, with the chipper intonations of Beau Brummel, and the heavy, sardonic demeanor of Nero—another rôle, by the by, in which Mr. Mansfield proved his unfitness.

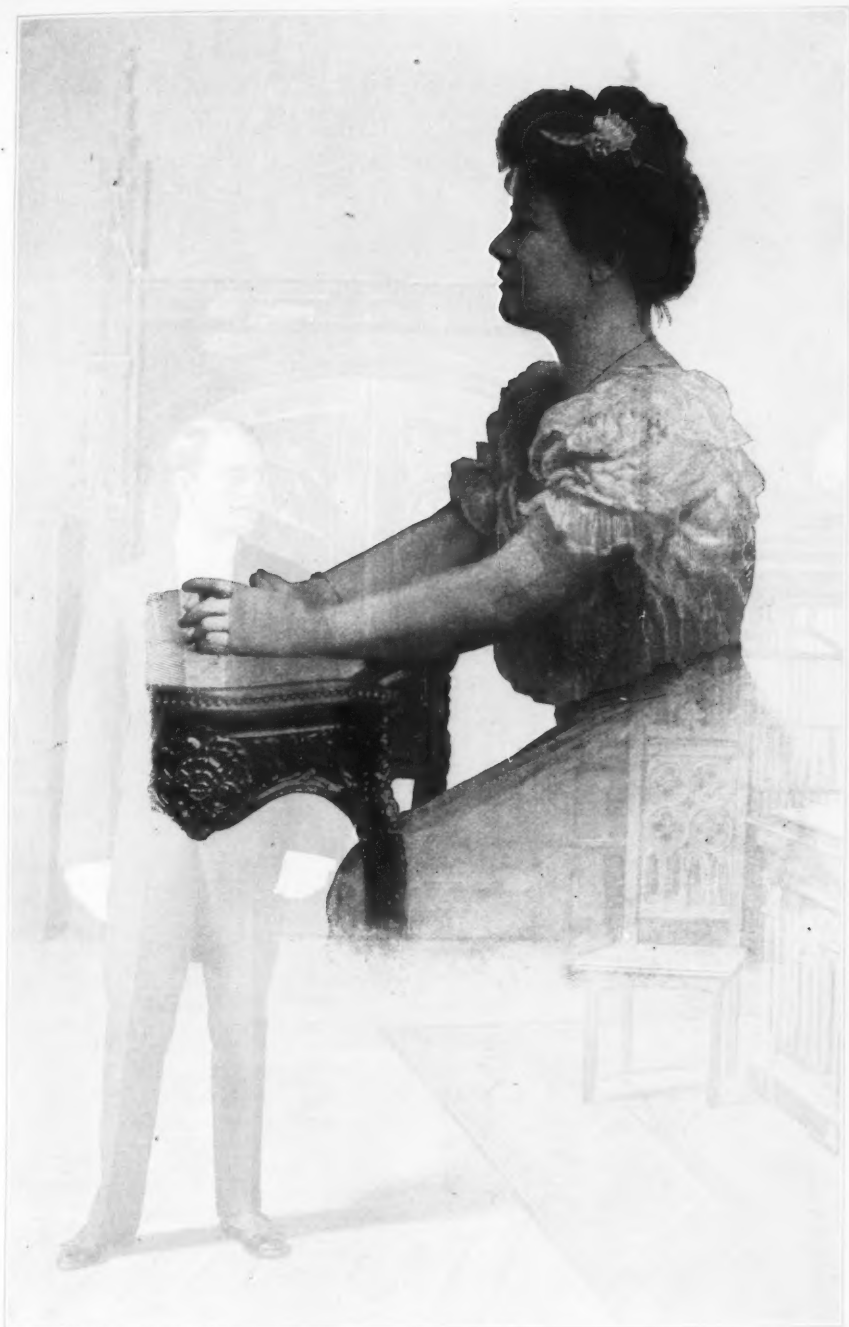
Every quality that a Shakespearean student loves to find in acting was lacking in this impersonation of Brutus—diction, grace, sincerity, magnetism. It was the fiendish thing known as "reputation" butting against impregnable mannerism. No actor considers himself great until he has played Shakespeare. This may be right or it may be wrong; but using this performance as a standard of comparison, Mr. Mansfield fell, a victim to his own personality.

Much the same may be said of his Shylock—another standard of comparison. The art of make-up which is not intellectual but purely mechanical, stood forth conspicuously. Mansfield's Shylock was wonderful to look at, but as a piece of acting it was absurd. It was a mixture of horrible rant, and a "haw-haw" intonation. There was no light and there was no shade. There was the old Jew, a picture to look at, behaving as a sort of frenzied Semitic Beau Brummel.

Again, Mr. Mansfield attempted another great rôle, in "Cyrano de Bergerac," a part made famous by Coquelin—an actor who has charm of elocution and grace of personality. Mr. Mansfield's queer, jerky utterances, his indistinctness and mannerisms that loomed as unduly and obnoxiously farcical, belittled a production that, at the time it was made, had been advertised into an event of international importance.

In these rôles of Brutus, Shylock and Cyrano, Mr. Mansfield was not only bad as Mr. Mansfield, but he was a bad actor. They were perhaps the worst performances that patrons of high-priced theaters have been asked to view. Mr. Mansfield's ambition, of course, was probably a worthy one. He produced the best that he could. He did the best he could and it was the worst.

Those who saw him in "The Scarlet Letter" will not forget it in a hurry, for into his part in that play he injected the melodrama of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a boggy-play in which he achieved a *succès d'horreur*. Again, there was "The Story of Rodion, the Student," in the tragedy of



GRACE ELLISTON, LEADING WOMAN IN CHARLES KLEIN'S NEW AMERICAN PLAY, "THE LION AND THE MOUSE."



ELLIS JEFFREYS IN ALFRED SUTRO'S COMEDY OF ENGLISH MANNERS, "THE FASCINATING MR. VANDERVELDT."



MARY SERVOSS AS ALICE BEDFORD IN THE SUCCESSFUL NEW MELODRAMA OF WESTERN LIFE, "BEDFORD'S HOPE."

which Mansfield's untrammelled mannerisms were again conspicuously and ludicrously in evidence.

Critics grow indolent. After a time they get lax, and the persistent actor "passes." Mr. Mansfield has always been persistent. I do not say this detrimentally. In fact, I admire persistence, for it is the only weapon by which one gets anywhere. The critic who keeps young, however, by an up-to-date outlook, need not coincide with slovenly old views. It is pretty certain that an experienced critic who saw Mr. Mansfield for the first time to-day, would endorse the view I have set forth. He is at present fortified in a position that needs no advertisement—an art with which he dallied frequently in less certain days, when he used to announce his retirement from the stage, his embarkment upon lecture tours, and other pretty little topics for the daily papers. I quote him as my idea of the worst actor, because he uses a restricted personality in rôles that are to him impossible. We seldom see him nowadays in Beau Brummel parts—the only ones in which he excels. He has "gone ahead" with no new qualities to keep him there, and with "the endorsement of the press and public." Happy fate!

Possibly I am in the minority, which does not worry me in the least. I answer a question that has frequently been put to me, and if anybody cries "heresy," it will not be the first time that I have heard the cry. I admire Mr. Mansfield in many ways. I even met him once (in the pursuance of duty), and found him absolutely delightful, a genuine "thoroughbred," but in questions of acting I look at the puppet and not at the man.

The defects in Mr. Mansfield's outfit that appealed to me before he "established"

himself irrevocably, have never vanished. They have never even grown less. They have stood in all their original grotesqueness of fervor and they have always been the defects of the worst actor—a choppy utterance, an unsympathetic personality, and a ludicrous overemphasis. Mr. Mansfield has his prototype in London—Mr. Beerbohm Tree, another actor who produces well, has mastered the art of make-up, and acts with a lamentable mannerism and ridiculous effect.

The great actors are those before whom you sit, forgetful that they are acting, and by the magic of whose art you realize the presence of the types portrayed. You see Hamlet—not Mr. So-and-so playing Hamlet. Before you is Shylock—not a mummer mumming the part. In the case of Mr. Mansfield, you never forget him; you could not possibly forget him. It is impossible to avoid the inference that he would hate you to do so. There is no living actor who is so obtrusively the man, apart from the rôle he essays, as Richard Mansfield. That is why I say he is the worst actor I know. I have seen him in perhaps twenty rôles, and I have liked him in some. I have always gladly said so and have invariably tried to like him. Years and years ago, I greatly enjoyed a Shakespearean performance that he gave, but mannerisms, like ill weeds, grow apace. They choke and they mar.

A "box-office" success is no criterion of acting. It is a nice thing to own notwithstanding. Nine actors out of ten would prefer it to anything else. The tenth wouldn't. In these days it is the man and not the actor who is in evidence. The public goes to see Brutus as Richard Mansfield, for they know the latter and don't care a hang about the former. And the public sees precisely what it goes to see.





From a painting by Van Wijk

CATHERINE THE GREAT

Story of Paul Jones

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

XXI

THAT HONEYMOON SUB ROSA

THE duchess kisses Aimée, and the good Marsan drives back to her palace with the blissful ones, through the black, midnight Paris streets. Com. Paul Jones is in a trance of happiness. Aimée creeps into his arms, and whispers, "*Mon Paul;*" and the surrender of the *Serapis* is forgotten, as a thing trivial and transient, in the sur-

render of this girl with the glorious red-gold hair.

Summer runs away into autumn, and the brown tints of October burn in the trees. The honeymoon has been one of loving secrecies and subterfuges, and perhaps all the tenderer and sweeter because *sub rosa*. Com. Paul Jones tears himself, now and again, from Aimée's arms to urge the business of the *Serapis*. He is seconded by Aimée, to whom his glory is as dear as his love.

Doctor Franklin tells the king that he should give Com. Paul Jones the ship, and

is referred to De Sartine. That oily minister slips away from the proposal, and the king sends Com. Paul Jones a sword of honor, and the title of "chevalier."

The impatient sailor bites his lip, and gives the plaything-sword to Aimée.

"I asked for a ship," says he, "not a sword. And as for chevalier, since I'm already a commodore, it looks like promotion downhill."

"The king," says Doctor Franklin, "does not forgive your refusal of his captain's commission when you lay at the Texel."

"And I," he returns, "continue to regard that offer of a commission as a piece of royal impertinence."

Com. Paul Jones determines to bring the king to a decision. He walks in the royal gardens with his ally, Genet of the Foreign Office, and comes upon the king feeding his squirrels. The king—for democracy is becoming a fashion—greeted Com. Paul Jones with outstretched hands.

"But do not tell me," concludes the king, "that you have come for a ship."

"It was, indeed, to ask for the *Serapis*, sire."

The poor king shakes his head, his vague lip twitches, while the unlocked jaw multiplies the feebleness of his weak face.

"Chevalier, I cannot," he returns. Then, in a tone of pathos, he continues: "Congratulate yourself, my friend, that you are not a king. You would then be compelled to have ministers, and they would make a slave of you—as they have of me."

"It is over," says Com. Paul Jones to Doctor Franklin. "There is no hope of the *Serapis*."

"Take the *Ariel*, then, and return to Philadelphia," replies the doctor. "There is the *America*, seventy-four guns, building on the Portsmouth stocks. I've written the marine committee to give you that."

Com. Paul Jones holds Aimée close. He kisses her dear lips.

"In the spring I shall return, my love," he promises. "Three little months, and you are in my arms again." He is in the wrong; the three months lengthen into three years.

Aimée, as they part, whispers something in his ear, and then buries her face on his breast. The blush she is trying to hide

spreads and spreads, until it covers the back of the fair neck, and the red of it is lost in the roots of the red-gold hair.

"Good!" he cries in a burst of joy, holding her closer; "good! Now I shall have something to dream of, and return to."

It is a raw, flawy day in February when Com. Paul Jones lands in Philadelphia. Arthur Lee, with his poisonous mendacities, has preceded him. He is called before the marine committee, to reply to a list of questions that, in miserable effect, amount to charges. Anger eating his heart like fire, he replies to the questions, and is then, the committee being convinced in his favor, voted a resolution of thanks and confidence.

Knowing no other way, he now seeks a quarrel with Arthur Lee; the fiery, faithful Cadwalader is at his elbow. Mad Anthony Wayne meets Arthur Lee informally. The latter does not like the outlook.

"Who is he?" exclaims Arthur Lee, inventing a defensive sneer. "Either the son of a Scotch peasant or worse, and a man who has changed his name. By what right does such a person demand satisfaction of a gentleman?"

"Permit me to suggest," returns Mad Anthony, beginning to bristle, "that I shall regard a refusal to fight, based on the ground you state, as a personal affront to myself. More, let me tell you, sir, that he who shall seek to bar Paul Jones from his plain rights, on an argument aimed at his gentility, will get nothing for his pains but the name of coward."

"You think so?" responds Arthur Lee, his sneer somewhat in eclipse at the stark directness of Mad Anthony.

"I know so, sir. When you speak of Paul Jones you speak of the conqueror of the *Drake* and *Serapis*. Also, I will add, that when you deal with me, sir, you deal with one who is in every way the equal of any Lee of your family."

Mad Anthony blows through his warlike nose ferociously, and Arthur Lee is silent. Meanwhile, the excellent Cadwalader, ever painstaking in matters of bloodshed, prepares a challenge that he intends shall be a model for succeeding ages, when they go studying the literature of the duello.

It is at this pinch that the peace-loving Morris, helpless and a bit desperate, brings the whole weight of General Washington to bear upon the combative one.

The Father of his Country succeeds where Mr. Morris has failed, and silences all talk of a duel. As a reward for that gentleman's eleventh-hour docility, he prevails upon Congress to give Com. Paul Jones the half-built *America*, in accord with the request of Doctor Franklin, already in its dilatory hands.

Com. Paul Jones goes to Portsmouth to oversee the launching and the equipment of his new seventy-four. Disappointment dogs him, however, for Cornwallis surrenders, and Congress in a fit of foolish generosity presents the *America* to France, as a slight expression of its thanks for the part she played in the capture of that English nobleman. Com. Paul Jones sees his just-completed seventy-four, over which he has toiled like a poet over his verses, and wherein he was presently to sail away to conquer fresh honors for himself and his Aimée, hoist the French flag, and receive a French captain on its quarter-deck; and then, steadying himself under the blow with a kind of grim philosophy which he has begun to cultivate, he goes back to Philadelphia. Here he finds letters from France awaiting him; one is from his Aimée, written in a wavering hand. It must have borne cheering news, for in his reply he says:

"Present my compliments to your sister. Tell her to exert her tenderest care toward you and her sweet little godson. Also cover him with kisses from me."

XXII

CATHERINE OF RUSSIA

Com. Paul Jones, nervously irritable with the loss of the *America*, and weary of the shore, asks leave of Congress to go as a volunteer with the French fleet that hopes to find and fight the English in the West Indies. Congress consents, and he sails southward with Captain Vaudreuil. It is to fight yellow fever, however, not the English, and he returns much shaken in health. As a solace and a recuperative,

New-York Novr. 9 1787.

Sir,

Accounts having arrived and being credited here, that the British Fleet was out, and had been seen steering to the Westward, and that a British Squadron was cruising in the north Sea, I was advised by my Friends not to embark in the French Packet that sailed hence the 25 ult. I am sorry to have lost that opportunity as those accounts are now contradicted.

I shall embark to-morrow, in an American Ship bound for Amsterdam, and have bargained to be landed in France. I shall go directly to Paris, and deliver the two Packets you sent to my care immediately on my arrival, with two others from you (that have been since put into my Hands) for Mr. Jefferson and the Marquis de la Fayette.

I am exceedingly sorry for the long detention of your Letters;—but Colonel Carrington, who does me the honor to carry this, can inform you that it has not depended on me to forward them sooner,—and that Mr. Jay has had no opportunity till now of sending his dispatches to Europe since the month of June.

I am, Sir, with profound respect and perfect esteem,
Your most obedient and most humble Servant

PAUL JONES

His Excellency
General Washington—Virginia.

LETTER WRITTEN BY PAUL JONES TO GENERAL WASHINGTON ON THE EVE OF HIS SECOND DEPARTURE FOR FRANCE *

he sends divers cargoes of oil to Europe on a speculation, and makes forty thousand dollars.

All the time he is pining to get back to Paris, and his Aimée, and the good Marsan, as well as Aimée's sister's "sweet little godson" that was to be covered with kisses. But he is detained by his accounts with the government, and his claims for prize money.

* New-York Novr. 9. 1787.

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Your most obedient and most humble Servant

J. Paul Jones
His Excellency
General Washington—Virginia.

After heartbreaking delays, his affairs are adjusted, and again he finds himself outward bound for France. His Aimée meets him with kisses as safely sweet as ever. He unlocks her white arms from his neck, and asks in a whisper,

"Where is he?"

"He is dead," she says, with a rush of tears. Then she guides him to a quiet cemetery in the suburbs, and taking his hand leads him to a little grave, upon which the new grass has not grown two weeks. There is a tiny headstone of pale granite, and on it the one word, "Paul."

His gaze is long and steadfast, as he holds fast to his Aimée's hand. Then his tears are united with hers; they stand bowed above the little grave.

Com. Paul Jones and his Aimée, while ever together, formally conceal the tie that binds them. He has business with the king about prize money; she has petitions before the king about the blood that is common to her veins and his; and both the good Marsan and Doctor Franklin say that it is better that the king should not know. And so the king goes feeding his squirrels and forgetting his people, in ignorance of what took place on that midnight before the candle-lighted altar of Our Lady of Loretto. But the wise old world is not so dense, and winks and smiles and wags its wise old head; and whenever it passes a pretty cottage in the Rue Vivienne it points and whispers tolerantly. For the wise old world loves lovers, as everybody knows; and because Aimée always officially resides with the good Marsan when her Paul is in Paris, and actually resides with that amiable gentlewoman when her Paul is in London or Copenhagen or elsewhere on the complex business of those prize moneys, no one finds fault. Four years of love and truth and sweetness, four beautiful years throughout which the birds sing and the sun shines always, go by for Com. Paul Jones and his Aimée; and every noble door in France swings open at their approach.

The prize money gets into a tangle, and Com. Paul Jones retains Mirabeau and the venerable Malesherbes. Then he visits America, and is fêted and feasted; while his Aimée, each year rounder and plumper and more bewitching, with the red-gold hair growing ever redder and more golden, stays in Paris, by the side of the good

Marsan, and keeps a loving, care-taking eye on the vine-clothed cottage in the Rue Vivienne.

Nothing can exceed the honors where-with Com. Paul Jones is stormed upon and pelted while in America. He is banqueted by the Morrisises, the Livingstons, the Hamiltons, and the Jays. What is vastly more to his heart's comfort, he is visited by Dale and Fanning and Mayrant and Lunt and Stack and Potter and scores of his old sea-wolves of the *Ranger* and *Richard*, who crowd round him to press his hand. One evening he drinks a last cup of wine at the Livingston Manor House, and then rides down to the foot of Cortlandt street and goes aboard the *Governor Clinton* which, with anchors hove short, awaits him. It is his last glass in America, his last glimpse of the shores for which he fought so valorously; the thirtieth of November sees him in the Straits of Dover, just nineteen days out from Sandy Hook.

He goes to Paris, and the king has him to lunch at Versailles—a nine-days' social wonder, the like of which has not been witnessed by a staring, envying world since Louis XIV dined Jean Bart. The royal luncheon over, Com. Paul Jones again settles down to the dear smiles and the love of his Aimée, while the aristocracy of France lionizes the one and loves the other.

Mr. Jefferson, now America's minister to Versailles, and greatly the friend of our two love birds, walks in upon them in that little vine-embowered nest in the Rue Vivienne. He has big news. The Empress Catherine, through King Louis, asks Com. Paul Jones to become an admiral in the Russian navy. The Turks are troubling her, and she wants him to sweep these turbaned pests from the Black Sea.

The cheek of Com. Paul Jones reddens, and his eye lights up. Between love and war his heart was formed to swing like a pendulum. Now that he has loved for a season, he would like nothing better than another game with those "iron dice of destiny"—as Bismarck later will call them—*vide licet* cannon balls; and where should be found a fitter table than the Black Sea, and a more eligible adversary than the Turk? Aimée goes to court with Madam Campan, the noble daughter of the noble Genet, and translates English plays into French for the amusement of Versailles, while he himself, hot of heart

and high of head, as one who snuffeth the battle afar off, makes a straight wake for St. Petersburg.

Com. Paul Jones meets the Empress Catherine in her palace of Tsarskoë-Selo. Outside the snow lies thick; for it is April, and winter is ever reluctant to quit St. Petersburg. He has been pricked of curiosity concerning this Russian empress, for whom he is to draw his sword. He has hoped—somewhat against hope it is true, when he recalled her sixty years—that she would prove beautiful; for he is so much the knight of romance that he fights with more pleasure for a pretty face than for a plain one. But his eyes fall upon a thick, gross figure, with a round, gross face—a woman the antithesis of romance. Her mouth is coarse, her nose high and hawkish, her forehead full, her gaze hard and level, her whole face harsh, having been so often burned and swept of passion. And yet he feels the power of this white, fiery-eyed savage, with her heart of a Phryne and her brain of a Henry VIII. There is so much, however, that is palpably brutish about her that he shrinks away from her contact and remembers with regret his delicate Aimée of the red-gold locks.

He has been too well trained as a courtier to let fall for one moment the polite mask which he wears, and nothing could be more elaborately suave than are the manners he assumes. Still the ferocious Catherine gets some glimmer of his inward thought for all that. Every inch the empress, she is even more the woman. To the day of her death the unpardonable offense in any male of her species is a failure to fall immediately in love with her. She receives some chilling touch of her new admiral's aversion, and it turns her into arctic ice and iron. He remains in St. Petersburg a fortnight, and the empress sees him more than once. When they are together they talk only of Potemkin, Suwarrow, the Turks and the Black Sea.

XXIII

AN ADMIRAL OF RUSSIA

Admiral Paul Jones travels to the mouth of the Dnieper, and joins Potemkin, who is a military fool, and Suwarrow, who is

old and cunning and vigilant and war-wise. He goes aboard his flagship, the *Vladimir* of seventy guns. From the beginning he is befriended by the kindly, grizzled Suwarrow, and thwarted by the foppish, jealous Potemkin. This latter personage is a discarded favorite of Catherine; and, because she is very loyal to a favorite out of favor, he knows he may take liberties. Old Suwarrow, over his brandy, tells Potemkin's story to Admiral Paul Jones.

"He kept the empress' smiles for a season," explains Suwarrow; "when all of a sudden, having seen Moimonoff, she fills Potemkin's pockets with gold and jewels, gives him a two-thousand-serf estate, and bids him 'travel,' as one day and another she had bid twenty of his predecessors travel.

"'In what have I offended?' whines Potemkin.

"'In nothing,' returns the empress. 'I liked you yesterday; I don't like you to-day; that is all.'

"This was ten years ago," concludes old Suwarrow. "Potemkin comes down here. The empress puts him in charge of everything, and sustains him in all he says and does. Believe me, my dear Admiral, you must get along with Potemkin to get along with her."

Admiral Paul Jones is by no means sure that he must get along with Potemkin, and regrets once more that he quitted France.

However, being aboard the *Vladimir*, and having to his signal twenty ships, he resolves to strike one blow for the savage Catherine, if only to see how a Russian fights and how much battering a Turk can stand.

The chance comes; about the middle of June Admiral Paul Jones engages the Turkish fleet off Kinburn head, and practically destroys it after sixteen hours' fighting—sinking some vessels, burning others, and breaking completely the power of the Crescent in the Black Sea. The Turks bear a loss of twenty-nine ships and more than three thousand sailors, while Admiral Paul Jones loses but three small ships, two of which, through the clumsiness of their own commanders, are run aground, while the third is sunk in action. Having advantage of the victory, old Suwarrow brings his army across the Boug, and joins Kutusoff under the walls

of Oczakoff. At one blow Admiral Paul Jones unlocks the Liman as though it were a door, and throws it open to the victorious entrance of old Suwarrow.

Oczakoff falls, and Admiral Paul Jones, heartily sick of the mixed cowardice and duplicity of Potemkin and his parasite, Nassau-Siegen, relinquishes his command, bids old Suwarrow good-by, and proceeds in a manner of lordly leisure, not at all Russian, but particularly American, back to St. Petersburg. As he bids farewell to old Suwarrow, the latter detains him.

"Wait!" says old Suwarrow.

Then he takes from one of his camp chests a priceless cloak of sea otter and sable, and an ermine jacket, white as snow and set off with heavy gold frogs.

"Take them, *mon Paul*," urges the old soldier. "They are too fine for me." Here he looks complacently at his threadbare gray coat and muddy boots. "No; were I to wear such feathers, my soldiers, who are my children, wouldn't know their old papa Suwarrow."

The empress receives Admiral Paul Jones in her palace of the Hermitage. She is affable, condescending, appreciative, and assigns him to command the Russian naval forces in the Baltic. She makes him rich in gold; for while the empress will so far humor Potemkin as to remove Admiral Paul Jones out of his way, she will not fail of doubly rewarding that mariner for the victory which Potemkin is now trying to steal.

Admiral Paul Jones grows dissatisfied. The Russian nobility intrigue against him, and De Ségur, the French minister, must

come to his rescue. Also, they steal his letters from Aimée, and not hearing from his beloved he becomes homesick.

He tells the empress that he must go, and she consents when he promises to continue drawing full pay as her admiral. That agreed to, she allows him leave of absence for two years, and back he goes to Paris and Aimée's arms.

He calls on De Ségur, the French minister, before he starts, and thanks him for his friendship.

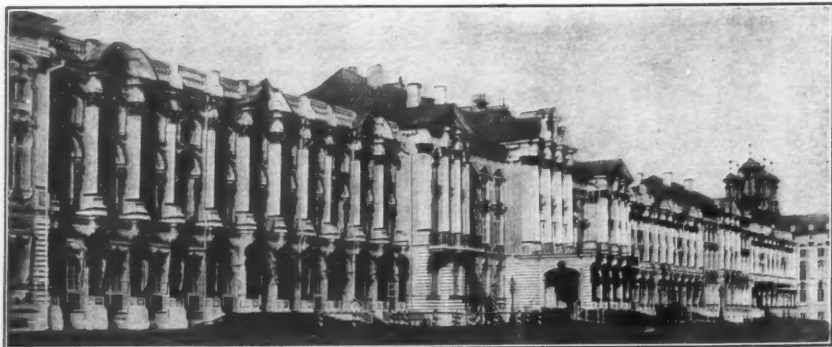
"But you will come back?" says De Ségur.

"Never!" he returns. "I want no more of Russia and its Russians. What is this court of Catherine, but a place where vilest purposes are arrived at by agencies most wretched, and artifices that would disgrace a dog? I am of an honor unfit for such a place, as silk is unfit for mire. The very people are without charity or the commonest humanity. They are like the wolves of their forests: when they discover one of their own brothers wounded or stricken down, instead of offering their aid, they fall upon him, rending and devouring him."

"Sixteen long months—sixteen dreary months you have been gone!" says Aimée, when they are again together at the cottage in the Rue Vivienne.

"They are over, my little one," he replies, "over, never to return. Aside from being separated from you, which is as though I were separated from the sun"—here he smiles, and caresses her red-gold hair—"they were the sixteen most miserable months of my life."

(To be concluded)



PALACE OF TSARSKOË-SELO, WHERE PAUL JONES FIRST MET CATHERINE THE GREAT



In the Days of the Comet

BY H. G. WELLS

BOOK THE FIRST—THE COMET

CHAPTER THE FOURTH—WAR—(CONTINUED)

SYNOPSIS: The narrator, William Leadford, is telling of events in his youth before the Great Change. Through his friend Parload he has become a socialist, and is also interested in a great comet whose path is approaching the earth's orbit. This fact is more important to him than the spread of socialism, for what will happen if the comet strikes the earth? Meanwhile, times are bad in England, owing to strikes, lockouts, overproduction, and the intrusion of American products in the market. And, besides, war has just broken out between England and Germany. Leadford has been engaged to marry Nettie Stuart, but she has broken with him on account of his beliefs. The young man still loves the girl and continues to visit her. On one of these visits he learns that she has eloped with Edward Verrall, the son of her father's employer. The couple have gone to a resort on the east coast. Obeying some vague impulse, Leadford has recently bought a revolver. The idea of following his sweetheart now comes to his mind, but to do this he will have to pawn some of his belongings.

III



AFTER our midday dinner—it was a potato pie, mostly potato with some scraps of cabbage and bacon—I put on my overcoat and got it out of the house while my mother was in the scullery at the back.

A scullery in the old world was, in the case of such houses as ours, a damp, unsavory, mainly subterranean region behind the dark living-room kitchen. It was ren-

dered more than typically dirty in our case by the fact that into it the coal cellar, a yawning pit of black uncleanness, opened, and diffused small, crunchable particles about the uneven brick floor. It was the region of "washing-up," that greasy, damp function that followed every meal. Its atmosphere had ever a cooling steaminess; and the memory of boiled cabbage, and the sooty, black stains where saucepan or kettle had been put down for a minute, scraps of potato peel caught by the strainer of an escape-pipe, and rags of a quite indescribable horribleness of acquisition, called "dishclouts," rise in my memory at the

name. The altar of this place was the "sink," a tank of stone, revolting to a refined touch, grease filmed and unpleasant to see. Above this was a tap for cold water, so arranged that when the water descended it splashed and wetted whoever had turned it on. This tap was our water supply. And in such a place you must fancy a little old woman, rather incompetent and very gentle, a soul of unselfishness and sacrifice, in dirty clothes, all come from their original colors to a common dusty dark gray, in worn, ill-fitting boots, with hands distorted by ill use, and untidy graying hair—my mother. In the winter her hands would be "chapped," and she would have a cough. And while she washes up I go out, to sell my overcoat and watch in order that I may desert her.

I forget how much money I got, but I remember that it was rather less than the sum I had made out to be the single fare to Shaphambury.

I got back home about five minutes to three, resolved to start by the five train for Birmingham in any case, but still dissatisfied about my money. I thought of pawning a book or something of that sort, but I could think of nothing of obvious value in the house. My mother's silver—two gravy-spoons and a saltcellar—had been pawned for some weeks, since, in fact, the June quarter-day. But my mind was full of hypothetical opportunities.

As I came up the steps to our door, I remarked that Mr. Gabbitas looked at me suddenly round his dull red curtains with a sort of alarmed resolution in his eye and vanished, and as I walked along the passage, he opened his door upon me suddenly and intercepted me.

He was in the clerical dress of that time, that costume that seems almost the strangest of all our old-world clothing, and he presented it in its cheapest form—black, of a poor texture, ill fitting, strangely cut. Its long skirts accentuated the tubbiness of his body, the shortness of his legs. The white tie below his all-round collar, beneath his innocent, large-spectacled face, was a little grubby; and between his not very clean teeth he held a briar pipe. His complexion was whitish, and although he was only thirty-three or four perhaps, his sandy hair was already thinning from the top of his head.

To your eye, now, he would seem the

strangest figure, in the utter disregard of all physical beauty or dignity about him. You would find him extraordinarily odd, but, in the old days, he met not only with acceptance but respect. He was alive until within a year or so ago, but his later appearance changed. As I saw him that afternoon, he was a very slovenly, ungainly little human being. You had an instinctive sense that so he had been from the beginning. You felt he was not only drifting through life eating what came in his way, believing what came in his way, doing without any vigor what came in his way, but that *into* life also he had drifted. You could not believe him the child of pride and high resolve, or of any splendid passion of love. He had just *happened*. But we all happened then. Why am I taking this tone over this poor little curate in particular?

"Hello!" he said, with an assumption of friendly ease. "Haven't seen you for weeks! Come in and have a gossip."

An invitation from the drawing-room lodger was in the nature of a command. I would have liked very greatly to have refused it. Never was invitation more inopportune. But I had not the wit to think of an excuse. "All right," I said awkwardly, and he held the door open for me.

"I'd be very glad if you would," he amplified. "One doesn't get much opportunity of intelligent talk in this parish."

What the devil was he up to, was my secret preoccupation. He fussed about me with a nervous hospitality, talking in jumpy fragments, rubbing his hands together, and taking peeps at me over and round his glasses.

"They're going to give us trouble in the North Sea, it seems," he remarked with a sort of innocent zest. "I'm glad they mean fighting."

There was an air of culture about his room that always cowed me, and that made me constrained even on this occasion. The table under the window was littered with photographic material and the later albums of his Continental souvenirs. On the American cloth-trimmed shelves that filled the recesses on either side of the fireplace were what I used to think in those days a quite incredible number of books—perhaps eight hundred altogether, including the reverend gentleman's photograph albums and college and school text-books. This suggestion of learning was enforced by the little wooden shield bearing a col-



Drawn by Henri Lanoë

IT TURNED OUR UGLY ENGLISH INDUSTRIAL TOWNS TO PHANTOM CITIES



Drawn by Henri Lanoë

SHE GAVE A LITTLE CRY THAT PIERCED ME TO THE HEART, AND FLED UP THE BEACH

lege coat of arms that hung over the looking-glass, and by a photograph of Mr. Gabbitas in cap and gown in an Oxford frame that adorned the opposite wall. And in the middle of that wall stood his writing desk, which I knew to have pigeonholes when it was open, and which made him seem not merely cultured, but literary. At that, he wrote sermons, composing them himself!

"Yes," he said, taking possession of the hearth rug, "the war had to come sooner or later. If we smash their fleet for them now, well, there's an end to the matter!"

He stood on his toes and then bumped down on his heels, and looked blandly through his spectacles at a water-color by his sister—the subject was a bunch of violets—above the sideboard which was his pantry and tea chest and cellar. "Yes," he said as he did so.

I coughed, and wondered how I might presently get away.

He invited me to smoke—that queer old practice!—and then when I declined, began talking in a confidential tone of this "dreadful business" of the strikes. "The war won't improve *that* outlook," he said, and was very grave for a moment.

He spoke of the want of thought for their wives and children shown by the colliers in striking merely for the sake of the union, and this stirred me to controversy, and distracted me a little from my resolution to escape.

"I don't quite agree with that," I said, clearing my throat. "If the men didn't strike for the union now, if they let that be broken up, where would they be when the pinch of reductions did come?"

To which he replied that they couldn't

expect to get top-price wages when the masters were selling bottom-price coal. I replied: "That isn't it. The masters don't treat them fairly. They have to protect themselves."

To which Mr. Gabbitas answered: "Well, I don't know. I've been in the Four Towns some time, and I must say I don't think the balance of injustice falls on the masters' side."

"It falls on the men," I agreed, wilfully misunderstanding him.

And so we worked our way toward an argument. "Confound this argument!" I thought; but I had no skill in self-extraction, and my irritation crept into my voice. Three little spots of color came into the cheeks and nose of Mr. Gabbitas, but his voice showed nothing of his ruffled temper.

"You see," I said, "I'm a socialist. I don't think this world was made for a small minority to dance on the faces of everyone else."

"My dear fellow," said the Reverend Mr. Gabbitas, "*I'm a socialist too. Who isn't?* But that doesn't lead me to class hatred."

"You haven't felt the heel of this confounded system. I have."

"Ah!" said he; and catching him on that note came a rap at the front door, and, as he hung suspended, the sound of my mother letting some one in and a timid rap.

"Now," thought I, and stood up, resolutely, but he would not let me. "No, no, no!" said he. "It's only for the Dorcas money."

He put his hand against my chest with an effect of physical compulsion, and cried, "Come in!"

"Our talk's just getting interesting," he protested; and there entered Miss Ramell, an elderly little lady who was mighty in church help in Clayton.

He greeted her—she took no notice of me—and went to his bureau, and I remained standing by my chair but unable to get out of the room. "I'm not interrupting?" asked Miss Ramell.

"Not in the least," he said, drawing out the carriers and opening his desk. I could not help seeing what he did.

I was so fretted by my impotence to leave him, that, at the moment, it did not connect at all with the research of the morning that he was taking out money. I listened sullenly to his talk with Miss Ramell, and saw only, as they say in Wales, with the

front of my eyes, the small flat drawer that had, it seemed, quite a number of sovereigns scattered over its floor. "They're so unreasonable," complained Miss Ramell. Who could be otherwise in a social organization that bordered on insanity?

I turned away from them, put my foot on the fender, stuck my elbow on the plush-fringed mantelboard, and studied the photographs, pipes, and ash trays that adorned it. What was it I had to think out before I went to the station?

Of course! My mind made a queer, little, reluctant leap; it felt like being forced to leap over a bottomless chasm; and alighted upon the sovereigns that were just disappearing again as Mr. Gabbitas shut his drawer.

"I won't interrupt your talk further," said Miss Ramell, receding doorward.

Mr. Gabbitas played round her politely, and opened the door for her and conducted her into the passage, and for a moment or so I had the fullest sense of proximity to those—it seemed to me there must be ten or twelve—sovereigns.

The front door closed and he returned. My chance of escape had gone.

IV

"I *must* be going," I said, with a curiously reinforced desire to get away out of that room.

"My dear chap!" he insisted, "I can't think of it. Surely, there's nothing to call you away." Then with an evident desire to shift the venue of our talk, he asked, "You never told me what you thought of Burble's little book?"

I was now, beneath my dull display of submission, furiously angry with him. It occurred to me to ask myself why I should defer and qualify my opinions to him. Why should I pretend a feeling of intellectual and social inferiority toward him? He asked what I thought of Burble. I resolved to tell him, if necessary, with arrogance. Then perhaps he would release me. I did not sit down again, but stood by the corner of the fireplace.

"That was the little book you lent me last summer?" I said.

"He reasons closely, eh?" he said, and indicated the armchair with a flat hand, and beamed persuasively.

I remained standing. "I didn't think much of his reasoning powers," I said.

"He was one of the cleverest bishops London ever had."

"That may be. But he was dodging about in a jolly feeble case," said I.

"You mean?"

"That he's wrong. I don't think he proves his case. I don't think Christianity is true. He knows himself for the pretender he is. His reasoning 's—rot."

Mr. Gabbitas went, I think, a shade paler than his wont, and propitiation vanished from his manner. His eyes and mouth were round, his face seemed to get round, his eyebrows curved at my remarks.

"I'm sorry you think that," he said at last, with a catch in his breath.

He did not repeat his suggestion that I should sit. He made a step or so toward the window and turned. "I suppose you will admit—" he began, with a faintly irritating note of intellectual condescension.

I will not tell you of his arguments or mine. You will find, if you care to look for them, in out-of-the-way corners of our book museums, the shriveled cheap publications—the publications of the Rationalist Press Association, for example—on which my arguments were based. Lying in that curious limbo with them, mixed up with them and indistinguishable, are the endless "Replies" of orthodoxy, like the mixed dead in some hard-fought trench. All those disputes of our fathers, and they were sometimes furious disputes, have gone now beyond the range of comprehension. You younger people, I know, read them with impatient perplexity. You cannot understand how sane creatures could imagine they had joined issue at all in most of these controversies. All the old methods of systematic thinking, the queer absurdities of the Aristotelian logic, have followed magic numbers and mystical numbers, and the Rumpelstilzchen magic of names, now into the blackness of the unthinkable. You can no more understand our theological passions than you can understand the fancies that made all ancient peoples speak of their gods only by circumlocutions, that made savages pine away and die because they had been photographed, or an Elizabethan farmer turn back from a day's expedition because he had met three crows. Even I, who have been through it all, re-

call our controversies now with something near incredulity.

Faith we can understand to-day; all men live by faith. But, in the old time, everyone confused quite hopelessly faith and a forced, incredible belief in certain pseudo-concrete statements. I am inclined to say that neither believers nor unbelievers had faith as we understand it; they had insufficient intellectual power. They could not trust unless they had something to see and touch and say, like their barbarous ancestors who could not make a bargain without exchange of tokens. If they no longer worshiped stocks and stones, or eked out their needs with pilgrimages and images, they still held fiercely to audible images, to printed words and formulas.

But why revive the echoes of the ancient logomachies?

Suffice it that we lost our tempers very readily in pursuit of God and truth, and said exquisitely foolish things on either side. And on the whole—from the impartial perspective of my three and seventy years—I adjudicate that if my dialectic was bad, that of the Reverend Mr. Gabbitas was altogether worse.

Little pink spots came into his cheeks, a squealing note into his voice. We interrupted each other more and more rudely. We invented facts and appealed to authorities whose names I mispronounced; and, finding Mr. Gabbitas shy of the higher criticism and the Germans, I used the names of Karl Marx and Engels as Bible exegetes with no little effect. A silly wrangle! a preposterous wrangle! You must imagine our talk becoming louder, with a developing quarrelsome note—my mother, no doubt, hovering on the staircase and listening in alarm as who should say: "My dear, don't offend it! Oh, don't offend it! Mr. Gabbitas enjoys its friendship. Try to think whatever Mr. Gabbitas says —" though we still kept in touch with a pretense of mutual deference. The ethical superiority of Christianity to all other religions came to the fore—I know not how. We dealt with the matter in bold, imaginative generalizations, because of the insufficiency of our historical knowledge. I was moved to denounce Christianity as the ethics of slaves, and declare myself a disciple of a German writer of no little vogue in those days, named Nietzsche.

For a disciple I must confess I was par-

ticularly ill acquainted with the works of the master. Indeed, all I knew of him had come to me through a two-column article in "The Clarion" for the previous week. But the Reverend Mr. Gabbitas did not read "The Clarion."

I am, I know, putting a strain upon your credulity when I tell you that I now have little doubt that the Reverend Mr. Gabbitas was absolutely ignorant even of the name of Nietzsche, although that writer presented a separate and distinct attitude of attack upon the faith that was in the reverend gentleman's keeping.

"I'm a disciple of Nietzsche," said I, with an air of extensive explanation.

He shied away so awkwardly at the name that I repeated it at once.

"But do you know what Nietzsche says?" I pressed him viciously.

"He has certainly been adequately answered," said he, still trying to carry it off.

"Who by?" I rapped out hotly. "Tell me that!" and became mercilessly expectant.

V

A happy accident relieved Mr. Gabbitas from the embarrassment of that challenge, and carried me another step along my course of personal disaster.

It came on the heels of my question in the form of a clatter of horses without, and the gride and cessation of wheels. I glimpsed a straw-hatted coachman and a pair of grays. It seemed an incredibly magnificent carriage for Clayton.

"Eh!" said the Reverend Mr. Gabbitas, going to the window. "Why, it's old Mrs. Verrall! It's old Mrs. Verrall. Really! What *can* she want with me?"

He turned to me, and the flush of controversy had passed and his face shone like the sun. It was not every day, I perceived, that Mrs. Verrall came to see him.

"I get so many interruptions," he said, almost grinning. "You must excuse me a minute! Then—then I'll tell you about that fellow. But don't go. I pray you don't go. I can assure you—*most* interesting."

He went out of the room waving vague, prohibitory gestures.

"I *must* go," I cried after him.

"No, no, no!" in the passage. "I've got your answer," I think it was he added, and "quite mistaken," and I saw him running down the steps to talk to the old lady.

I swore. I made three steps to the window, and this brought me within a yard of that accursed drawer.

I glanced at it, and then at that old woman who was so absurdly powerful, and instantly her son and Nettie's face were flaming in my brain. The Stuarts had, no doubt, already accepted accomplished facts. And I too—

What was I doing here?

What was I doing here while judgment escaped me?

I woke up. I was injected with energy. I took one reassuring look at the curate's obsequious back, at the old lady's projected nose and quivering hand, and then with *swift*, clean movements I had the little drawer open, four sovereigns in my pocket, and the drawer shut again. Then again at the window—they were still talking.

That was all right. He might not look in that drawer for hours. I glanced at his clock. Twenty minutes still before the Birmingham train. Time to buy a pair of boots and get away. But how was I to get to the station?

I went out boldly into the passage, and took my hat and stick. Walk boldly past him?

Yes. That was all right! He could not argue with me while so important a person engaged him. I came down the steps.

"I want a list made, Mr. Gabbitas, of all the really *deserving* cases," old Mrs. Verrall was saying.

It is curious, but it did not occur to me that here was a mother whose son I was going to kill. I did not see her in that aspect at all. Instead, I was possessed by a realization of the blazing imbecility of a social system that gave this palsied old woman the power to give, or withhold, the urgent necessities of life from hundreds of her fellow-creatures just according to her poor, foolish old fancies of desert.

"We could make a *provisional* list of that sort," he was saying, and glanced round with a preoccupied expression at me.

"I *must* go," I said at his flash of inquiry, and added, "I'll be back in twenty minutes," and went on my way. He turned again to his patroness as though he forgot me on the instant. Perhaps after all he was not sorry.

I felt extraordinarily cool and capable, exhilarated, if anything, by this prompt, effectual theft. After all, my great deter-

mination would achieve itself. I was no longer oppressed by a sense of obstacles; I felt I could grasp accidents and turn them to my advantage. I would now go down Hacker Street to the little shoemaker's—get a sound, good pair of boots—ten minutes—and then to the railway station—five minutes more—and off! I felt as efficient and non-moral as if I was Nietzsche's superman already come. It did not occur to me that the curate's clock might have a considerable margin of error.

VI

I missed the train.

Partly, that was because the curate's clock was slow, and partly, it was due to the commercial obstinacy of the shoemaker, who would try on another pair after I had declared my time was up. I bought the final pair, however, gave him a wrong address for the return of the old ones, and only ceased to feel like the Nietzschean superman when I saw the train running out of the station.

Even then I did not lose my head. It occurred to me almost at once that, in the event of a prompt pursuit, there would be a great advantage in not taking a train from Clayton; that, indeed, to have done so would have been an error from which only luck had saved me. As it was, I had already been very indiscreet in my inquiries about Shaphambury; for, once on the scent, the clerk could not fail to remember me. Now the chances were against his coming into the case. I did not go into the station, therefore, at all; I made no demonstration of having missed the train, but walked quietly past, down the road, crossed the iron footbridge, and took the way back circuitously by White's brick fields and the allotments to the way over Clayton Crest to Two-Mile Stone, where I calculated I should have an ample margin for the 6:13 train.

I was not very greatly excited or alarmed then. Suppose, I reasoned, that by some accident the curate goes to that drawer at once: will he be certain to miss four out of ten or eleven sovereigns? If he does, will he at once think I have taken them? If he does, will he act at once or wait for my return? If he acts at once, will he talk to my mother or call in the police? Then there are

a dozen roads and even railways out of the Clayton region; how is he to know which I have taken? Suppose he goes straight at once to the right station, they will not remember my departure for the simple reason that I didn't depart. But they may remember about Shaphambury? It was unlikely.

I resolved not to go directly to Shaphambury from Birmingham, but to go thence to Monkshampton, thence to Wyvern, and then come down on Shaphambury from the north. That might involve a night at some intermediate stopping place, but it would effectually conceal me from any but the most persistent pursuit. And this was not a case of murder yet, but only the theft of four sovereigns.

I had argued away all anxiety before I reached Clayton Crest.

At the Crest I looked back. What a world it was! And suddenly it came to me that I was looking at this world for the last time. If I overtook the fugitives and succeeded, I should die with them—or hang. I stopped and looked back more attentively at that wide, ugly valley.

It was my native valley, and I was going out of it, I thought, never to return, and yet in that last prospect, the group of towns that had borne me and dwarfed and crippled and made me, seemed, in some indefinable manner, strange. I was, perhaps, more used to seeing it from this comprehensive view-point when it was veiled and softened by night; now it came out in all its week-day reek, under a clear afternoon sun. That may account a little for its unfamiliarity. And perhaps, too, there was something in the emotions through which I had been passing for a week and more, to intensify my insight, to enable me to pierce the usual, to question the accepted. But it came to me then, I am sure, for the first time, how promiscuous, how higgledy-piggledy was the whole of that jumble of mines and homes, collieries and pot-banks, railway yards, canals, schools, forges and blast furnaces, churches, chapels, allotment hovels, a vast, irregular agglomeration of ugly, smoking accidents in which men lived as happy as frogs in a dust bin. Each thing jostled and damaged the other things about it, each thing ignored the other things about it. The smoke of the furnace defiled the pot-bank clay, the clatter of the railway deafened the worshippers in church, the

public house thrust corruption at the school doors, the dismal homes squeezed miserably amidst the monstrosities of industrialism, with an effect of groping imbecility.

I did not think these things clearly that afternoon. Much less did I ask how I, with my murderous purpose, stood to them all. I write down that realization of disorder and suffocation here and now, as though I had thought it, but, indeed, then I only felt it, felt it transitorily as I looked back, and then stood with the thing escaping from my mind.

I should never see that countryside again.

I came back to that. At any rate I wasn't sorry. The chances were I should die in sweet air, under a clean sky. Then, as I turned to go on, I thought of my mother.

It seemed an evil world in which to leave one's mother. My thoughts focused upon her very vividly for a moment. Down there, under that afternoon light, she was going to and fro, unaware as yet that she had lost me, bent and poking about in the darkling underground kitchen, perhaps carrying a lamp into the scullery to trim, or sitting patiently, staring into the fire, waiting tea for me. A great pity for her, a great remorse at the blacker troubles that lowered over her innocent head, came to me. Why, after all, was I doing this thing?

Why?

I stopped again dead, with the hill-crest rising between me and home. I had more than half a mind to return to her.

Then I thought of the curate's sovereigns. If he had missed them already, what should I return to? And, even if I returned, how could I put them back?

And what of the night after I renounced my revenge? What of the time when young Verrall came back? And Nettie?

No! The thing had to be done.

But, at least, I might have kissed my mother before I came away, left her some message, reassured her, at least for a little while. All night she would listen and wait for me.

Should I send her a telegram from Two-Mile Stone?

It was no good now; too late, too late. To do that would be to tell the course I had taken, to bring pursuit upon me, swift and sure, if pursuit there was to be. No. My mother must suffer!

I went on grimly toward Two-Mile Stone, but now as if some greater will than mine directed my footsteps thither.

I reached Birmingham before darkness came, and just caught the last train for Monkshampton, where I had planned to pass the night.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH—THE PURSUIT OF THE TWO LOVERS

I



As the train carried me on from Birmingham to Monkshampton, it carried me not only into a country where I had never been before, but out of the commonplace daylight and the touch and quality of ordinary things, into the strange, unprecedented night that was ruled by the giant meteor of the last days.

There was, at that time, a curious accentuation of the common alternation of night and day. They became separated with a widening difference of value in regard to all mundane affairs. During the day, the comet was an item in the newspapers; it was jostled by a thousand more living interests; it was as nothing in the skirts of the war-storm that was now upon

us. It was an astronomical phenomenon, somewhere away over China, millions of miles away in the deeps. We forgot it. But directly the sun sank, one turned ever and again toward the east, and the meteor resumed its sway over us.

One waited for its rising, and yet each night it came as a surprise. Always, it rose brighter than one had dared to think, always larger and with some wonderful change in its outline, and now with a strange, less luminous, greener disc upon it that grew with its growth, the umbra of the earth. It shone also with its own light, so that this shadow was not hard or black, but it shone phosphorescently and with a diminishing intensity where the stimulus of the sun's rays was withdrawn. As it ascended toward the zenith, as the last trailing daylight went after the abdicating sun, its greenish-white illumination banished the realities of day and diffused a bright

ghostliness over all things. It changed the starless sky about it to an extraordinary deep blue, the profoundest color in the world, such as I have never seen before or since. I remember, too, that as I peered from the train that was rattling me along to Monkshampton, I perceived and was puzzled by a coppery-red light that mingled with all the shadows that were cast by it.

It turned our ugly English industrial towns to phantom cities. Everywhere, the local authorities discontinued street lighting—one could read small print in the glare—and so, at Monkshampton, I went about through pale, white, unfamiliar streets, whose electric globes had shadows on the path. Lit windows here and there burnt ruddy orange, like holes cut in some dream-curtain that hung before a furnace. A policeman with noiseless feet showed me an inn woven of moonshine, which a green-faced man opened to us, and there I abode the night. And the next morning, it opened with a mighty clatter, and was a dirty little beerhouse that stank of beer, and there was a fat and grimy landlord with red spots upon his neck, and much noisy traffic going by on the cobbles outside.

I came out, after I had paid my bill, into a street that echoed to the bawlings of two news-venders and to the noisy yappings of a dog they had raised to emulation. They were shouting: "Great British disaster in the North Sea. A battleship lost with all hands!"

I bought a paper, and went on to the railway station reading such details as were given of this triumph of the old civilization, of the blowing up of this great iron ship, full of guns and explosives and the most costly and beautiful machinery of which that time was capable, together with nine hundred able-bodied men, all of them above the average, by a contact-mine towed by a German submarine. I read myself into a fever of warlike emotion. Not only did I forget the meteor, but for a time I forgot even the purpose that took me on to the railway station. I bought my ticket and was onward to Shaphambury.

So the hot day came to its own again, and people forgot the night.

Each night, there shone upon us more and more insistently, beauty, wonder, the promise of the deeps, and we were hushed, and marveled for a space. And at the first gray sounds of dawn again, at the shooting

of bolts and the noise of milk carts, we forgot; and the dusty, habitual day came yawning and stretching back again. The stains of coal smoke crept across the heavens, and we rose to the soiled, disorderly routine of life.

"Thus life has always been," we said; "thus it will always be."

The glory of those nights was almost universally regarded as spectacular merely. It signified nothing to us. So far as western Europe went, it was only a small and ignorant section of the lower classes who regarded the comet as a portent of the end of the world. Abroad, where there were peasantries, it was different, but in England the peasantry had already disappeared. Everyone read. The newspaper, in the quiet days before our swift quarrel with Germany rushed to its climax, had absolutely dispelled all possibilities of a panic in this matter. The very tramps upon the highroads, the children in the nursery, had learned, that at the utmost the whole of that shining cloud could weigh but a few score tons. This fact had been shown quite conclusively by the enormous deflections that had, at last, swung it round squarely at our world. It had passed near three of the smallest asteroids without producing the minutest perceptible deflection in their course; while, on its own part, it had described a course through nearly three degrees. When it struck our earth there was to be a magnificent spectacle, no doubt, for those who were on the right side of our planet to see, but beyond that nothing. It was doubtful whether we were on the right side. The meteor would loom larger and larger in the sky, but with the umbra of our earth eating its heart of brightness out, and at last it would be the whole sky, a sky of luminous, green clouds, with a white brightness about the horizon, west and east. Then a pause—a pause of not very exactly defined duration—and then, no doubt, a great blaze of shooting stars. They might be of some unwonted color, because of the unknown element that line in the green revealed. For a little while, the zenith would spout shooting stars. Some, it was hoped, would reach the earth and be available for analysis.

That, science said, would be all. The green clouds would whirl and vanish, and there might be thunderstorms. But, through the attenuated wisps of comet-

shine, the old sky, the old stars, would reappear, and all would be as it had been before. And since this was to happen between one and eleven in the morning of the approaching Tuesday—I slept at Monkshampton on Saturday night—it would be only partially visible, if visible at all, on our side of the earth. Perhaps, if it came late, one would see no more than a shooting star low down in the sky. All this we had with the utmost assurances of science. Still, it did not prevent the last nights being the most beautiful and memorable of human experiences.

The nights had become very warm, and when, next day, I had ranged Shaphambury in vain, I was greatly tormented, as that unparalleled glory of the night returned, to think that under its splendid benediction young Verrall and Nettie made love to each other.

I walked backward and forward, backward and forward, along the sea front, peering into the faces of the young couples who promenaded, with my hand in my pocket ready, and a curious ache in my heart that had no kindred with rage. Until at last all the promenaders had gone home to bed, and I was alone with the star.

My train from Wyvern to Shaphambury that morning was a whole hour late; they said it was on account of the movement of troops to meet a possible raid from the Elbe.

II

Shaphambury seemed an odd place to me even then. But something was quickening in me at that time to feel the oddness of many accepted things. Now in the retrospect, I see it as intensely queer. The whole place was strange to my untraveled eyes; the sea even was strange. Only twice in my life had I been at the seaside before, and then I had gone by excursion to places on the Welsh coast whose great cliffs of rock and mountain backgrounds made the effect of the horizon very different from what it is upon the East Anglian seaboard. Here, what they called a cliff, was a crumbling bank of whitey-brown earth not fifty feet high.

As soon as I arrived I made a systematic exploration of Shaphambury. To this day I retain the clearest memories of the plan I shaped out then, and how my inquiries

were incommenced by the overpowering desire of everyone to talk of the chances of a German raid, before the Channel fleet got round to us. I slept at a small public house in a Shaphambury back street on Sunday night. I did not get on to Shaphambury from Wyvern until two in the afternoon, because of the infrequency of Sunday trains, and I got no clue whatever until late in the afternoon of Monday.

As the little local train bumped into sight of the place round the curve of a swelling hill, one saw a series of undulating grassy spaces, amidst which a number of conspicuous notice boards appealed to the eye and cut up the distant sea horizon. Most of these referred to comestibles or to remedies to follow the comestibles; and they were colored with a view to be memorable rather than beautiful, to "stand out" amidst the gentle, grayish tones of the east coast scenery. The greater number, I may remark, of the advertisements that were so conspicuous a factor in the life of those days, and which rendered our vast tree-pulp newspapers possible, referred to foods, drinks, tobacco, and the drugs that promised a restoration of the equanimity those other articles had destroyed.

But, in addition to such boards, there were also the big black and white boards of various grandiloquently named "estates." The individualistic enterprise of that time had led to the plotting out, of nearly all the country round the seaside towns, into roads and building-plots. All but a small portion of the south and east coast was in this condition; and, had the promises of those schemes been realized, the entire population of the island might have been accommodated upon the sea frontiers. Nothing of the sort happened, of course. The whole of this uglification of the coast line was done to stimulate a little, foolish gambling in plots. One saw everywhere agents' boards in every state of freshness and decay, ill-made exploitation roads overgrown with grass, and here and there, at a corner, a label, "Trafalgar Avenue," or "Sea View Road." Here and there, too, some small investor, some shopman with "savings," had delivered his soul to the local builders and built himself a house, and there it stood, ill designed, mean looking, isolated, ill placed on a cheaply fenced plot, athwart which his domestic washing fluttered in the breeze

amidst a bleak desolation of enterprise. Then, presently, our railway crossed a high-road, and a row of mean yellow brick houses—workmen's cottages, and the filthy, black sheds that made the "allotments" of that time a universal eyesore—marked our approach to the more central areas of—I quote the local guidebook—"one of the most delightful resorts in the East Anglian poppyland." Then more mean houses; the gaunt ungainliness of the electric power-station—it had a huge chimney, because no one understood how to make the combustion of coal complete—and then we were in the railway station, and barely three-quarters of a mile from the center of this haunt of health and pleasure.

I inspected the town thoroughly before I made my inquiries. The road began badly, with a row of cheap, pretentious, insolvent-looking shops, a public house, and a cab stand, but, after an interval of little red villas that were partly hidden amidst shrubby gardens, broke into a confusedly bright, but not unpleasing, High Street, shuttered that afternoon and sabbatically still. Somewhere in the background a church bell jangled, and children in bright, new-looking clothes were going to Sunday school. Thence, through a square of stuccoed lodging-houses, that seemed a finer and cleaner version of my native square, I came to a garden of asphalt and eunymus—the sea front. I sat down on a cast-iron seat, and surveyed, first of all, the broad stretches of muddy, sandy beach, with its queer wheeled bathing-machines, painted with the advertisements of somebody's pills—and then at the house fronts that stared out upon these visceral counsels. Boarding-houses, private hotels, and lodging-houses in terraces clustered closely right and left of me, and then came to an end. In one direction, scaffolding marked a building enterprise in progress, in the other, after a waste interval, rose a monstrous, bulging red shape, a huge hotel, that dwarfed all other things. Northward, were low, pale cliffs with white denticulations of tents, where the local volunteers, all under arms, lay encamped, and southward, a spreading waste of sandy dunes, with occasional bushes and clumps of stunted pine and an advertisement board or so. A hard, blue sky hung over all this prospect, the sunshine cast inky shadows, and eastward was a whitish sea. It was Sunday, and

the midday meal still held people indoors.

A queer world! thought I even then—to you now it must seem impossibly queer—and after an interval I forced myself back to my own affair.

How was I to ask? What was I to ask for?

My solution was fairly ingenious. I invented the following story: I happened to be taking a holiday in Shaphambury, and I was making use of the opportunity to seek the owner of a valuable feather boa, which had been left behind in the hotel of my uncle at Wyvern by a young lady, traveling with a young gentleman—no doubt a youthful married couple. They had reached Shaphambury sometime on Thursday. I went over the story many times, and gave my imaginary uncle and his hotel plausible names. At any rate, this yarn would serve as a complete justification for all the questions I might wish to ask.

I settled that; but I still sat for a time, wanting the energy to begin. Then I turned toward the big hotel. Its gorgeous magnificence seemed to my inexpert judgment to indicate the very place a rich young man of good family would select.

Huge, draught-proof doors were swung round for me by an ironically polite under porter in a magnificent green uniform, who looked at my clothes as he listened to my question, and then, with a German accent, referred me to a gorgeous head porter, who directed me to a princely young man behind a counter of brass and polish, like a bank—like several banks. This young man, while he answered me, kept his eye on my collar and tie, and I knew that they were abominable.

"I want to find a lady and gentleman who came to Shaphambury on Thursday," I said.

"Friends of yours?" he asked, with a terrible fineness of irony.

I made out at last that here, at any rate, the young people had not been. They might have lunched here, but they had had no room. But I went out—door opened again for me obsequiously—in a state of social discomfiture, and did not attack any other establishment that afternoon.

My resolution had come to a sort of ebb. More people were promenading, and their Sunday smartness abashed me. I forgot

my purpose in an acute sense of myself. I felt that the bulge of my pocket caused by the revolver was conspicuous, and I was ashamed. I went along the sea front away from the town, and presently lay down among pebbles and sea poppies. This mood of reaction prevailed with me all that afternoon. In the evening, about sundown, I went to the station and asked questions of the outporters there. But outporters, I found, were a class of men who remembered luggage rather than people, and I had no sort of idea what luggage young Verrall and Nettie were likely to have with them.

Then I fell into conversation with a salacious, wooden-legged old man with a silver ring, who swept the steps that went down to the beach from the parade. He knew much about young couples, but only in general terms, and nothing of the particular young couple I sought. He reminded me, in the most disagreeable way, of the sensuous aspects of life, and I was not sorry when presently a gunboat appeared in the offing signaling the coast guard and the camp, and cut short his observations upon holidays, beaches, and morals.

I went, and now I was past my ebb, and sat in a seat upon the parade, and watched the brightening of those rising clouds of chilly fire that made the ruddy west seem tame. My midday lassitude was going, my blood was running warmer again. And as the twilight and that filmy brightness replaced the dusty sunlight and robbed this unfamiliar place of all its matter-of-fact queerness, and its sense of aimless materialism, romance returned to me, and passion, and my thoughts of honor and revenge. I remember that change of mood as occurring very vividly on this occasion, but I fancy that, less distinctly, I had felt this many times before. In the old times, night and the starlight had an effect of intimate reality the daytime did not possess.

I had a queer illusion that night, that Nettie and her lover were close at hand, that suddenly I should come on them. I have already told how I went through the dusk seeking them in every couple that drew near. And I dropped asleep, at last, in an unfamiliar bedroom hung with gaudily decorated texts, cursing myself for having wasted a day.

III

I sought them in vain the next morning, but after midday, I came in quick succession on a perplexing multitude of clues. After failing to find any young couple that corresponded to young Verrall and Nettie, I presently discovered an unsatisfactory quartette of couples.

Any of these four couples might have been the one I sought; with regard to none of them was there conviction. They had all arrived on either Wednesday or Thursday. Two couples were still in occupation of their rooms, but neither of these were at home. Late in the afternoon, I reduced my list by eliminating a young man in drab, with side-whiskers and long cuffs, accompanied by a lady, of thirty or more, of consciously ladylike type. I was disgusted at the sight of them. The other two young people had gone for a long walk, and, though I watched their boarding-house until the fiery cloud shone out above, sharing and mingling in an unusually splendid sunset, I missed them. Then I discovered them dining at a separate table in the bow window, with red-shaded candles between them, peering out ever and again at this splendor that was neither night nor day. The girl in her pink evening dress looked very light and pretty to me, pretty enough to enrage me; she had well-shaped arms and white, well-modeled shoulders, and the turn of her cheek and the fair hair about her ears were full of subtle delights. But she was not Nettie; and the happy man with her was that odd, degenerate type our old aristocracy produced with such odd frequency—chinless, large, bony nose, small, fair head, languid expression, and a neck that had demanded and received a veritable sleeve of collar. I stood outside in the meteor's livid light, hating them and cursing them for having delayed me so long.

That finished Shaphambury. The question I now had to debate was, which of the remaining couples I had to pursue.

I walked back to the parade trying to reason my next step out, and muttering to myself, because there was something in that luminous wonderfulness that touched one's brain, and made one feel a little light-headed.

One couple had gone to London; the other had gone to the bungalow village at

Bone Cliff. Where, I wondered, was Bone Cliff?

I came upon my wooden-legged man at the top of his steps.

"Hello!" said I.

He pointed seaward with his pipe; his silver ring shone in the skylight.

"Rum," he said.

"What is?" I asked.

"Searchlights! Smoke! Ships going north! If it wasn't for this blasted Milky Way gone green up there, we might see."

He was too intent to heed my questions for a time. Then he vouchsafed over his shoulder:

"Know bungalow village? — rather. Artis' and such. Nice goings on! Mixed bathing—something scandalous. Yes."

"But where is it?" I said, suddenly exasperated.

"There!" he said. "What's that flicker? A gun-flash—or I'm a lost soul!"

"You'd hear," I said, "long before it was near enough to see a flash."

He didn't answer. Only by making it clear I would distract him until he told me what I wanted to know, could I get him to turn from his absorbed contemplation of that phantom dance between the sea rim and the shine.

"Seven miles," he said, "along this road. And now go to 'ell with yer!"

I answered with some foul insult by way of thanks, and so we parted, and I set off toward the bungalow village.

I found a policeman, standing sky-gazing, a little way beyond the end of the parade. He verified the wooden-legged man's directions.

"It's a lonely road, you know," he called after me.

I had an odd intuition that now, at last, I was on the right track. I left the dark masses of Shaphambury behind me, and pushed out into the dim pallor of that night.

The incidents of that long tramp I do not recall in any orderly succession. The one progressive thing is my memory of a growing fatigue. The sea was, for the most part, smooth and shining like a mirror, a great expanse of reflecting silver, barred by slow, broad undulations; but, at one time, a little breeze breathed like a faint sigh and ruffled their long bodies into faint, scaly ripples that never completely died out again. The way was

sometimes sandy, thick with silvery, colorless sand, and sometimes chalky and lumpy, with lumps that had shining facets; a black scrub was scattered, sometimes in thickets, sometimes in single bunches, among the somnolent hummocks of sand. At one place, came grass, and ghostly great sheep looming up among the gray. After a time, black pine woods intervened, and made sustained darknesses along the road, woods that frayed out at the edges to weirdly warped and stunted trees. Then, isolated pine witches would appear, and make their rigid gestures at me as I passed. Grotesquely incongruous amidst these forms, I presently came on estate boards, appealing, "Houses can be built to suit purchaser," to the silence, to the shadows, and to the glare.

Once I remember the persistent barking of a dog from somewhere inland of me, and several times I took out and examined my revolver very carefully. I must, of course, have been full of my intention when I did that; I must have been thinking of Nettie and revenge, but I cannot now recall those emotions at all. Only I see again, very distinctly, the greenish gleams that ran over lock and barrel as I turned the weapon in my hand.

Then there was the sky, the wonderful, luminous, starless, moonless sky, and the empty, blue deeps of the edge of it, between the meteor and the sea. And once—strange phantoms!—I saw far out upon the shine, and very small and distant, three long, black warships, without masts, or sails, or smoke, or any lights, dark, deadly, furtive things, traveling very swiftly and keeping an equal distance. And when I looked again they were very small, and then the shine had swallowed them up.

Then once, a flash and what I thought was a gun, until I looked up and saw a fading trail of greenish light still hanging in the sky. And after that, there was a shiver and whispering in the air, a stronger throbbing in one's arteries, a sense of refreshment, a renewal of purpose.

Somewhere upon my way the road forked, but I do not remember whether that was near Shaphambury or near the end of my walk. The hesitation between two rutted unmade roads alone remains clear in my mind.

At last I grew weary. I came to piled heaps of decaying seaweed and cart tracks

running this way and that, and then I had missed the road, and was stumbling among sand hummocks quite close to the sea. I came out on the edge of the dimly glittering sandy beach, and something phosphorescent drew me to the water's edge. I bent down and peered at the little luminous specks that floated in the ripples.

Presently, with a sigh, I stood erect and contemplated the lonely peace of that last wonderful night. The meteor had now trailed its shining nets across the whole space of the sky and was beginning to set; in the east, the blue was coming to its own again; the sea was an intense edge of blackness.

How beautiful it was! how still and beautiful! Peace! peace!—the peace that passeth understanding, robed in light descending!

My heart swelled, and suddenly I was weeping.

I did not want to kill. I did not want to be the servant of my passions any more. A great desire had come to me to escape from life, from the daylight which is heat and conflict and desire, into that cool night of eternity—and rest. I had played; I had done.

I stood upon the edge of the great ocean, and I was filled with an inarticulate spirit of prayer, and I desired greatly—peace from myself.

And presently, there in the east, would come again the red discolored curtain over these mysteries, the finite world again, the gray and growing harsh certainties of dawn. My resolve, I knew, would take up with me again. This was a rest for me, an interlude, but to-morrow I should be William Leadford once more, ill nourished, ill dressed, ill equipped and clumsy, a thief and shamed, a wound upon the face of life, a source of trouble and sorrow even to the mother I loved; no hope in life left for me now but revenge before my death.

Why this paltry thing, revenge? It entered into my thoughts that I might end the matter now and let these others go.

To wade out into the sea, into this warm lapping that mingled the natures of water and light, to stand there breast-high, to thrust my revolver barrel into my mouth—?

Why not?

I swung about with an effort. I walked slowly up the beach thinking.

I turned and looked back at the sea. No! Something within me said, "No!"

I must think.

It was troublesome to go farther because the hummocks and the tangled bushes began. I sat down amidst a black cluster of shrubs, and rested, chin on hand. I drew my revolver from my pocket and looked at it, and held it in my hand. Life? Or death?

I seemed to be probing the very depths of being, but, indeed, imperceptibly I fell asleep, and sat dreaming.

IV

Two people were bathing in the sea.

I had awakened. It was still that white and wonderful night, and the blue band of clear sky was no wider than before. These people must have come into sight as I fell asleep, and awakened me almost at once. They waded breast-deep in the water, emerging, coming shoreward, a woman, with her hair coiled about her head, and in pursuit of her a man, graceful figures of black and silver, with a bright green surge flowing off from them, a patterning of flashing wavelets about them.

Each wore a tightly fitting bathing dress that hid nothing of the shining, dripping beauty of their youthful forms.

She glanced over her shoulder and found him nearer than she thought, started, gesticulated, gave a little cry that pierced me to the heart, and fled up the beach obliquely toward me, running like the wind, and passed me, vanished amidst the black, distorted bushes, and was gone, she and her pursuer, in a moment, over the ridge of sand.

I heard him shout between exhaustion and laughter.

And suddenly I was a thing of bestial fury, standing with hands held up and clenched, rigid in a gesture of impotent threatening, against the sky.

For this striving, swift thing of light and beauty, was Nettie, and this was the man for whom I had been betrayed!

In another moment I was running and stumbling, revolver in hand, in quiet, unsuspected pursuit of them, through the soft and noiseless sand.

(To be continued)



From the Deck of the Rubberneck Coach

BY JAMES L. FORD

With Drawings by Frank VerBeck

TRIP NO. 4—BOHEMIA



'D rather live in bohemia than any other land!" sang the Megaphone Man as the coach stopped in a remarkably dirty and ill-smelling side street and the rubber-necks swarmed down the steps, across the pave and through a doorway marked:

BOHEMIAN HALL

Table d'Hôte with wine, fifty cents.

"A wonderful land," cried the guide, continuing his lecture from the coach steps. "A land in which all conventions are despised and art and genius take precedence over rank, wealth and fashion. Where the poet sits is the head of the table in this country, and those who have plenty in the purse share it cheerfully with those who have not, for at the bohemia's board there is neither envy, hatred nor malice—only good-fellowship. This delightful country was discovered in the late forties by Henri Murger, but it is only in recent years that it has been developed and put on a strictly business basis. The spirit of the old-time Parisian bohemian, rejoicing in attic lodgings, scant food, frayed clothing and other constituents of artist-life was allowed to run to waste. At the present day this same bohemian spirit has been curbed by the prudent sense of commerce and harnessed like Niagara Falls, so that the long untilled

soil of the happy-go-lucky kingdom has come to yield goodly harvests.

"The citizens of our modern bohemia are foresighted and forehanded men who realized years ago the possibilities of its rich fields. It was they who staked these fields out into claims, dug irrigation ditches, put up barbed-wire fences, plowed the soil and kept down the rank weeds of thought and fancy which choked the golden crops of dollars. Properly fertilized with advertising matter and rank newspaper puffery, these fields have been made to yield wonderful harvests of literary 'sellers'; while the arts, pictorial as well as plastic, have been successfully nurtured in their cold-frames, and theatrical stars, both male and female, hatched in batches of twenty-four at a time in their incubators. We are now entering one of these once fallow fields which, under the careful cultivation of the publican who owns it, has been brought to the point of yielding excellent crops of small fruits."

Having thus spoken, the Megaphone Man led the way into a great room where scores of people were seated about tables that were for the most part stained with wine and scented with garlic. They were welcomed by the proprietor, whose greasy countenance shone with the ecstatic joy of one who is making money out of an institution that was once but another name for poverty, and at his invitation they proceeded to inspect his famed Bohemian

Hall and the various groups of patrons who were there in pursuit of that free and joyous life that Murger has so well described.

"It's awful dirty," said a Boston lady rubberneck as she carefully gathered her skirts together while picking her way gingerly along the floor.

"Ah, you find it so?" replied their host, smiling after the manner of one who has been complimented. "I assure you that I do my best to keep it so, but cleanliness will creep in now and then in spite of all our watchfulness; and then our customers say that the place has lost its old bohemian charm and they go elsewhere."

"My, look at that Croton bug!" cried a Philadelphia rubberneck from the right shore of Market Street, pointing to an insect about the size of a well-filled wallet.

"I assure you," cried the publican, "that we have much finer ones than that, but we only let them out on great occasions. We raise all our own, too, from a pair that I took from the Sturtevant House before it was torn down. They give a color to the place that our customers find admirable. You see most of our *clientele* are bohemians who come here for what they call 'atmosphere.' Some come from Harlem, others from Brooklyn, others from Newark, and there are even present here to-night several Bridgeport, Waterbury and New Haven bohemians, chiefly from the watch and brass trades."

"Let's stop and listen to what they're talking about," whispered a Waterbury, Connecticut, rubberneck. "I'd just love to hear some real bohemians talking about art and literature. It might give me some good ideas for the Trilby charades our church is going to give next summer."

"I tell you," said a voice at the table beside them, "there ain't a man in the whole celluloid trade that's as smart as Charley. He'd be worth a fortune to-day if

it wasn't for his bohemian habits. As it is, he can take a line of combs and outsell any man in Newark. By the way, are you traveling for Buckelton Brothers this year?"

"No, I quit them two winters ago. Last year I met old Buckelton on the road and he was having a pretty hard time of it trying to sell his own goods. When I got home he asked me up to his house to supper and introduced me to his wife and daughter. They're just about as toney folks as you can find in the whole harness and leather trade, even if they don't put on as many airs as some of the wrought-iron and brown-stone families do."

"Some of those people make me tired!" exclaimed the first speaker. "I can remember when society didn't recognize wrought-iron any more than it would pin wheels; but leather, especially enameled leather, was always on top of the heap. You go into one of these little bon-ton coteries that's made up of a few high-toned leather people, some of the exclusive old harness-trimming blood and some good celluloid families, and you get a society that's high-toned enough to put the Four Hundred to sleep."

At another table a little group of Brooklyn bohemians, with their heads close together, were wondering how much it would cost to move over to New York for good.

"Yes, we gave up our pew last spring and we've tried half a dozen churches since then," said an earnest voice. "That's one reason why we thought we'd get out of Brooklyn altogether. We hate to go, too, we've lived there so long—three years next fall."

"You don't call three years long, do you?"

"That depends. When Deacon Snodgrass was sent to

prison for three years for speculating with trust funds, it seemed so short that his Bible class sang 'Say au revoir but not good-by' and he's due home again



GATHERED HER SKIRTS TOGETHER WHILE PICKING HER WAY ALONG THE FLOOR



THE DEPARTMENT-STORE BOHEMIAN SALUTED
MR. GROSGRAIN

in six months; but three years is awful long in Brooklyn. Say, don't the Eyetalians eat their macaroni with chopsticks in their native land? If I only knew how to cook it I'd give a grand bohemian evening the next time the Pleasure Coterie met to our house. But ain't it wonderful how they manage to serve such a dinner as this for the price!"

The dinner was indeed remarkable. It consisted of a thin soup, slightly flavored with rice; a small bit of fish served with a sauce which was also an embalming fluid; a bit of veal with a large quantity of spaghetti; a bird about the size of a fat sparrow, served with salad dressed with cottonseed oil and blood-red vinegar; some cheese germs and a small cup of chicory-flavored coffee. A half bottle of wine of a bluish hue moistened the repast and the most experienced bohemian in the party ordered what he called "pettit veers" of brandy and showed the others how to burn it over their coffee. The different courses of the repast were run on ten minutes' headway, like subway trains.

"Do you know, I think there's a very queer odor in this place," said the lady rubberneck from Boston, who had been sniffing with supercilious nostrils ever since she entered.

"Madame is very kind indeed," said the proprietor, bowing low. "Most of our customers call it a smell, but they are not as



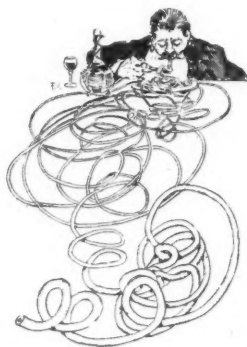
refined as madame. But by whatever name you may call it, it is an important part of our stock in trade, and marches hand in hand with the cockroaches and the local color which is the bohemian name for dirt. That group of bohemians whom you see in the corner and whom I can tell at a glance are from Hunter's Point, where the oil refineries are, come here every Saturday night for fresh air."

"Indeed," said the Boston lady, "and how do you know they are from Hunter's Point?"

"Because they can drink our *vin ordinaire*," replied the publican. "Ah, Mr. Grosgrain, glad to see you here again."

"Yes, I'm getting to be quite a bohemian nowadays," said a tall gentleman with long blond whiskers and a frock coat, as he seated himself at a vacant table. "Pleasant weather we're having," he added, as if from force of habit.

At this moment the Hungarian band struck up the favorite bohemian tune, "My Ragtime Liza Jane," the entire company joining in the chorus under the artful leadership of a musical genius from the ragtime belt of Twenty-eighth Street whose business it is to make the rounds of the cafés and table d'hôtes and boom the melodies of his



THE DINNER WAS INDEED REMARKABLE



"MY RAGTIME LIZA JANE"

house. The rubbernecks were greatly impressed with the deep contralto notes of an Amazon in a ready-made black velveteen, one of an exclusive bohemian party from beyond the Hudson.

"The president of the Lady Boiler-makers' Association of Jersey City," explained the proprietor, "and the leader of the musical set in her town. She comes here to get the latest airs."

"What a jolly, fun-loving crowd!" cried the rubbernecks, as the light-hearted diners began to throw bread at one another while the department-store bohemian facetiously saluted Mr. Grosgrain with a well-directed stream from a seltzer siphon.

"Time to move on," said the Megaphone Man, and reluctantly enough the rubbernecks left the scene of revelry and regained their places on the auto which at once rolled on into the heart of the fashionable district and stopped in front of a tall building whose many huge windows faced the north and whose door bore the sign: Studios to Rent.

With the Megaphone Man leading, the rubbernecks made their way to the studio of Horace Drypoint, the famous society artist, where white-capped maids relieved the ladies of their hats and wraps and a correct manservant ushered them with grave respect into a huge room lighted by a great

northern window where a brilliant company had assembled.

"Behold the fashionable bohemians at their daily toil," said the Megaphone Man solemnly. "We are now assisting at one of those delightfully bohemian studio-parties for which New York is famous the world over. On our right we see Mr. Drypoint himself, talking to Miss Alice Smithers who is the leader of New York's best literary and artistic set. Scattered about the room are the guests, many of them having with them their priceless lapdogs, while others are accompanied merely by their gentlemen friends and must try to look as if they did not feel neglected. On our left are refreshments, free to all. Note well the famous bohemian dishes: *Terrapin au cinquième étage*; *canard canvasback Schaunard*; and *pâté de jois gras aux truffes*."

"I never seen a real artist before," said a Down-East rubberneck, prodding one of the guests with her umbrella. "Are all these pictures his?"

"Everyone of them," replied the guest with a gracious smile, for she had been many years in the best society of the town and nothing frazed her. "Everything that you see here is his. All the pictures as well as that rug that hangs on the south wall. He doesn't have to borrow things when he

gives a little bohemian affair like this, as I'm told some of the poorer artists do."

"My!" cried the rubberneck, open-eyed with wonder; "so he painted the rug, too, did he, as well as the picture? I suppose that's why they hang it on the wall instead of putting it on the floor where folks might tread on it. Sakes alive! ain't it nateral, though! You couldn't tell but what it was a real one!"

"But it is a real one," said the guest, still smiling graciously. "I did not mean to say that he painted all the pictures himself, but he painted some of them, and if you like I'll show you his *chef-d'œuvre*."

They made their way through a throng of women who seemed almost beside themselves with hysterical admiration, and soon found themselves in front of a large canvas lighted by electricity from above. From round about them came gasps of "How lovely!" "What composition!" "How he has managed to catch the French trick of draperies!" "That light effect from beyond the hill! How beautiful!"

"What's it about?" inquired the rubberneck who had a distinctly practical mind.

"It's called 'When the Morning Smiled,' and that blue hill that you see in the distance——"

"My dear Kate, you're entirely wrong," came a well-bred voice from behind them. "This is 'The Egyptian Dancer,' and the blue hill is one of Mr. Drypoint's famous light effects. It isn't anything like 'When the Morning Smiled.' Don't you remember that had trees and rocks in it? No, that's not a bush, it's her robe."

"To be sure!" exclaimed the well-dressed one as she peered critically through her lorgnette while the rubberneck gazed admiringly at the broad canvas. "But this is his *chef-d'œuvre* for all that. This is the one that almost got hung in the Academy exhibition last spring."

"Sakes alive!" cried the Down-East rubberneck, "that Mr. Drypoint must be

awful smart. You couldn't tell whether he ever knew Hiram Duzenbury from our town, could you? You think not? Well, the last time Hiram was down to New York he met an old friend—or at least he said he was an old friend—who asked him to come

and look at the picter he'd just brought home from Paris, where it won the first gold prize. He took him to where he lived and the painting hadn't come, but there was some other parties that was invited to see it, a-settin' into some kind of game with cards and numbers, to pass the time while they waited. It looked so easy that Hiram got drawed into it and the fust thing he knowed he'd lost all his money and give a check for a hundred dollars. Then he got scared and come away in such a hurry he forgot to wait an' see the picter. But there warn't one on 'em a-settin' there but what said it was the grandest ever painted. They h'ain't no chance of this Mr. Drypoint bein' that artist, is they?"

"I scarcely think so," said the gracious guest.

"Observe the literary and artistic atmosphere,"

said the Megaphone Man to the little band of rubbernecks at his heels; "and hearken to the conversation that goes with it. Nowhere else in this broad land can you hear such delightful discussions of art and letters as at these charming gatherings in the fashionable preserves of bohemia."

"I don't deny, my dear, that he's a charming writer and you meet him nowadays in the very best houses. In fact, he's become such a card for small dinners, that his publishers are beginning to call him the 'American Dickens.' Nevertheless, he hasn't made nearly as much money as Mr. Quickseller has with his 'Mary Wampum,' a book which I find intolerably dull. The truth about Mr. Quickseller is that he's more of a historian than a novelist and is always searching through history for some historical incident, and then putting it in his books instead of sticking to the story."



AN AMAZON IN A READY-MADE
BLACK VELVETEEN

"And yet," rejoined Miss Smithers, "the very best scene in 'Mary Wampum' is the one that he's accused of cribbing from Sparks's 'Life of Washington.' It's the scene where Pocahontas meets George Washington for the first time and confesses to him that she knew all about King Philip's plot to burn Lakewood to the ground. That chapter positively thrilled me, it was so dramatic. They could make a one-act play out of it and have it close with the arrival of the Hessian troops under the command of Lafayette to save the place."

"What a clever idea!" cried the well-dressed woman. "I declare, Alice, if I had your talent, I'd make more money than Mr. Quickseller does. But you're just as bad as that Mr. Rondeau who has the studio just above this. He's written I don't know how many pounds of poetry, and all of it that I ever read rhymed quite nicely, but as it's poetry, it doesn't sell. He ought to either stick to prose, or, better still, stop writing altogether and become an artist like Mr. Drypoint. He's got such a beautiful studio for entertaining; higher than this and with a gallery that would do splendidly for a Hungarian band. He has only to give a few bohemian evenings with maybe Kubelik

and Sembrich to entertain, and he'll be asked everywhere."

"All aboard for the great bohemian gathering at the Dope Club!" cried the Megaphone Man. "They're giving a big dinner there to-night in honor of that fun-loving, bohemian oil-king, Major Cinch, and we'll find a lot of jolly souls gathered about the festive board."

The toastmaster was just bringing his little speech to its close as the rubbernecks entered the huge banquetting-room of the Dope Club. "There was a time," he said, "when English army officers after drinking the health of the queen, broke the stems of their glasses in order that no less honored toast should be drunk from them thereafter. I propose that we now drink the health of our honored guest and then break our glasses, for there is no one in this broad land so worthy of the highest honor as is the genial gentleman who now has the public by the neck on the question of kerosene."

"Who is that toastmaster?" inquired one of the rubbernecks, as the guests, having drunk the toast with enormous enthusiasm, broke their glasses in two.

"The jolliest bohemian in the town," cried the organizer of the overshoe trust



"THIS IS THE ONE THAT ALMOST GOT HUNG IN THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION LAST SPRING"

who overheard the question. "He is the head of the company that controls the entire glass industry of the country."

"On our left," cried the Megaphone Man, "we have one of the wealthiest bohemians living. Without him this banquet could not be given. Grace before meat is no longer said in the old-fashioned way, but addressed personally to him. He is the head of the beef trust."

The guests now stood up in their chairs and broke into a merry chorus of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," while a committee of typical bohemians, consisting of a reckless insurance adjuster, an improvident cotton broker, an open-handed subway contractor and a large-hearted public accountant, marched down the room bearing a huge gold loving cup encrusted with precious stones, the gift of the diners to their guest.

"I tell you he's the best ever!" cried the organizer of the overshoe trust. "Heart as big as an ox and such pleasant, democratic ways, you'd never think he was the man that had done more to give tone to American art than any citizen of this country!"

"Does he paint pictures?" inquired a rubberneck.

"Paint them!" exclaimed the overshoe bohemian contemptuously. "How does *painting* pictures advance art? You might paint pictures till the cows came home and art wouldn't budge a step. There are plenty of people that can *paint* pictures, but the major can *buy* them."

"Listen! He's just going to make a speech."

It was agreed on every hand that the major's speech was one of the most tactful, brilliant and satisfactory ever delivered within the gilded walls of the old Dope Club. He thanked his friends for their

costly gift and assured them that it would be enshrined forever in his heart, side by side with his oil stock certificates, and in a special compartment of its own in his safe deposit vault, so that he could always remember how it looked. He declared that nowhere in the world could he find such congenial spirits as those who were gathered about the board. As he ran his eye up and down the table he could see scores of light-hearted bohemians whose interests were kindred to and even identical with his own. Some of these men he hoped to hear from before the close of the evening. His friend of the overshoe trust, seated appropriately at the foot of the table; Colonel Ledfoil of the tea trust; Senator Firkin, who was present as the representative of that kindred bohemian organization of Chicago, the Hoof and Horns Club, and was not only a conservative, eloquent statesman but the organizer of the oleomargarine trust as well; the Hon. Peleg

Grafte whose purse was ever at the service of the distressed, and who had that very day given him his check for three hundred and seventeen thousand, two hundred and ninety-four dollars and seventy-six cents to the insurance company that had ceased to claim his services—each and everyone of these jovial, devil-may-care comrades, and many more besides, the major thanked heartily for the honor they had done him. There were, however, two faces absent from the board that he sadly

missed. The occasion needed only the presence of Senator Merrylegs, the jolly leg-and-salary-puller; and MacPherson Skibo, the eminent author and uncrowned bohemian king, to live in his memory as the most brilliant gathering ever known in the kingdom of bohemia.



MR. DRYPOINT AND MISS ALICE SMITHERS



OTTO LANG.

Drawn by Otto Lang

"YOU HAVE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE," ASSERTED THE LITTLE MAN

An Unlucky Alibi

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

IN a gloomy little room of a shabby house on a side street a little old man received Donald Rushton and bowed him to a seat. It was evident that the room was used as an office, for there was a small roll-top desk, with well-filled pigeonholes, and many files for letters or other papers.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the little man.

"I don't know," replied Rushton, ill at ease. "I never heard of you until a day or so ago, and what I then heard may be wrong. It seems rather absurd."

"Then your information probably is correct," said the little man encouragingly. "If you will state your business, that point can be easily settled."

"It seems absurd," said Rushton again, "but I—I want an alibi."

"You have come to the right place," asserted the little man, with a reassuring smile, "provided your case is one that I can handle without danger."

"Oh, there's no danger!" explained Rushton quickly.

"My name," the little man went on, giving no heed to this assurance, "is Matthew Crinner, and I deal in commercial and domestic alibis."

"Why do you particularize?"

"Because," answered Crinner, "I wish to make it clear that I do not deal in criminal alibis."

"I am glad of that," said Rushton, relieved. "There is no harm in the alibi I want, and I naturally do not wish to get mixed up with the underworld even by indirect association, but I don't see how you get much business outside of the courts."

"My alibis never get into the courts," explained Crinner. "They are, as I have said, commercial and domestic, and they cover only dates to come. I will arrange an alibi for next week, but I will not undertake to fix up one for last week. Do I make myself clear?"

"Not quite."

"I mean that I deal only with farseeing men who arrange for their alibis in advance. The bungler, who wants to prove that he was where he was not, is no client of mine; but I am ready to help the man who wants to convince people that he is where he is not or that he will be where he will not be. In other words, I deal with the present and the future, but not with the past. I saved a man from bankruptcy once. He needed time to straighten out certain investments. They were of a nature which would not reassure his creditors, if he explained them, so he had to gain his end by some other means. Fortunately, he came to me in time, and I sent him to London by mail."

"By mail!"

"Certainly. My clients frequently travel by mail. This man was on the other side of the ocean when the critical moment came. His creditors knew this, because they had letters from him, giving a plausible explanation of the purpose of his visit and assurances of his ability to meet all his obligations upon his return. They waited, and the additional time thus gained enabled him to pull through. Possibly you can think of some cases yourself where a business alibi may be of considerable financial advantage."

"I can," admitted Rushton.

"There is also a fair demand for domestic alibis," Crinner went on. "I have one client who, with a few old college chums, tries to lift the roof off New York about once a year. He has no business excuse for going there, and his wife is suspicious of that town anyhow, but his business is of

a nature that makes a trip to Omaha or St. Louis or St. Paul seem within reason, so I mail him to one of those places while he goes in person to New York for his little reunion. This will give you a fair idea of my facilities."

"I have no doubt," returned Rushton slowly, "that you are just the man I want. I presume you could send me on quite a little trip by mail."

"I have correspondents in most of the principal cities of this country and in many of the foreign countries. We exchange business. Where shall I send you?"

"To Pittsburg, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. It will have to be a quick-action trip so that no effort will be made to reach me by mail. My movements must be so rapid and uncertain that no one will venture to write. Is that possible?"

"Not only possible, but easy."

Rushton hesitated. He felt that an explanation was necessary for the complete success of his plan, but the subject was a delicate one to discuss with a stranger.

"I am engaged to be married," he said at last.

Crinner nodded and waited. His clients frequently found explanations awkward.

"To a girl," added Rushton desperately.

"I would have guessed that," said Crinner.

"A splendid girl, but unreasonable."

"They sometimes are," conceded Crinner.

"Some of my friends are going up into the woods, and I want to go along," Rushton went on, speaking more rapidly now. "We go every year about this time. I'll be back in time for the wedding, of course, but you know how it is about girls and weddings: they can't think of anything else, and they don't think a man should, either. I saw a storm brewing the moment I hinted at such a thing, so I dropped the subject; but I want to go. I'd be back a week before the wedding, and that's time enough, but Josie is going to look on it as evidence of indifference."

"Girls are peculiar," commented Crinner. "Now if she should seem to be more interested in something else than she is in you at this particular time——"

"She is," interrupted Rushton. "She's more interested in her trousseau."

"Ah, yes," returned Crinner. "That is



Drawn by Otto Lang

"DOES THAT LOOK LIKE A DREAM?"

not exactly the same, but never mind. You wish me to send you elsewhere by mail so that you can make this trip."

"I do. I haven't missed this outing with the boys for five years. There are four of us, and I guess the thought that I may want to be with them now makes her a little bit jealous. She's spunky enough to break the engagement, if I insist. But a business trip East could be made to appear imperatively necessary."

"I see."

"I'd have to write regularly, of course, but I have arranged an itinerary. The first letter would be mailed from the train at Pittsburg; from Washington I would explain that I had to run over to Baltimore; at Baltimore there would arise the necessity of going to Philadelphia; and so on. Each time I would be expecting to start back after a flying trip to the next place, or at least there would be a sufficient element of uncertainty to keep her from writing. My explanation before starting would make this plausible. Now, if I furnish the letters, can you have them mailed from the proper cities on the dates given?"

"Would it help you any to have letter

paper and envelopes from hotels in the various cities?" asked Crinner.

"Can you furnish them?" exclaimed Rushton. "It certainly would look a little better to write on hotel paper, but I didn't see how——"

"My equipment is not complete," Crinner interrupted. "I cannot give you a very large choice of hotels, but I have at least something representing each of the cities mentioned, and I am adding to my supplies constantly. In a little time I shall have a fairly perfect system."

"It's good enough for me already," declared Rushton jubilantly. "What are your terms?"

"Five dollars a letter, when they are to be mailed from different cities."

"Cheap enough," said Rushton. "A man can't expect good alibis at bargain-counter prices. Let's see what you've got in the way of hotel stationery."

Half an hour later the details had been arranged, and that evening, at his club, Rushton wrote many letters, which he delivered, with a schedule, to Crinner the next morning.

"All done," he mused. "I get a vaca-

tion of two weeks, and I've got it fixed so that I can extend it a few days by forwarding Crinner the necessary letters from camp. A fellow doesn't know all the conveniences there are in this world until he goes out to look for them. Crinner would have a big thing if he only dared advertise, and I guess he does pretty well as it is."

Then he broke the news gently to Miss Josephine Fraser. He was very sorry but he was going away for a few days.

"Not to that hateful camp!" she exclaimed.

Certainly not. This was a business trip to the East. The matter had come up unexpectedly and demanded immediate attention. There were several people to see, but he thought a day or two in Washington would enable him to attend to everything, although there was a bare possibility that he might have to go to Baltimore or Philadelphia; that would depend upon circumstances.

She pouted a little, but she let him go. After all, she would be so occupied with her trousseau and the wedding arrangements that she would not miss him greatly, and she was content to know that he was not neglecting her for those dreadful sportsmen of whom he talked so much. No one had any right to take him away from her, and he had no right to want to be with anyone else. Business, of course, was a different matter: a man had to give time to business affairs, and there was nothing in this to arouse her resentment and jealousy. It was simply a trifling misfortune for both of them.

Daisy Rushton went from the hospital direct to the home of Josephine Fraser. She was greatly excited.

"I *do* hope I'm in time!" she exclaimed, as she burst in upon Josephine. "Have you heard anything?"

"Nothing unusual," answered Josephine. "Why?"

"Then I *am* in time," said Daisy, relieved. "I was afraid you'd get some terrible, exaggerated report. You see, Donald has been hurt, but not very seriously—that is, it's serious but not dangerous. He'll be all right again soon."

"Donald hurt!" exclaimed Josephine, turning pale. "Did you get a telegram?"

"No; they telephoned from the hospital."

"Telephoned—hospital," repeated Josephine, bewildered. "What hospital?"

"St. Mark's."

"Here in Chicago?"

"Of course."

Josephine looked at her future sister-in-law in amazement for a moment; then she laughed.

"How ridiculous!" she said. "Donald is in Washington—or Baltimore. He must be in Baltimore to-day."

"I tell you, he's at the hospital!" insisted Daisy hotly. "He's been there, unconscious or out of his head, for four days, and they only found out who he is this morning."

"Now, isn't that absurd!" commented Josephine. "Mistaken identity, of course."

"I don't see how you can be so unfeeling!" exclaimed Daisy, bitterly reproachful.

"But it isn't Donald," returned Josephine. "Of course, I'm sorry for the man, but I can't get wildly excited over the misfortunes of a total stranger."

"I've seen him," asserted Daisy. "Don't you suppose I know my own brother?"

"You've seen him?" repeated Josephine.

"Yes, I've seen him, and he wants to see you. He's a little confused and flighty yet, but he asked for you the first thing, and the doctors said you might see him this afternoon."

"But he went East," argued Josephine.

"He did nothing of the sort," explained Daisy. "He was knocked on the head by footpads before he ever got to his train, and he's been in the hospital ever since."

"But I had a letter from him this morning."

It was Daisy's turn to be astonished.

"Oh, that's impossible!" she exclaimed.

"The letter," persisted Josephine, "is written on hotel stationery and has the Washington postmark. He also wrote me a letter on the train and mailed it at Pittsburgh. I got that first, of course."

"There must be some dreadful mistake!" declared Daisy. "The letters are from some one else."

"Some one else!" Josephine was indignant. "Do you think anyone else is writing love letters to me! Am I any other man's 'darling sweetheart'? Would any other dare send me millions and millions of kisses?"

"No, no, of course not," Daisy hastened to assure her; "but—but you must have dreamed it."

"Dreamed it!" Josephine rushed to her desk and brought out a letter. "Does that look like a dream? Isn't that Donald's handwriting? Didn't that come from a Washington hotel? Isn't that a Washington postmark?"

Daisy had to admit that it looked like good documentary evidence.

"But I saw him at the hospital," she argued, looking at Josephine blankly. "I talked with him."

"You're the one that's been dreaming," was the retort.

"Some poor delirious fellow called you 'sister,' and you were overcome!"

"He asked for you," protested Daisy. "I tell you, it was Donald, although he was pretty well bandaged up. You come and see for yourself."

"I will," said Josephine.

Now, it was naturally impossible for Donald Rushton to be in a Chicago hospital and a Washington hotel at one and the same time, but she had Donald's own written word for it that he had been in a Washington hotel two days before, and the hospital authorities assured her that the man she saw had been under their constant care for something over four days. They were very sure that no other man could have been substituted for him. His head was so bandaged that another might possibly have made a mistake, but hardly a sweetheart or a sister. He looked like Donald, talked like Donald, acted like Donald, and said he was Donald. Surely no other would have murmured "dearest" and appropriated her hand so quickly. But he rambled a little, and the doctor had warned them that noth-

ing must be said that would excite or worry him, so she could ask no questions.

She was dazed when she left. So was Daisy.

"Well, it's Donald, isn't it?" asked Daisy.

"Of course it's Donald," answered Josephine, troubled. "I wish he didn't have all those dreadful bandages on, but I know perfectly well it's Donald. I could see enough of his face for that, and I know his voice and his ways. But he was in Washington day before yesterday; he says so himself."

"The doctor says he was at the hospital."

"Well, I guess Donald ought to know where he was, and you saw what he wrote."

"Do—do you suppose that souls can fly away and write things from other places?" asked Daisy in an awed voice.

"Don't be silly!" Josephine spoke sharply, because she herself was beginning to feel that there was something uncanny in the affair, and this explanation made her shiver. She had heard that a great de-

termination sometimes went beyond even death, and the most important thing on his mind when he was struck down must have been to write to her as he had promised. Had his spirit in some way carried out this great purpose while he lay unconscious? It was preposterous, of course. That's why it annoyed her to have Daisy speak in this way.

"How else could he have written a letter in Washington when he was in Chicago?" persisted Daisy.

"I don't know," answered Josephine, "but the two letters I have are from him."



Drawn by Otto Lang

OTTO LANG.

"YES, THAT'S FROM DONALD," ADMITTED MRS. FRASER

"And he's here."

"I don't see how it can be anyone else, but I wish he didn't have so many bandages on his head."

It is annoying to encounter two irreconcilable but incontrovertible facts.

Josephine was pale and thoughtful at breakfast the next morning. She had not slept well. She had assurances from the hospital that her prospective husband would be on his feet again in time for the wedding, and she had assurances from the East that he would also return in plenty of time for the wedding. It was enough to trouble any girl. The doctors informed her that, beyond the temporary aberration that was now passing away, the blow on the head had done no serious harm, and the letters informed her that he was never in better health and spirits. It was so mysterious and inexplicable that she had hesitated to speak to even her mother about it, hoping to find some satisfactory explanation first.

The mail came while she and her mother were finishing breakfast, her father having left for his office. There was one letter for her—a letter that bore a Baltimore postmark and was addressed in Donald's handwriting. She felt faint as she looked at it, but summoned all her will power and broke open the envelope. It was from Donald. He had missed his man in Baltimore and would have to follow him to Philadelphia, but he thought it would not delay him longer than another day or two. In any event, he would write to her from Philadelphia. He spoke of their approaching wedding, told her again how it distressed him to have to be away at this time, enclosed the usual consignment of love and kisses, and hoped that he would be able to say in his next letter that he was just starting for home.

She looked up at her mother, frightened and puzzled.

"Mamma," she said slowly, "do you believe in astrals and transmigration of souls and all that sort of thing?"

"Oh, I never have given much thought—Why, how pale you are!"

"Yes, I know; but do you?" she persisted.

"I really don't know," her mother replied. "I believe there are psychic influences that we don't understand, and they may account for many mystifying things. There can be no doubt that peo-

ple, in moments of great mental or physical distress, do sometimes convey thoughts and visions to other people. I've known of such cases."

"Then the soul must make miraculous journeys?"

"I suppose so. I don't see any reason why the soul shouldn't do miraculous things."

"Do you suppose," Josephine went on, speaking with tense earnestness, "that the soul of a living man could migrate to Baltimore and get back to the man before it was missed?"

"I don't see why not."

"And write and mail a letter in Baltimore?"

"Don't be absurd!" exclaimed Mrs. Fraser, startled. "Of course souls don't write letters; they don't have to, for they can impress a message on the mind."

"But I have had three letters from a soul—one mailed in Pittsburg, one in Washington, and one in Baltimore. I got the last this morning. It's from Donald's soul." She showed her mother the last letter.

"Yes, that's from Donald," admitted Mrs. Fraser cheerfully; "but why do you talk of souls?"

"Because," impressively, "Donald is at St. Mark's Hospital, under a doctor's care, and has been there for five days. I've seen him."

"What!" cried Mrs. Fraser. "Let me see that letter again." She examined the paper, postmark, address and signature critically. "Yes, that's from Donald," she said again. "Nothing surprising in it, for he went East."

"But I saw him at the hospital yesterday."

"It wasn't Donald," asserted Mrs. Fraser decidedly.

"Don't I know my own lover?" was Josephine's indignant demand.

"You ought to, of course," admitted Mrs. Fraser; "but how could it be Donald?"

"Well, it was," insisted Josephine, "and I'm going to see him again to-day."

They both went, and they returned awed and silent. The doctor would not permit any troublesome questions, but it was Donald. There could be no possible doubt of that.

They sat most of the day looking at each

other blankly and with something of fear in their eyes. How could he be writing letters from the East when he was in a Chicago hospital? And how could he be in a Chicago hospital when he was reporting himself "fine and dandy" in the East?

"I shall give the facts to the Society for Psychical Research," declared Mrs. Fraser. "They investigate many strange things, but I'm sure they never had anything as weird as this."

door when the postman came. There was only one letter. It was postmarked Philadelphia and was addressed in Donald's handwriting. Josephine took it, and limply led the way to the library, where they sat and looked at each other for ten minutes before they dared open it. He was very sorry, but developments at Philadelphia made it necessary for him to go to New York. He would write again from the latter city.

"If he does," wailed Josephine, "I'll



Drawn by Otto Lang

IT TOOK JOSEPHINE SEVERAL MINUTES TO COMPREHEND THIS CONFESSION

"Do you suppose there will be a letter from Philadelphia in the morning?" asked Josephine.

Their faces blanched. The thing was getting on their nerves, and the mystical horror of it oppressed them. Mrs. Fraser wanted to refer it all to Mr. Fraser, but Josephine insisted upon waiting until they could add Donald's experiences to their own, for she was sure he must have had some strange illusions or sensations that would have bearing on the subject that so perplexed and disquieted them.

"Burn it, if there is," advised Mrs. Fraser.

"I'll scream if I see one," said Josephine. Nevertheless, they both rushed to the

have to go to a sanatorium. I can't stand it."

"Let's go right to the hospital and make sure he's there," urged Mrs. Fraser.

"But we saw him yesterday."

"I don't care. We must verify what we saw yesterday. He can't be all right in Philadelphia when he's all bruised at the hospital. Anyone can see that."

"Yes, anyone can see that."

"Then where is he?"

"I don't know."

"And which is he?"

"I don't know."

"And which are you going to marry?"

"Oh!" cried the girl. "I never thought of that."

"Suppose he comes back from Philadelphia while he's still at the hospital!"

"Don't!" pleaded Josephine. "There can't be two of him; it's only something psychic that we don't understand. I'll go to the hospital alone and talk with him. I'm sure they'll let me to-day."

It was finally so arranged, although Mrs. Fraser went along and waited outside in the carriage.

Donald was much better, and the doctor was of the opinion that it would do no harm to ask him a few questions. She went about her task with diplomatic circumlocution.

Had he had any strange dreams or visions while he was unconscious?

Yes, he had had many.

Could he remember any of them?

Well, he remembered that he had dreamed of her a good deal.

"I knew it!" she exclaimed at this point. "I knew it was your soul or your astral or something of that sort!"

"What was?" he asked.

"Oh, I am going too fast," she said penitently. "I mustn't distress you; but there has been a wonderful psychic phenomenon while you were here. Did you dream of writing any letters?"

"No," he answered with a puzzled smile.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Didn't you dream of writing letters from Pittsburg and Washington and Baltimore and Philadelphia?"

The light of comprehension dawned in his eyes; also there came to them a look of anxiety. He remembered, for the first time since the assault, his arrangement with Crinner.

"It is coming back to you!" she exclaimed joyfully. "I knew it would. I've got all those psychic letters."

"How many?" he asked.

"Four."

He closed his eyes and let his brain wrestle with this problem. It was too late to shut off the others, even if he could get word to Crinner. But he was a man of quick wit, and his predicament roused his slumbering faculties sharply.

"It is coming to me now," he said dreamily. "You really got those letters?"

"Yes. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Very wonderful." He kept his eyes closed and spoke drowsily. "You will get two more—one from New York and one from Boston. Then I shall come back."

"But you're here now," she argued.

"Oh, yes, of course; but I have been taking a dream trip. I remember now. I floated away and away and away and wrote letters. There were six, and you've got only four yet." He opened his eyes again and spoke with more animation. "You must destroy those letters, Josephine."

"Indeed, I shall not," she said. "It's all too wonderful. I'm going to report it to the Society for Psychical Research."

"No, no, no," he protested.

"Yes, yes, yes," she insisted. "There never was anything so wonderful, and it will help their investigations."

He closed his eyes again and took possession of one of her hands, holding it in both of his. Psychical research was not a thing that he wanted.

"Josephine," he said, "you don't like my hunting trips, and I knew I'd have to give them up—for a time, at least—after we are married; but I did want to have one more, and—that's why I went East—by mail. I was to have joined the boys, if I could. I didn't, and they must have gone on without me. Will you forgive me?"

It took Josephine several minutes to comprehend this confession, but she did not withdraw her hand.

"Then there is nothing psychic or supernatural about it?" she queried.

"Nothing."

"I'm so relieved," she said. "I—I'd rather not have my mind diverted from a real flesh and blood lover."

"And you forgive me?" he asked. "I'll never, never do it again."

"You can't," she laughed. "I know the trick now, and—and it's such a relief to know that I won't be called upon to go to the train to meet a wandering soul from Philadelphia. Yes, I think I'll forgive you this time. You've been a naughty boy, but you've been punished." She leaned over and kissed him. "I couldn't do that to a letter-writing ghost," she said.



The Art of Love

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

FROM the first those looking on felt confident as to the result. To be sure there were not many spectators. In fact there were only four, unless the grooms were watching the course of events. Only, their conclusions were not known. As for the actors themselves there were only three. In all, the people involved were not more than could be comfortably seated on the top of the coach unless, as has been said, the grooms were added, and in going through the country they, of course, always rode inside with the extra hampers and mackintoshes and cameras.

The actors were young while the on-

lookers were old or elderly or belonged to that time of life when the natural inclination is to sink back in the stalls and watch the play. The story was the same old story and perhaps not the less interesting from that. Indeed one hardly goes to "Romeo and Juliet" for the story but to see the new Juliet—and "Hamlet" to see the Hamlet. By reason of the actors, therefore, rather than the drama, the spectators were attentive, though for all a certain charm lay in watching developments. Each one could recall something of his or her past in the incidents and in a measure realize and relive what had never been quite forgotten. They looked on in a spirit mocking but kindly and even made mild bets on the result. Maxwell had been a "hot favorite"

from the first, and on the third day Millingworth found no takers.

"I could shake him," said the Hostess, who sometimes held the reins herself.

"Who?" demanded the Husband and Host, who was accustomed to give more careful attention to the horses than to the members of the party, as being in his opinion more important.

"Mr. Millingworth," she said. "He does nothing but make blunders. And he is such a nice boy."

"But Mr. Maxwell is very nice, too," commented the Former Beauty who was still very beautiful.

"It's a fact," assented the Globe Trotter, who had viewed many lands and men and women and drawn many conclusions. "I say let the best man win."

Ever since the bright summer morning when the coach rolled away from the country house of the Host and Hostess the contest had been going on, if all, however, had not been too one-sided to be called a contest.

Millingworth's life in its isolation had been the very opposite of Maxwell's experienced existence—with the habitudes of the drawing-room and the ballroom, the practices of the yacht's deck and the hunting field as a second nature. To go from college directly to a mining camp; to superintend mining work; to live in primitive conditions with the simple associations of such a state; to become the owner of a prodigiously paying property; to work for years at the development of the same with the result of arriving a many times millionaire at thirty was experience enough, but hardly the sort of schooling to prepare one for the nice complications of civilized life and the occupation of making love to a fanciful and critical Young Woman. There was about as much adaptation of the means to the end as a thorough education with the single stick would afford as a preparation for the employment of the rapier.

Therefore Millingworth turned red when he spoke to her, and much more so when she spoke to him. For this reason Millingworth almost always dropped and broke the things which he was always hastening to get for her, while Maxwell with ready presence of mind seemed able to produce with the skill of a conjurer at exactly the right moment forgotten gloves, mislaid handkerchiefs and required books.

Consequently the Young Woman had been annoyed and rendered unpleasantly conspicuous by receiving huge bunches of hothouse flowers, which Millingworth had ordered by telegraph to be sent to the various stopping places—whereas Maxwell with a nosegay of true wild blossoms which he had picked early in the morning obtained at once a decided success.

Moreover Millingworth on all occasions made elaborate and direct compliments with which the Young Woman found great difficulty in dealing; whereas Maxwell treated her with a brusque *camaraderie* in which he managed to imply his interest and hint at his devotion.

Owing to this Millingworth sat for hours holding a sunshade over the Young Woman's pretty head until even his strong wrist ached. The only result being that he was slighted for such slavery and saw her smile indulgently on Maxwell when he told her lightly that she looked the better for being sunburned and that he did not wish to do anything that would interfere with such a consummation.

The consequence was that Millingworth committed every error and managed to make a fool of himself to his own discomfiture and the discomfiture of the others upon every occasion; whereas Maxwell continually scored not only by the perfect way in which he carried himself but by contrast with the uncomfortable awkwardness of his rival.

"There must be some little hidden quality of inherent cruelty in the gentlest woman," said the Globe Trotter once to the Hostess. "See how Henrietta behaves."

"Nonsense," the Hostess replied, briskly. "It simply grieves her to have him making so many blunders. It's like watching any other stupid bungling work. One gets exasperated with the workman."

"There's nothing like science," he continued slowly. "It always tells whether in a prize fight or——"

"A love affair."

"To watch Millingworth," he went on, "makes me think of a charge I once saw of wild Sudanese against modern magazine rifles and Maxims. He is like that sometimes. It's magnificent but——"

"Not war or art," she replied.

"He's so helpless and Henrietta—" the Globe Trotter had been an old friend of the family and had given the Young Woman her best doll—"she seems to take a positive

delight in tormenting him and making him appear at his worst."

In truth Henrietta was a daughter of Eve—if by that is meant an inheritor of those qualities for mischief, the possession of which in the first woman seems as a matter of fact to have been largely inferred from

times, more trying or troublesome. Only, there were added small earthquakes and whirlwinds for which any usual precautions were of no avail, and against which any ordinary preparations were of no more use than an umbrella against a monsoon or galoche for a tidal wave.



Drawn by Penryn Stanlaus

WAITING FOR THE OTHERS TO COME TO BREAKFAST

their appearance in her descendants. The greatest difficulty was to be found in knowing what she thought as moreover there was in foretelling what she would do. Indeed there were many who claimed that she was not sure herself until the moment. An April day was not more variable, and to any one exposed to its vicissitudes was not, at

"It's all over for Mr. Millingworth," sighed the Hostess, who liked him. "Henrietta laughs at him openly." She sat with her husband in the barren hotel dining-room waiting for the others to come to breakfast. "It is as if he were a trained poodle and she were showing off his tricks. She laughs at him with others——"

Her husband's silence seemed to indicate to her that he did not appreciate the significance of the fact so impressively announced.

"And," she went on, "when a girl openly laughs at a man with others—" She paused as the Young Woman entered, pleasantly smiling. "Henrietta," she continued, "you should show some mercy."

Henrietta looked innocent and enigmatical.

"You know perfectly what I mean," continued her Hostess. "The way you treat poor Mr. Millingworth."

"He shouldn't let me," Henrietta defended.

"You make a perfect idiot of him," the Hostess continued severely with her accusations. "He might as well have his head shaved and be your slave at once."

A dangerous light shone in the girl's eyes.

"Henrietta!" threatened her Hostess.

"What mischief have you got in your mind now? I know you've thought of something. What have I done?"

Of a verity the whole party was no sooner assembled with Millingworth opposite her than Henrietta began.

"Oh, Eleanor!"

Her Hostess, thus addressed, gazed apprehensively in her direction.

"Don't you think it's so much nicer that men do not have beards and mustaches now?" she continued placidly and as abruptly as usual. "They look so much more like the dear old English portraits or the ancient Romans."

"Henrietta!" exclaimed the Hostess, warningly.

"I do think so," the Young Woman insisted. "And as everyone here— Why—Mr. Millingworth you have a mustache."

"You see," he said, apologetically, "I'm from the backwoods and a back number."

"But you shouldn't be so behind the times. I'm sure," she went on reflectively, "that you would be perfect without one."

Millingworth looked conscious and embarrassed.

"And Mr. Maxwell," she continued; "if your hair was only parted on the side you'd be extremely like a delightful old miniature of your great grandfather."

"Indeed," Maxwell exclaimed, easily. "I'm afraid that my peculiar kind of beauty can't be improved."

Then he placidly continued with his breakfast.

"What's the betting?" demanded the

Globe Trotter eagerly as Millingworth left the room. "What odds is anyone willing to give that he won't shave it off?"

Henrietta looked with an air of great surprise and indignation at the speaker.

Breakfast was ended. The usual preparations for the morning's start occupied the time. Millingworth did not appear. Only when the coach was before the door and all in their places he dashed down the tavern steps.

"Done it, by Jingo," whispered the Host to his wife as he caught a glimpse of Millingworth's firm, shaven, shamefaced countenance.

"Now," she groaned, "he might as well give up. No girl can think of a man for whom she has no respect; of whom she is willing to make a laughingstock."

When the party had taken the road and the Hostess, driving herself for a little way, sat on the box seat next to her husband, he whispered to her confidently.

"Upon my word, it's downright cruelty. The girl ought to be ashamed of herself. Did you notice how delighted she was when she saw how ridiculous Millingworth looked? It's positively inhuman."

"What can you expect?" said his wife, pulling in the off leader. "He just tempts her with his absurdities."

Indeed, as the party saw, there was no extravagance of which Millingworth would not be willingly guilty for Henrietta's sake. In the plenitude of her power there was no madness that she did not lead him to commit.

The village at which the party stopped that evening was the smallest, though the inn was the largest, of any in which a night had been spent. At what had been the cross-ways the long, low brick building with the two-story balcony stood as it had stood on the old post road, now rutted and grass-grown, a hundred years before. As the coach rolled up the party gazed in silence at the venerable structure. Henrietta was enraptured.

"Didn't know that anything like it was left," she exclaimed. "What a place for an adventure!"

"My dear," whispered the Hostess, "you are too excited."

Even the dinner and the dining-room were different. The first more simply better. The latter better also—being more simply and even barrenly attractive.



Drawn by Penrhyn Stanslaw

SHE PAUSED FOR A MOMENT AFTER DINNER AT THE DOOR OF THE BILLIARD-ROOM

"Something must happen. Want it to happen," cried Henrietta. "Ghosts or highwaymen or burglars, at least."

The hour was late when Henrietta in pleasing disarray tapped quickly and insistently at the Hostess' door.

"May I come in, please?" she said. "I've something to tell you."

As soon as she was bidden to enter and stood in the room she began hurriedly.

"Oh, Eleanor," she exclaimed. "I knew it. There *is* a robber."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Hostess sleepily but uncompromisingly.

"I have seen him," Henrietta announced

positively. "I was looking from the window of my room and I saw him dodging in and out behind the bushes and the sheds. I watched. He has been there for a long time. He is just waiting a chance to get in and murder us. Anyway, he will break into the stables and steal the things from the coach."

"That sounds more probable," said the Hostess, rising promptly. "I find there's always some sense somewhere, Henrietta, in all your chaff. I'll call Jim at once."

A moment and the two stood before a door in the hall.

"Jim! Jim!" cried the Hostess as she rapped.

A more vigorous knocking—a louder summons followed but no response came.

"Jim! Jim!" the Hostess repeated vigorously.

"What is it?" asked Maxwell, thrusting his head through a door near by.

"Oh," cried the Hostess. "Henrietta has seen a robber prowling near the stables. He will get everything from the coach——"

"Not at all," answered Maxwell readily. "I'll be out in a moment. We'll get him."

By the time Maxwell appeared the Hostess had succeeded in her endeavor. The two men stood together in the hall. The landlord and a servant who had been aroused by the noise had joined them.

"You give us time to get round behind him," ordered Maxwell, laying out the plan of the campaign. "Then you go up from the front. He'll run and we'll catch him."

Maxwell and the Host left stealthily to let themselves out by a back door. The landlord and servant with Henrietta and the Hostess made their way down the front stairs to a side entrance which could be opened for a sudden rush.

"Now," said the landlord when he thought sufficient time had elapsed. Henrietta and the Hostess stood in the doorway gazing out. They saw the landlord with his retainer run rapidly across the yard. They saw them dart about the bushes. They heard a sudden shout. Then short broken words. The sounds of a struggle.

"Oh, they've caught him," exclaimed Henrietta, clasping her hands.

"Evidently he did not run," the Hostess observed.

"And he's fighting desperately," cried Henrietta. "Oh, how awful!"

At this moment another voice was added to the disturbance.

"Jim and Mr. Maxwell have come up," said the Hostess. "There, they've got him."

A group could be seen advancing in the dim light. A man evidently held by two others was clearly being forced forward—struggling and protesting violently.

"No use," said the landlord. "You can't get away."

"Really my good fellow," concluded Maxwell suavely, in a tone of evident amusement. "Resistance is useless."

At that instant a cloud drifted from before the moon.

"Why," exclaimed the Hostess. "It's—it's Mr. Millingworth."

"Of course it is," Millingworth answered quickly; "I can't make them understand."

"Why, so it is," said Maxwell, with a dramatic effort of astonishment. "But why was I ever to think of it being you there—at this hour."

"I was taking a walk—in the moonlight," answered Millingworth impatiently. "The first thing I knew two of them were on me—then another."

"Where's Jim?" asked the Hostess.

"Here I am," the Host answered, coming up. "I got caught in something and missed the fun. Millingworth!"

"Yes," Millingworth proclaimed. "And I'd like to know what all the fuss is about."

He stood with red face and tumbled hair and torn coat—anything but an heroic figure. Suddenly Henrietta laughed. Then all except Millingworth joined her.

"Come," said the Host to the girl. "You wanted an adventure, here it is."

"Oh," cried Henrietta.

"I—I was just walking up and down watching the light in—in your window—" explained Millingworth, looking at her reproachfully.

"What for?" she asked. "How foolish!"

She gazed at him scornfully.

"I'm not sure, Henrietta," murmured the Hostess, "that it's not as much of a joke on you as anything."

"It's not," she protested indignantly. "There was every reason for me to think I saw a robber."

"I don't know," continued the Hostess delightedly.

"I know," said Henrietta with dignity, "that now we can all go to bed again."

As the Hostess walked with her husband through the hall she whispered:

"Mr. Millingworth has done it now. Not only to be ridiculous himself—how absurd he looked all torn and dirty—but to make the girl ridiculous. Why, Jim, Henrietta will never again want to see him or speak to him."

He nodded.

The next day was the last stage—and brought the party back to the country house from which it had started. On the following morning all were to go in different directions. The Globe Trotter was to start for Tibet. The Former Beauty to begin a series of autumn visits in England. The

Host and Hostess were to transport themselves to another place of theirs on the Hudson, there to remain to prepare for the Horse Show. Millingworth had announced a business expedition to Mexico. Only Henrietta and Maxwell were missing and unaccounted for.

"I know from the way Henrietta looks that it's all settled," said the Hostess as she paused for a moment after dinner at the door of the billiard-room, where the Host sat smoking alone.

At that very instant the Young Woman herself entered suddenly.

"I had gone up," she began, more uncertainly and shyly than usual. "But I knew that you were still here and I came down again. I want to tell you something."

"My dear," cried the Hostess impetuously, "I knew it."

"Yes," answered Henrietta, looking down. "Your party has been such a success. It's meant so much for me—for us. I wanted to tell you the first that I'm engaged to Mr. Millingworth—Ray——"

"Mr. Millingworth!" exclaimed the Hostess.

"Millingworth!" said the Host.

"Why of course," said Henrietta, looking up.

"But he only made mistakes and made himself ridiculous," said the Host and Hostess together.

"And Mr. Maxwell always did the right thing," the Hostess went on by herself.

"And had all the science," continued the Host.

"And art," added the Hostess breathlessly.

"Perhaps," Henrietta answered slowly.

"What do you mean?" the Hostess demanded slowly.

"Why," replied Henrietta deliberately.

"Don't you see that what really pleases a girl the most is to have a man unmistakably in love with her? The best way for him to prove that is to forget everything—even himself and perhaps make mistakes and the greatest idiot of himself. It's all just a tribute to her——"

"Then you think——" the Hostess began.

"I think," said Henrietta decidedly, "that the art of love is to be the most in love."

Love-Sight

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

O, knowest thou the wings of Love, belovèd?
 Hast seen their light beyond the harbor bar?
 A tenderness at dawn above the meadows,
 A shimmering athwart the evening star?
 Methinks they pass in song of distant waters;
 They hover in the whisper of the grove;
 O, fairest of the spinning planet's daughters,
 Say, knowest thou the shining wings of Love?

O, knowest thou the feet of Love, belovèd?
 Hast heard his silent feet amid the press?
 Or seekest thou among the pathless places
 And solitary stretches waterless?
 The lowliest of the caravan that passes
 Along the way where all the weary move,
 Can point thee, Sweet, among the common grasses,
 The footprints of the patient feet of Love!

Magazine Shop-Talk

Of Special Interest to the Women Readers of the New Cosmopolitan



SOME idea of what we have been preparing to interest our feminine readers will be gained by looking over this magazine and the hints set down in this Shop-Talk about our plans for the future. We are well aware of the fact that a purely man's magazine is not what is wanted in this day and generation, and if the women are not interested in what we have been printing and are now getting up for them, then we have studied feminine tastes in vain.

We think the ladies will love to read Gertrude Atherton's attack on "The New Aristocracy," judging from the fact that so many of them are buying, borrowing and devouring Edith Wharton's "House of Mirth." Gertrude Atherton knows American society every bit as well as Mrs. Wharton, and as for her effective way of putting things—well, the tremendous popularity of her novels attests to that.

We are sure that feminine curiosity will be aroused by the novel statuary pictures in Mr. Millard's story of "A Speaking Likeness," the model for which is a well-known society woman whose name, of course, we must withhold. We feel certain that the wonderfully effective work of Paul Nocquet, the celebrated New York sculptor, in making these strongly characterized busts, delineating a marvelous range of expression, will not be lost upon our feminine readers. There was a great amount of careful work and artistic patience employed in the making of the busts and we know it will all be appreciated. No more novel and striking effect has been produced in the magazines since the printing of the highly popular darkroom pictures in our Christmas number, for which even yet picture collectors are sending in

many orders, though the magazine in which they appeared is four months old.



No writer is dearer to the heart of the reader of romance than is Sir Gilbert Parker, author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Right of Way" and half a dozen other immensely popular novels. Feminine readers fairly dote upon Sir Gilbert.

"I think," said a fair subscriber in a letter the other day, "that you COSMOPOLITAN people must have a genius for interesting women. You couldn't have hit upon a surer way of winning them than by putting Gilbert Parker on your list of contributors. Few women like Kipling—all love Parker."

"The Whisperer," which was printed in the March number, was the first of a series which Mr. Parker is writing for the COSMOPOLITAN. The gifted writer promises that they shall all be strong stories, in his very best vein. What more could you ask in the way of fiction?

"Give us more of Mr. Bierce's 'Uncanny Tales,' writes another lady. "They are charmingly creepy—delightfully horrible."

Just imagine that for a sentiment! and yet there's a lot of real human nature in it. The sedate, decorous editor who is so careful that his readers shall get nothing but skim milk to feed upon will fail of his mission every time. For it is a truth—and you and I know it—that we not only don't mind being shocked a little now and then, but most of us positively like it. Victor Hugo recognizes this truth and says that many of us feel at times a genuine desire to be horrified. For leering, libidinous literature the COSMOPOLITAN has nothing but condemnation, but for a good *strong* story of life and death—a story that has a bit of brisk living in it and a *thrill* at the

end—our pages are open, provided always that it is an artist who writes it and not an artisan. No 'prentice hand should tackle the terrible. It takes a *writer* to do that sort of thing well.



The Jacobs stories continue to delight our readers. "A Distant Relation," in this number, is soon to be followed by one that is even more amusing.

"A Love Knot" is a delightfully told Jacobs story over which you will spend a very pleasant half-hour. If you can keep from laughing when the man from foreign parts woos the widow you are indeed *blasé* past all redemption. Jacobs has the greatest vogue of any humorist in English fiction to-day. The only trouble with him is, as the New York "Times" recently said, "he doesn't write stories enough." We can't quite induce him to give us a story a month, but we get them nearly as often as that and we suppose we ought to be thankful. He is the highest paid of all the short-story writers of to-day, but he doesn't write for money—only for the love of writing—a fact that shows itself largely in his fiction.

Men and women both like Jacobs, in about the same proportion, as it seems to us, judging by the letters that are sent in about his stories.



It is truly surprising how the fair sex is taking to water sports. This year the girls are planning yachting and launch cruises for early summer, away ahead of the season. The May COSMOPOLITAN will contain a bright, breezy article on our yachswomen, by Gertrude Lynch. It will be accompanied by photographs of smart-set women and others who act as skippers aboard their own yachts. The COSMOPOLITAN will also publish articles on motor-boat racing, and other aquatic sports.



Are you reading "Seeing the Real New York," James L. Ford's brilliant series of skits on the social, financial, literary and other phases of the metropolis? If not, you are in the very small minority of the magazine's readers. Nothing that the

COSMOPOLITAN has ever published in a humorous way has attracted more attention than Mr. Ford's articles. He will continue pleasantly to extract fun out of city situations that seem more or less serious to others; for that is always the province of the humorist. Read the Ford series, and you will probably get as much of an insight into the real New York as if you journeyed ever so many miles in the "rubberneck coach."



Mr. and Mrs. Jack London are going around the world for the COSMOPOLITAN in a forty-foot sailboat. This will be a most adventurous voyage, full of the interest that always hangs about such romantic exploits. Mr. London will send a monthly chronicle of his trip to the COSMOPOLITAN. He has promised to put into it his very best thought and will certainly have a rare opportunity to entertain his readers.

The bits of description in "The Sea Wolf" show how Mr. London handles a marine subject. But he is an older and more seasoned man than he was when he gathered the material for the story of Larsen. He is broader and he will broaden still more when he sets out upon the great Pacific in his cockleshell. The ocean gives such a writer a tremendous catholicity of view. Truly is it asked by Lanier,

"What is it but to widen man
Stretches the sea?"

Yes; we shall get some rare glimpses of life and philosophy in the story of the voyage of Jack London.



But these are only a few of the things that we have prepared or are preparing for our lady readers. Others will come along without introduction, or be noted from time to time in the Shop-Talk.

As for the men—well, we don't think they need to complain. The COSMOPOLITAN has been trying as hard to please them as it has to interest the women. The hundreds of men's letters coming in every month fully attest our success in interesting the masculine side of the house.



BY AMBROSE BIERCE

The War Everlasting



OR thousands of years—doubtless for hundreds of thousands—an incessant civil war has been going on in every country that has even a rudimentary civilization, and the prospect of peace is no brighter to-day than it was at the beginning of hostilities. This war, with its dreadful mortality and suffering, loses none of its violence in times of peace; indeed, a condition of national tranquillity appears to be most favorable to its relentless prosecution: when people are fighting foreigners they have less time for fighting one another. This never-ending internal strife is between the law-breaking and the law-abiding classes. The latter is the larger force—at least it is the stronger and is constantly victorious, yet never takes the full advantage of its victory. The commander of an army who should so neglect his opportunities would be recalled in disgrace, for it is a rule of warfare to take the utmost possible advantage of success.

There should be no such person as an habitual criminal, and there would be none if criminals were not permitted to breed. There are several ways to prevent them—some, like perpetual imprisonment, too expensive; others impossible of advocacy here. The best practical and discussible way is to kill them. And in this is no injustice. The man who will not live at peace with his countrymen has no inherent right to live at all. The community that he wages private war upon has as clear a right to deprive him of his life as of his liberty by imprisonment, or his property by fines.

We grade crimes and punishments only for expediency, not because there are de-

grees of guilt, for it is as easy to obey the law against theft as the law against murder, and the true criminality of an offense against the state lies in its infraction of the law, not in the damage to its victim. The venerable dictum that, whereas

"It is a sin to steal a pin,
It is a greater to steal a potatoer,"


is brilliant, but erroneous. Logically there are no degrees of crime; a misdemeanor is as hardy a defiance of the community as a felony. The distinction is an administrative fiction to facilitate punishment. It is thought that rather than condemn a misdemeanor to perpetual restraint in prison or death on the gallows jurors would acquit him, and indubitably they would. The purpose of these feeble remarks is to lead public opinion upward through flowery paths of reason to a higher philosophy and a broader conception of duty.

My notion is that a great saving of life and property could be effected by extermination of habitual criminals. Some crime would remain. Under the stress of want men would occasionally take the property of others; crazed by sudden rage they would sometimes slay, and so forth. But crimes of premeditation would disappear and the enormously expensive machinery of justice could be "cast as rubbish to the void." One small prison might suffice for an entire nation. A few courts of criminal jurisdiction, an insignificant constabulary would preserve the peace and punishment could be made truly reformatory—it would not need to be deterrent. In short, the dream of the reformer, with his everlastingly futile methods of deterrence by mental and moral "education," could be made to come to pass in

a generation or two by the forthright and merciful plan of abolishing the criminal class.

Of course I do not mean to advocate the death penalty for every premeditated infraction of the law, nor do I know how many convictions should be considered as proving the offender an habitual criminal; but certainly I think that, having exceeded the number allowed him, his right to life should be held to have lapsed and he should be removed from this vale of tears forthwith. The fact that a man who habitually breaks the law may be better than another who habitually obeys it, or the fact that he who is convicted may be less guilty than he who escapes conviction, has nothing to do with the matter. If we cannot remove all the irreclaimable the greater is the expediency of removing all that we can catch and identify. The law's inadequacy and inconsistency are patent, but they constitute the silliest plea for "mercy" that stupidity has ever invented.

Wanted—a Rational Anthem

N the January number of this magazine I mentioned—with something of irreverence, I fear—the impenitent badness of our so-called "national anthems," "America," "Hail, Columbia" and "The Star-Spangled Banner"; and right glad I am to find my view of the matter shared by many persons who love not country less, but poetry and music more. Several of them, who, in spite of themselves, however, are better patriots than poets, have submitted, as substitutes for the anthems that we have, anthems which they think we profitably might have. The least bad in sentiment and expression is this, by Mr. Edgar Corydon Kinnison, of Culloden, West Virginia:

The Light of Liberty

Let us sing of the land that is Liberty's altar,
For all whom it shelters and millions to be;
Lord, guide and uphold us lest we should
falter

In love to each other and honor to Thee.

In mercy Thou gavest us birth as a nation;
Thy love has been with us and blessed us
each day.

O! shield Thou us all, and each in his station,
From war and from famine and evil, we
pray.

May the lamp Thou hast lighted shine on
through the ages,

Till the night of the fool and the tyrant is
gone,


And the grace of Thy saints and the love of
Thy sages

Shine forth in the glory of heavenly dawn.

The result of the competition, to date, leaves something to be desired, and further trial is invited by new competitors; those who have already entered the ring have done their full duty by trying once.

As agonists in this Olympian game I venture to suggest the names of Edwin Markham, George Sterling, Walt Whitman, Joaquin Miller, Herman Scheffauer, Julia Ward Howe, James Whitcomb Riley, Louise Chandler Moulton and Sidney Lanier. (I am not unaware that some of these have the bad luck to be dead, but composition of a national anthem is light employment, requiring very little exertion.) For umpire I would name, if I knew its name, the mysterious Power that inspires the "little senate" of Miss Gould's Hall of Fame.

To Muzzle the Oslers

WO very poor men of Chicago are working hard, and apparently without much encouragement, to set afoot a "movement" of which the main purpose is "to remove the ban put upon wage-earners by the cruel and unnatural age-limit." They say that there is a tendency among employers to bar from service all men past the age of forty or forty-five. If that is true the Anti-Age-Limit League seems to be a pretty worthy kind of institution and some rich and humane person could do worse than endow it with a good bit of money.

If, for example, some admirer of Doctor Osler, with the thrift that follows yawning, has amassed a fortune from study of that good man's theories he might fitly devote a part of it to the promotion of a movement that so signally attests the master's great influence. The League's address is Room 1312, Republic Building, State and Adams Streets, Chicago, where it appears to have only desk-room, as becomes its humble circumstances. I am not advised as to all its methods: my own way of exhorting the impenitent "captain of industry" professing

Oslerism would be to hale him to the arena, bind him, tooth and tongue, and throw him to the rats.

Literature as a Parlor Game

HUMAN speech is an imperfect instrument—imperfect by reason of its redundancy, imperfect by reason of its poverty. We have too many words for our meaning, too many meanings for our words. The effect is so confusing and embarrassing that the ability to express our thoughts with force and accuracy is extremely rare. It is not a gift, but a gift and an accomplishment. It comes not altogether, nor very largely, by nature, but is achieved by hard, technical study.

In illustration of the poverty of speech take the English word "literature." It means the art of writing and it means the things written—preferably in the former sense by him who has made it a study, almost universally in the latter by those who know nothing about it. Indeed, the most of these are unaware that it has another meaning, because unaware of the existence of the thing which in that sense it means. Tell them that literature, like painting, sculpture, music and architecture, is an art—the most difficult of arts—and you must expect an emphatic dissent. The denial not infrequently comes from persons of wide reading, even wide writing, for the popular writer commonly utters his ideas as, if he pursued the vocation for which he is better fitted, he would dump another kind of rubbish from another kind of cart—pull out the tailboard and let it go. The immortals have a different method.

Among the minor "sore trials" of one who has a knowledge of the art of literature is the book of one who has not. It is a light affliction, for he need not read it. The worthy fellow's conversation about the books of others is a sharper disaster, for it cannot always be evaded and must be courteously endured; and goodness gracious! how comprehensively he does not know! How eagerly he points out the bottomless abyss of his ignorance and leaps into it! The *ensor literarum* is perhaps the most widely distributed species known to zoölogy.

The ignorance of the reading public and the writing public concerning literary art is the eighth wonder of the world. Even its

rudiments are to these two great classes a thing that is not. From neither the talk of the one nor the writing of the other would a student from Mars ever learn, for illustration, that a romance is not a novel; that poetry is a thing apart from the metrical form in which it is most acceptable; that an epigram is not a terse truth—is, in fact, untrue; that fable is neither story nor anecdote; that the speech of an illiterate doing the best he knows how is another thing than dialect; that prose has its prosody no less renowned than verse. The ready-made critic and the ready-made writer are two of a kind and each is good enough for the other. To both, writing is writing, and that is all there is of it. If we had two words for the two things now covered by one word "literature" perhaps a gifted few of them could be taught to distinguish between, not only the art and the product, but, eventually, the different kinds of the product itself. As it is, they are in much the same state of darkness as that of the Southern young woman before she went North and learned, to her astonishment, that the term "damned Yankee" was two words—she had never heard either of them without the other.

A Stuffed Nightmare



ANY estimable gentlemen of the tongue and pen appear to be affected with a perennial fear of "the dominance of the laboring class." The laboring man is doubtless a very terrible fellow when head-hunting in the approved manner of that dear, familiar boggy-man, the French revolutionist, but really there are not very many of him. In all the industries of the country the number of wage-workers is less than nineteen millions. They are mostly persons of peace, and they do not as yet pull together. If all were united in a policy of decapitation directed against the horny-headed sons of toil who cut coupons for a living, wear shiny footgear and commit excesses on nightingales' tongues, their defeat by overwhelming numbers would be a foregone conclusion. It looks as if the American Reign of Terror might be delayed until our dreaded proletariat, outfitted by apt imagination's artful aid with an abundant provision of hoofs and horns, shall have found a way to make the power of poverty contagious, or the weakness of wealth compulsory.



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"Story of Andrew Jackson." By Alfred Henry Lewis

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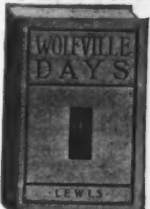
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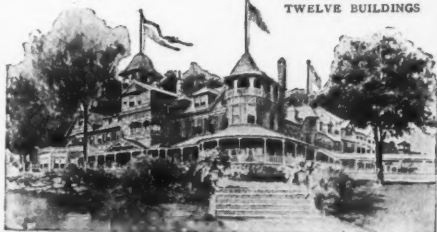
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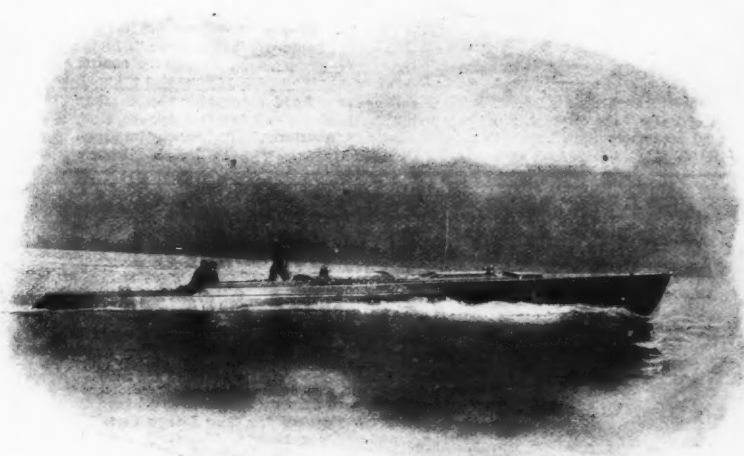
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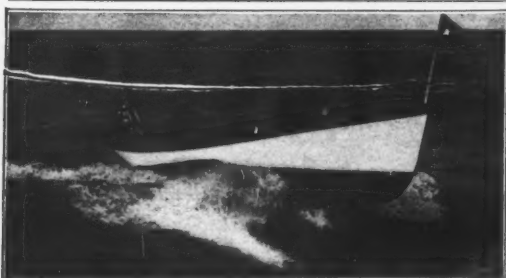
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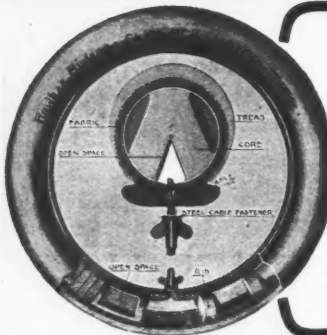


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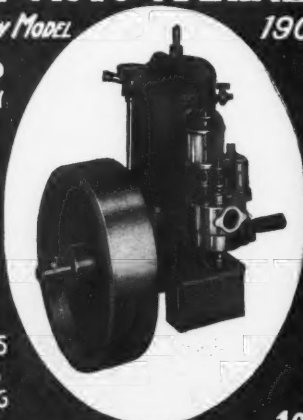
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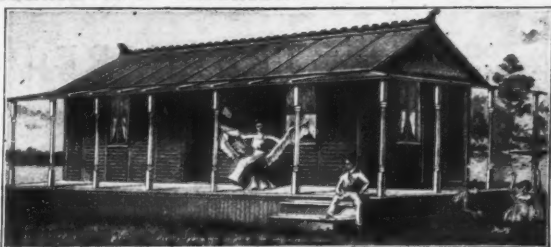
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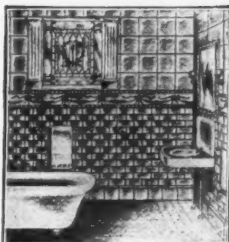
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It costs much less than ceramic tile, and is easier to erect. Will not craze or come off. For Bathrooms, Halls, Restaurants, Lavatories, Kitchens, and every place that rich and sanitary conditions are desired in Wash-rooms, Wall or Ceiling.

Designs and colorings suitable for every purpose. Nothing else "just like" it.

"Enametile" has been successfully used from Turkish Baths to Refrigerators, and endorsed by representative architects. Sample and Catalog mailed free with instructions for erecting. If dealer don't supply.

N. Y. Metal Ceiling Co. 554 etc. West 24th St.
New York, N. Y.

DEAFNESS

"The Morley Phone"



A miniature Telephone for the Ear—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises.

There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited.

Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY COMPANY, Dept. 80,
31 South 16th Street, Philadelphia.

KINDLY ORDER DIRECT FROM US. WE DO NOT SOLICIT DEALERS' TRADE



48c.

RAZOR STEEL

back and ends.

Price, in chamois case, \$1.50, postpaid. Same knife, 2 blade, \$1; plainer finish, 3 blade, same quality, \$1; smaller, 2 blade, for lady, \$1; plainer finish, 75 cents. **Razor Steel Jack-knife**, 2 blades, price 75 cents, but 48 cents for a while; 3 for \$1. This knife and 60c. shears for \$1. Boy's 2 blade, with 18-inch chain, 50c.; girl's 2 blade, ivory, 50c. Send for 80-page Free List and "How to Use a Razor."



MAHER & GROSH CO.

77 A Street, Toledo, Ohio

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

The World's Automobile Racing Records.

TRACK RECORDS.

Heavyweight (1,432 to 2,204 pounds) Gasoline Cars.

Miles	Time	Driver	H. P. Machine	Meet	Date
1.	0:53	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Los Angeles	12/21/04
2.	1:46 ³ / ₈	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Los Angeles	12/21/04
3.	2:39 ¹ / ₈	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Los Angeles	12/21/04
4.	3:35	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Los Angeles	12/21/04
5.	4:41	Chevrolet	90 Fiat	Empire City	6/26/05
6.	5:22 ¹ / ₈	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Los Angeles	12/21/04
7.	6:15 ¹ / ₈	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Los Angeles	12/21/04
8.	7:09 ¹ / ₈	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Los Angeles	12/21/04
9.	8:04	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Los Angeles	12/21/04
10.	9:12 ³ / ₈	Oldfield	60 Peerless	New York	10/29/04
15.	14:03 ³ / ₈	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Fresno	12/13/04
20.	18:45 ³ / ₈	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Denver	11/ 5/04
25.	23:38 ³ / ₈	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Fresno	12/13/04
30.	28:38 ³ / ₈	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Fresno	12/13/04
35.	33:35 ¹ / ₈	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Fresno	12/13/04
40.	38:31 ¹ / ₈	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Fresno	12/13/04
45.	43:30 ¹ / ₈	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Fresno	12/13/04
50.	48:40 ¹ / ₈	Oldfield	60 Peerless	Fresno	12/13/04
60.	1:08:12 ³ / ₈	Clemens	30 National	Indianapolis	11/ 4/05
70.	1:19:33 ³ / ₈	Clemens	30 National	Indianapolis	11/ 4/05
80.	1:30:46 ¹ / ₈	Clemens	30 National	Indianapolis	11/ 4/05
90.	1:42:14	Clemens	30 National	Indianapolis	11/ 4/05
100.	1:53:21 ¹ / ₈	Clemens	30 National	Indianapolis	11/ 4/05
200.	4:03:56	Vaughan	40 Decauville	Empire City	6/24/05
300.	5:58:52	Vaughan	40 Decauville	Empire City	6/24/05
400.	8:20:09	Vaughan	40 Decauville	Empire City	6/24/05
500.	10:24:42	Vaughan	40 Decauville	Empire City	6/24/05
600.	12:49:07	Vaughan	40 Decauville	Empire City	6/24/05
700.	15:10:20 ³ / ₈	Clemens-Merz	30 National	Indianapolis	11/17/05
800.	17:17:26 ¹ / ₈	Clemens-Merz	30 National	Indianapolis	11/17/05
900.	19:44:48 ¹ / ₈	Clemens-Merz	30 National	Indianapolis	11/17/05
1000.	21:58:00 ¹ / ₈	Clemens-Merz	30 National	Indianapolis	11/17/05
1094 ³ / ₁₆	24:00:00	Clemens-Merz	30 National	Indianapolis	11/17/05

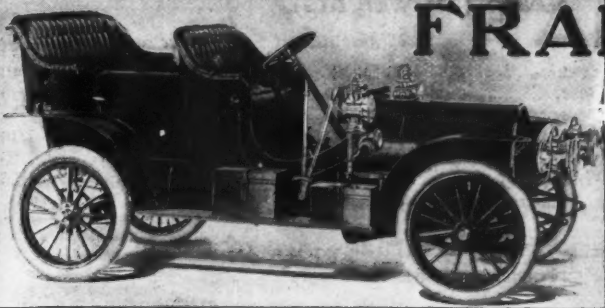
Middleweight (881 to 1,432 pounds) Gasoline Cars.

Miles	Time	Driver	H. P. Machine	Meet	Date
1.	0:58 ¹ / ₈	Wurgis	32 Reo	Syracuse	9/13/05
2.	2:02	Fisher	30 Premier	Chicago	10/ 1/04
3.	3:02	Tracy	30 Renault	Empire City	9/24/04
4.	4:01 ³ / ₈	Tracy	30 Renault	Empire City	9/24/04
5.	5:00	Vaughan	40 Decauville	Syracuse	9/18/05
10.	10:01 ³ / ₈	Tracy	30 Renault	Empire City	9/20/04

Lightweight (551 to 881 pounds) Gasoline Cars.

Miles	Time	Driver	H. P. Machine	Meet	Date
1.	* 0:55	Kulick	20 Ford	Empire City	11/ 8/04
2.	1:54	Kulick	20 Ford	Empire City	11/ 8/04
3.	2:51	Kulick	20 Ford	Empire City	11/ 8/04
4.	3:48 ² / ₈	Kulick	20 Ford	Empire City	10/29/04
5.	4:43 ³ / ₈	Kulick	20 Ford	Empire City	10/29/04

* Intermediate mile.



FRANKLIN

Type D \$2800

1800 pounds
45 miles per hour

Note the lines of fleetness and power in this Franklin Type D—the “grey-hound” of motor-cars.

The 4-cylinder air-cooled motor with the Franklin auxiliary exhaust insures full and ready power positively without overheating, without waste and without an ounce of superfluous metal. The strong, light, jar-eliminating construction, large proportion of high grade nickel steel, aluminum bodies,

Franklin wood-sills and four full-elliptic springs—save the power usually lost through road-shocks, make speed safe and comfortable and secure utmost efficiency and strength with minimum weight; utmost performance at minimum expense.

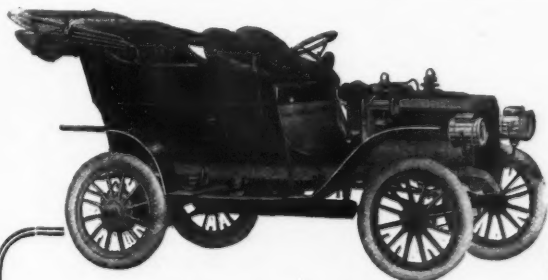
The Franklin holds the world's long-distance touring record. Send or “Coast to Coast” booklet, also for Catalogue.

Four-cylinder Runabout \$1400
Four-cylinder Light Touring-car \$1800

Four-cylinder Touring-car \$2800
Six-cylinder Touring-car \$4000

f. o. b. Syracuse

H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO., Syracuse. N. Y.. M. A. L. A. M.



REO

\$1,250

Touring Car 16 H. P., 1,600 pounds, 30-inch wheel base, 5 passengers, side-door detachable tonneau. Speed 35 miles per hour. \$1,250 f. o. b. Lansing.

Your Money's Worth

Every dollar you put into a REO car buys some big, substantial, definite value on which you can put your hand and say “Here is my money's worth!”

The big, roomy, handsome, stylish body, the 16 real horse-power, double-opposed motor with its long invincible driving stroke; the jar-proof, freeze-proof sectional radiator; the positive never-failing force feed oiler; the strong, simple, practical, enduring construction—these are palpable qualities plain to every eye. The sweeping record of REO victories under all conditions and against cars of double its rating and price—these are performances convincing to every mind.

You pay for no mistakes, experiments nor imaginary virtues. You pay only for real qualities. And you get them.

REO is the money's worth car. Write for the book that tells why

REO Motor Car Co., Sales Department, Lansing, Mich.
R. E. Olds, Pres't. R. M. Owen, Sales Mgr.

Agencies throughout the United States

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Steam (all weights).

Miles	Time	Driver	H. P. Machine	Meet	Date
1.	* 0:57 ⁴ / ₅	Ross	20 Stanley	Providence	9/10/04
2.	2:05 ³ / ₅	Ross	20 Stanley	Providence	9/10/04
3.	3:05 ³ / ₅	Ross	20 Stanley	Providence	9/10/04
4.	4:05 ⁴ / ₅	Ross	20 Stanley	Providence	9/10/04
5.	4:58	Webb Jay	20 White	Empire City	6/25/05
10.	10:22 ¹ / ₅	Webb Jay	20 White	Harlem Track	5/25/05

* Intermediate mile of another race.

Morris Park, Special Track—Arc of Circle.

(Track 1.39 Miles Per Lap.)

Miles	Time	Driver	H. P. Machine	Power	Date
1.	0:48 ⁴ / ₅	Webb Jay	20 White	Steam	7/ 4/05
1.	0:52 ¹ / ₅	Chevrolet	90 Fiat	Gasoline	6/10/05
1.	0:52 ¹ / ₅	Christie	120 Christie	Gasoline	7/ 3/05

STRAIGHTAWAY RECORDS.

Free-for-all—Gasoline Cars.

Distance	Time	Driver	H. P. Machine	Meet	Date
1 kilo.	0:19 ³ / ₅	Chevrolet	200 Darracq	Orm'd-Daytona	1/26/06
1 mile	0:30 ³ / ₅	Chevrolet	200 Darracq	Orm'd-Daytona	1/26/06
2 miles	0:58 ⁴ / ₅	Demogeot	200 Darracq	Orm'd-Daytona	1/29/06
5 miles	2:54 ³ / ₅	Lancia	110 Fiat	Orm'd-Daytona	1/24/06
10 miles	6:15	MacDonald	90 Napier	Orm'd-Daytona	1/31/05
15 miles	10:00	Lancia	110 Fiat	Orm'd-Daytona	1/29/06
20 miles	13:24	Thomas	90 Mercedes	Orm'd-Daytona	1/31/05
30 miles	20:37	Thomas	90 Mercedes	Orm'd-Daytona	1/31/05
40 miles	31:54 ² / ₅	Sartori	90 Fiat	Orm'd-Daytona	1/31/05
50 miles	38:51	Fletcher	80 De Dietrich	Orm'd-Daytona	1/31/05
100 miles	1:15:40 ² / ₅	Clifford-Earp	80 Napier	Orm'd-Daytona	1/27/06

Middleweight (881 to 1,432 pounds) Gasoline Cars.

Distance	Time	Driver	H. P. Machine	Meet	Date
1 kilo.	0:25	Vaughan	80 Darracq	Orm'd-Daytona	1/26/06
1 mile	0:40 ³ / ₅	Vaughan	80 Darracq	Orm'd-Daytona	1/26/06
5 miles	3:53 ³ / ₅	Cedriano	24 Fiat	Orm'd-Daytona	1/24/06
10 miles	7:50	Vaughan	80 Darracq	Orm'd-Daytona	1/24/06

Free-for-all—Steam Cars.

Distance	Time	Driver	H. P. Machine	Meet	Date
1 kilo.	0:18 ² / ₅	Marriott	30 Stanley	Orm'd-Daytona	1/26/06
1 mile	0:28 ¹ / ₅	Marriott	30 Stanley	Orm'd-Daytona	1/26/06
5 miles	2:47 ¹ / ₅	Marriott	30 Stanley	Orm'd-Daytona	1/24/06



Rambler

Model 14,
Price, \$1,750.



June Time Is Rambler Time

With the passing of alternate sunshine and storm, when the fair weather promise of today is fulfilled tomorrow, the call of nature becomes insistent and the paths of man lead to rural surroundings.

There is no better way of reaching the heart of nature than in an automobile, and no better automobile than the Rambler.

The pleasure of an afternoon trip or an extended tour is entirely dependent upon the reliability of the car, and there is no more positive way of insuring against marring incidents than the use of a Rambler.

The 1906 line comprises two types, in two and four-cylinder construction, designed to meet the requirements of the non-professional operator and the enthusiastic expert. We offer several models in each type and invite your early inspection. Catalogue free.

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Branches:

Chicago, 302-304 Wabash Ave.

Boston, 145 Columbus Ave.

San Francisco, 125-131 Golden Gate Avenue

New York Agency, 38-40 W. 62nd St.

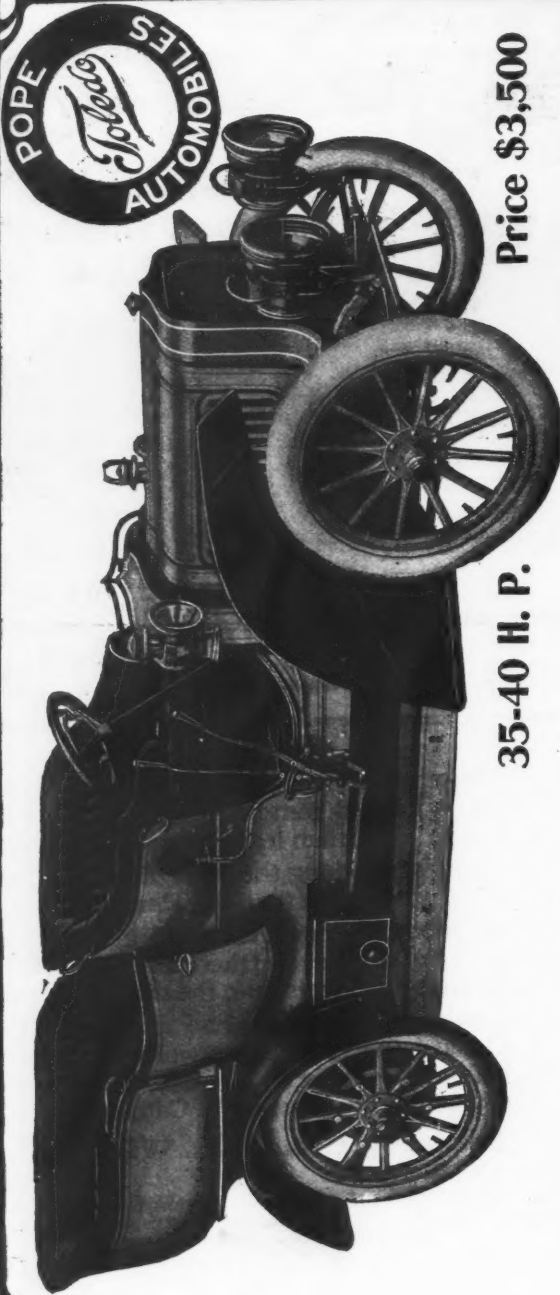
Milwaukee, 457-459 Broadway

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Representatives in all leading cities.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

TYPE XII CHROME NICKEL STEEL POPE-TOLEDO.



35-40 H. P.

Price \$3,500

If you buy a Type XII Pope-Toledo you get with it the assurance that your right of way on any road, anywhere, is absolute, supreme and acknowledged. No matter what make "the other fellow's" car; no matter what he paid, you will not have to "eat his dust." Here is an illustration of what Chrome Nickel Steel means in Pope-Toledo construction: We put a piece of case hardened gear steel, the size of a 50c piece in a vise. From four to five blows of a hammer will break it. It takes from 150 to 200 blows of the same hammer to break the same sized piece of chrome nickel steel.

Be Sure the Name "Pope" is on Your Automobile

Members Association Licensed
Automobile Manufacturers

Pope Motor Car Co., Toledo, O.

Boston, Mass., 222 Columbus Avenue
New York City, 1733 Broadway
Washington, D. C., 819 14th St., N. W.



Desk 4



STEINWAY

THE NEW \$500

VERTEGRAND

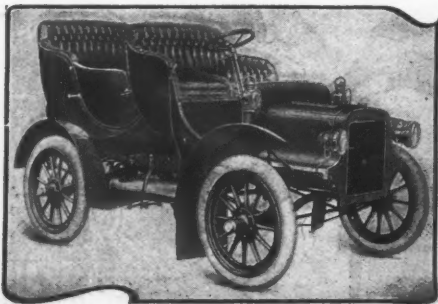
is an inspiration of genius. Its introduction has revolutionized the whole piano trade and its triumphs are overwhelming. In the first place, it presents an attainment for which all other manufacturers have vainly striven—a piano upright in form with a grand-like tone. Besides, its price of \$500, has established a standard that has forced makes of uncertain merit in the class where they belong, thus eliminating the unreasonable prices asked for them. This happy combination of merit and price has made the Vertegrand the shrine of worship for the legion of music-lovers of refinement, culture and judgment whose limited means have heretofore prevented the gratification of their desires. The musical value of this marvelous little instrument is the more emphasized when compared with the multitude of so-called small grand pianos wherein tone is sacrificed for size. Hear it and be convinced.

This piano may be obtained from any authorized Steinway dealer with cost of transportation added.

Illustrated Catalogue and the Little Booklet entitled "The Triumph of the Vertegrand" sent upon request mentioning this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS
Steinway Hall, 107-109 East 14th St.
NEW YORK

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



Model M Touring Car, \$950, f. o. b. Detroit.
(Lamps not included)

Motor Value

The Cadillac is undeniably the greatest automobile value ever offered—not alone in fairness of price but in the satisfaction and everlasting service received for that price. In fact, there are few establishments, if any, sufficiently well equipped to produce cars the equal of the

CADILLAC

at an actual factory cost of less than our selling price. This is but one of the many benefits a Cadillac purchaser derives from the wonderful combination of equipment, skill and experience that backs up every car we build.

The Cadillac couldn't be better if you paid just twice the price. Your dealer will tell you why. His address—also our finely illustrated Booklet F—will be sent upon request.

Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout, \$750
Model M, Light Touring Car, \$950
Model N, 30 h. p. Touring Car, \$2,500

All prices f. o. b. Detroit.
Cadillac Motor Car Co.,
Detroit, Mich.

Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

It Does

YES, IT WRITES underneath the plates, called "blind writer" and "out-of-date"—but that doesn't prove anything.

If you had a well of fine water and couldn't get it out, you'd want a pump. Now, if ten different kinds of pumps were offered and you could try them all, wouldn't you choose the one that would bring up the most water with the least effort, quickly! It's the water you want; you wouldn't care whether the pump had a crooked handle or a straight nosie.

You have writing to do, that's why you need a typewriter. Of course, you can still write with a pen or pencil, and so can water be brought up by a bucket and chain; but few do it that way any more—time is too valuable.

A pump, then, is valuable for the water it will bring up; a mill, for the grain it will grind; and a typewriter, for the writing it will produce.

It doesn't make any difference whether the typewriter is visible, or whether its writing is in sight or underneath the plates; whether it's an old-timer or a new-comer. What you want is the typewriter that will turn out the most good work in the shortest time with the least effort, and keep on doing it year in and year out—it's the results that count.

Any salesman can say his is the "best" typewriter; the copy-right has run out on "best." But the

Fay-Sholes Typewriter

will turn out more good, clean-cut work of all kinds in a given time than is possible on any other typewriter built. More still, do it with less effort, and continue to do it longer.

Other typewriters may be represented to be the fastest, but they're not. If they were, the Fay-Sholes wouldn't have won fifteen times out of sixteen in public contests.

These things are all history, and history records facts. The Fay-Sholes won because it is the fastest and easiest machine to operate and can be depended upon.

All we ask of you is to give one of our salesmen fifteen minutes of your time, if you are in or near any important city, to explain how a Fay-Sholes Typewriter will pay for itself eighteen months, and satisfy you and your stenographer with ample proof by furnishing a

Fay-Sholes for a Ten Days' Free Test on your work in your office; after which, if you're not thoroughly convinced that the Fay-Sholes does all that we claim it will do, our man will remove the machine at our expense.

If you are located where we have no selling agency, we can arrange it by mail so you can deal with us just as safely, easily, and with as much satisfaction as if you called at our office.

Fay-Sholes
605 Majestic Building,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Reliable
Salesmen
Wanted

Be Your Own Boss!

MANY MAKE \$2,000.00 A YEAR. You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Enormous profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and FREE particulars. **C. KRUEGER CO., 155 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.**

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This will keep you reliably posted on various kinds of investments. Address:

Editor INVESTORS' REVIEW, 1622 Cass Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

WINCHESTER



RIFLES SHOOT STRAIGHT AND STRONG

The name "Winchester" on a rifle barrel is the hall-mark of accurate and strong shooting. This is due to the excellence of Winchester barrels, the knowledge and experience embodied in their manufacture and the care taken in targeting them. Only good guns ever leave our factory. For results always use Winchester guns for all your shooting and Winchester make of ammunition for all your guns.

FREE: Send name and address on a postal card for our large illustrated catalogue.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS

ALL SMITH & WESSON Revolvers have this Monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine.



are the thoroughbreds of the revolver world. They're absolutely and always dependable, yet built on lines of grace and beauty, light, and trim and neat—a gentleman's arm.

SMITH & WESSON

Revolvers are a tested assemblage of tested parts—tested for accuracy, efficiency and range—and proven to possess a degree of infallibility worthy the dependence of life. The only high-grade, efficient desk and pocket revolver made.

Our new booklet, "The Revolver," illustrates and describes each model in detail and gives an expert's instruction for target shooting. The most interesting and instructive revolver catalogue published. Sent free upon request.

The .32 and .38, 5 shot—44 6 shots—double action SMITH & WESSON revolvers are fitted with automatic shell extractor and rebounding lock. This perfect alignment of cylinder and barrel, insuring the maximum of accuracy, is found only in SMITH & WESSON Revolvers.

SMITH & WESSON, 33 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.

Pacific Coast Branch, 114 Second St., San Francisco.

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A Practical Reason Why

An especially practical reason why the **Aerocar** should be the choice of the motorist lies in its successfully demonstrated Air-cooled Motor.



Aerocar

The car for today, tomorrow and years to come. Built by practical men.

We are making immediate delivery. The purchaser of an **AEROCAR** will get it on the day specified; car complete as shown, ready for touring. This fact cannot be overlooked either by purchasers or selling agents.

The hope and desire of the motorist for years has been for a reliable air-cooled motor. It has always been recognized that the solution of the greatest of motor difficulties would be through the successful air-cooled motor, because of the simpler mechanical construction, the saving in weight, the dependability in power and immediate and continuous adaptability to any and every climatic temperature—a motor car that would run just as certainly when the temperature was 100 in the shade as it would when the temperature registered below zero; a motor whose force was reliable under all road conditions, and that would carry its car surely up all grades and hills.

The **Aerocar** will do all this because it has done all this, and is doing it every day.

"Built by practical men" is the strongest guarantee of satisfaction the motor car world can offer and the **Aerocar** is the production of practical men.

Aerocar Model A, 1906—24 H. P.—4 cylinders, Air-cooled—Range of speed from 2 to 45 miles an hour on high gear—5 Passengers—4 x 34 Tires with 2,000 pounds weight—104-inch Wheel Base—Sliding Gear, 3 speeds forward and reverse. Price \$2,800 F.O.B. Detroit.

The **Aerocar** is a big car for the money—the biggest automobile value in America. Drop us a card that we may give you a practical demonstration. Send for our illustrated descriptive literature.

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Aerocar

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The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name on Shoe

The Berkeley



Velvet Calf,
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Medium Round Toe,
Common Sense Heel.

Designed for men who prefer sensible, high-grade footwear for business or general wear.

You never have to "break in" a Florsheim. It gives genuine comfort from the start.

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CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot."
Send for it. Most styles sell for \$5.00.

HUMAN—TALKER

is the registered name of my genuine **Mexican Double Yellow Heads** the only Parrot in existence which imitates the human voice to perfection and learns to talk and sing like a person. Young, tame, hand-raised, nest birds.

SPECIAL PRICE
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Each Parrot sold with a written guarantee to talk. Sent with perfect safety by express anywhere in the U.S. or Canada, alive arrival at express office guaranteed.

Cheaper Varieties from \$3.50 up

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Your Double Yellow Head is one of the grandest talkers I ever owned. I would not take a hundred for him. You certainly name these birds right when you call them Human Talkers. MRS. T. M. BUSH, 114 5th St.

Write for booklet, testimonials and illustrated catalog, etc., free.
GEISLER'S BIRD STORE, Dept. 17, Omaha, Nebraska
Largest and oldest mail order Bird House in the world. Est. 1888





The *Marlin* Baby Featherweight Repeater. A new high-grade .22 caliber repeating rifle which weighs only 3 pounds 10 ounces!

But this gun is no toy. It is a new and business-like rifle. It combines all the good old *Marlin* features—solid top, side ejection and simple mechanism—with the newer sliding forearm action which is so easy to work without spoiling the aim.

The reduction of cost and weight is positively not at the expense of *Marlin* quality. The high standard *Marlin* drop forgings are used in the breech block, frame and inside working parts. The rifle has the pleasant *Marlin* balance. Both .22 short and .22 long-rifle cartridges can, by means of an extra carrier, be used in the same

gun—a *Marlin* feature which all rifle shooters greatly enjoy.

The *Marlin* standard of accuracy is maintained in the highest degree by the most careful boring and the deepest grooving, which last care gives the barrel about double the life of the product of other rifle makers.

Take a *Marlin* Featherweight on your fishing trip or to the summer camp. Take one home to the farm or wherever your vacation finds you, and see what pleasure a good, light .22 caliber repeater can add to your outing.

It is an ideal squirrel rifle and can be relied upon to get all the killing power there is out of any .22 cartridge in hunting any sort of small game.

If your dealer cannot supply you write us direct. A complete description of this wonderful little rifle is given in our 1906 Catalogue. Sent FREE for six cents postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co., 20 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

Rider Agents Wanted



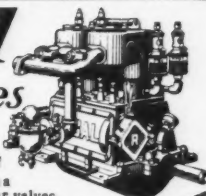
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ALLIGATOR PUNCTUREPROOF-SELF-HEALING BICYCLE TIRES
The ORIGINAL and only Puncture-proof and Self-healing Tire made. Nails, tacks, and glass will not let the air out. Positively will not become porous. Strong, durable, resilient. Greatest thickness where needed (see G in illus). Examine—"feel of it."
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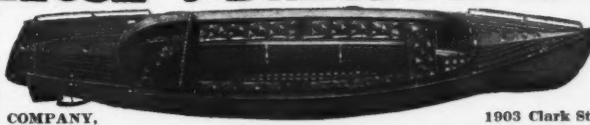
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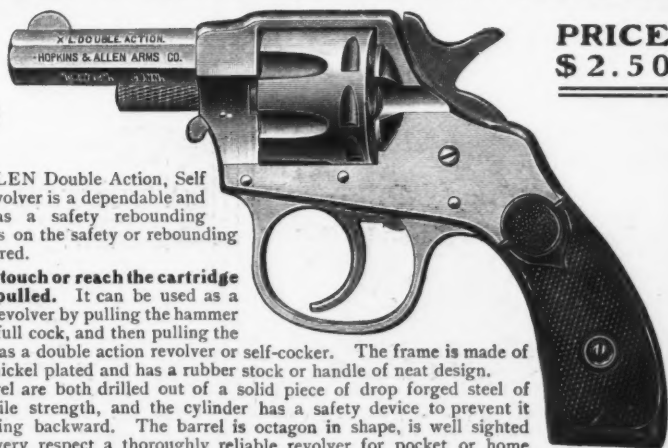
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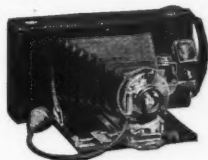
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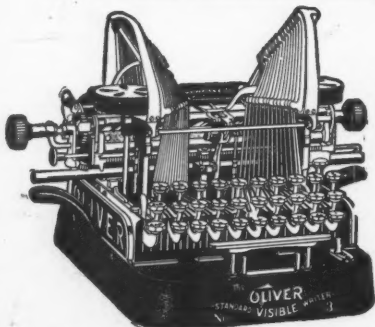
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I am a broker in reliable investment securities that offer the investor a good conservative profit and much more than the usual amount of safety.

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The stocks I sell pay 8, 10 and 12 per cent. and are ably managed by sound conservative interests.

I want to get in touch with men and women of moderate income or savings, who want their money to earn more than 3 to 6 per cent. afforded by Banks, Trust Companies and Building and Loan Societies, and who can still feel the same sense of security that these investments afford.

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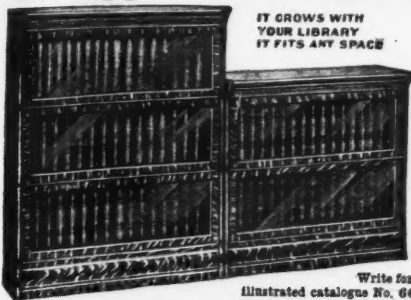
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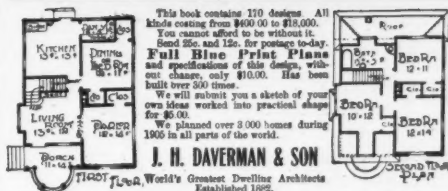
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THE WELL GOWNED WOMAN

BY LAURA R. SEIPLE



Let no one speak disrespectfully of ready-to-wear apparel this season, for the displays are simply fascinating from every view-point. Whether manufacturers found it necessary to supply higher class garments or whether women have become more particular regarding their dress is a mooted question. Nevertheless, the situation as it stands to-day shows superior materials and high-grade workmanship, whereas a year ago conditions were vastly different. One can now own a frock that claims all the attributes of an expensive "tailormade" at much less than one-half the cost of an ordered gown. Whatever the reason may be, the result is that the ready-to-wear coat or frock of the present time does credit to American industry. The styles introduced in moderate-priced garments are equal to those in exclusive tailormades, and costumes turned out by fashionable dress-makers.

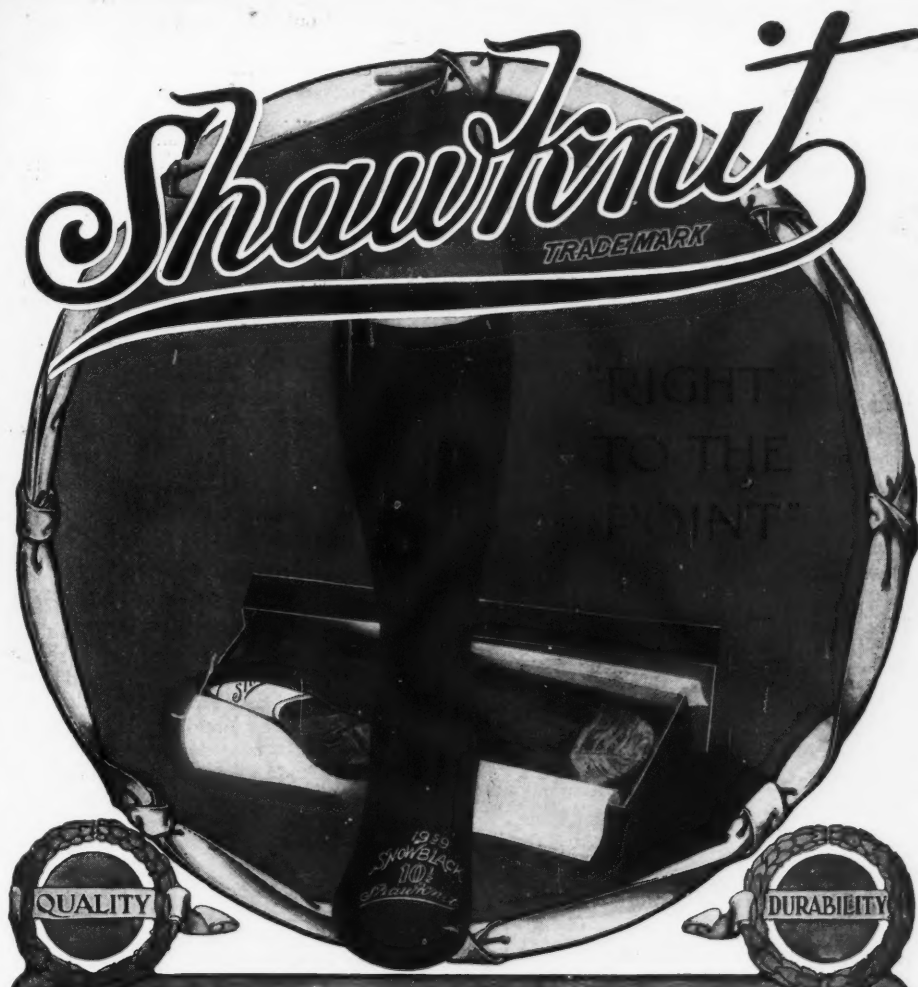
Rumors have floated in the air all spring that long sleeves were to be revived for summer use, but the impracticability of the style for hot weather is clear, and besides short sleeves were the ruling fashion during the winter months. Among costumes of any marked importance, not a long sleeve is noticed. For a short while after Madame Sarah Bernhardt's visit to the States a few fashion designers copied her long lace undersleeves, but the style did not seem to appeal to the fashionable public and was soon discarded. Possibly the "Divine Sarah" has a good reason for choosing sleeves that conceal her arm and the greater part of her hand, for that matter. An arm that is no longer plump is not a very desirable vehicle for the short sleeve, and this fact is possibly well known to Madame Sarah.

Strange as it may seem, there is something really new in check materials. It is in the form of soft wool or silk and wool mixtures having a shadow check. This new fabric may be turned one way and the passer-by observes a plain check, but on the other turn the wearer seems to be arrayed in a genuine gambler's suit that would do credit to any race-track sport. Many

advantages are attributed to shadow checks. One is that they can be worn by thin and stout people alike. Besides, the owner of a fine shadow check does not tire of it since it is constantly changing with one's movements. Another desirable feature is that the material attracts attention without being conspicuous, and what woman does not like to make her presence known when she can do so unpretentiously?

The fashionable shadow check is obtained by a certain weave in the fabric and not by a combination of colors. These materials are uncommon—hence they are a trifle higher in price than the average dress stuffs. They promise to retain their supremacy throughout the summer, inasmuch as they cannot be made in very cheap weaves. When thin veilings in checked or shadow effects are employed in the making of a gown, care should be taken in selecting the foundation material so that the checks will be brought out to advantage. For example, a light gray voile should be lined with gunmetal color or a decided shrimp pink; the latter is an extreme combination, but a very fashionable one. Navy blue should be lined with light blue, DuBarry pink combines with garnet, and apple green with ivy. Trimmings carry out the color scheme of the foundation material, but few frocks are adorned with taffeta pipings and appliques as was last year's mode. Garnishments are entirely away from anything suggested by the frock itself, and the greater the departure from self material as a trimming, the more effective is the completed gown.

Grays seem to have run their gamut and retired to give place to tans and browns. For a time it was almost impossible to see beyond thousands of yards of gray materials heaped on the counters of the best shops. Now conditions have veered and the latest cry is for soft tones of every shade excepting gray. Brown promises to become a prime favorite. When certain shades of brown are becoming to the wearer there is nothing more desirable for all the year round. Light browns, tans and fawns are fashioned into some of the smartest walking frocks. These



***Shaw-Knit* Socks are seamless, therefore perfectly comfortable**

Unlike other socks they are knit to fit and are not stretched over forms. They are durable because made of best selected yarns which we make ourselves. They never fade, crack or lose their color because our dyes are pure—the best, and free from poisonous chemicals. Every pair bearing our trade-mark *Shaw-Knit* on toe are warranted perfect and sold with this understanding. **25c.—6 pairs \$1.50.** Postpaid to any address in U. S. upon receipt of price.

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shades are appropriate for almost every occasion. So trying to all but the woman with a faultless complexion are many of the new browns, that it behooves one to exercise unusual care when selecting a gown in any of the new light tones.

A very practical little street gown that would be a safe investment for the woman with a moderate income is in mixed worsted. The skirt has two double box plaits at both front and back. Near the hem is a wide stitched band which gives it the desired flare. The deep girdle or corselet that finishes the top of the skirt extends well up the waist and is met by a cunning little bolero jacket. The edges of the coat are trimmed with bias folds of cloth and fancy buttons where the points over-lap. A long silk cravat passes through the front folds and ties in four-in-hand fashion. The sleeves are three-quarter length and are finished with double turned-back cuffs, the outer ones being of piqué.

The fashionable skirt of the moment has a well-defined mark of the Empire type. With this style a certain short waist effect or a subtle suggestion of the Empire model is a noticeable feature of the summer fashions. To make a successful corselet skirt is no easy matter. The fitted girdle, coming as it does almost to the bust and with looseness enough to distinguish it from the princess, and at the hips it must seemingly be moulded to the form. Downward there is a graceful widening to a point just below the knees and from there a decided flare. As fashionable as this skirt is at the present time it is not for the multitude. A woman whose figure is not well proportioned should never attempt to wear a gown made on Empire-princess lines; she may, however, wear a deep-girdled coat with gratification.

Perennially sent to the shelf is the separate blouse and regularly does it return and often with an added vogue. Just as long as skirt suits prevail, the separate blouse of one style or another will be a necessity. The lingerie blouse made a triumphal entrance last year, and unless present indications are deceptive, history is to repeat itself again this summer. Specialty shops are showing the separate blouse in scores of attractive styles. Sheer linens, mulls and tissues are being combined with lace and hand embroidery, fine tuckings and pin folds. All-over laces by the yard play a prominent part in the season's smartest wash blouses. These in combination with linen frocks are very attractive and are to be had at specialty houses in an endless variety.

A very lovely little waist of silk mousseline over a slip of China silk has the whole body of the blouse tucked, and cut-out medallions of lace arranged in Empire wreath effect. The sleeves

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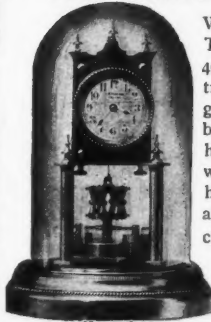
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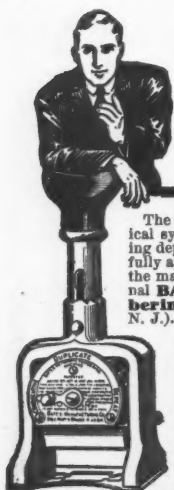
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have a series of fine tuckings running lengthwise of the inner seam which produce the desired fullness. Among the inexpensive blouses are some that resemble in design the fine ones made of sheer linen and real lace with dashes of hand embroidery. Instead of expensive linen, soft mull is used, German Valenciennes lace and fine Swiss embroidery. After all, the machine-made blouse has much the same effect of the most expensive hand-made models and it hardly seems advisable to invest any great sum in a hand-wrought blouse or frock when quite the same effect can be obtained in counterfeits. The style, at best, lasts but a season.

Very stunning is a linen suit made with circular skirt and Eton jacket. By way of variety, the seams are stitched with porcelain blue. Three wide tucks finishing the skirt are twice stitched and the vent at the back is closed with eyelets and blue lacings. The jacket has short sleeves that end in a bell flare and the fronts are finished with bands of blind embroidery overcast with porcelain-blue linen thread. With this suit is worn a "Johnny Jones" sailor made of bleached Tuscan braid and trimmed with white wings and tulle ruchings. A deep bandeau fits the back of the head and is covered with tulle rosettes made in the shape of double roses. Blue-enameled buckles that match the shade introduced in the gown appear on the left side and serve as retainers for the pointed wings. The "Johnny Jones" sailor is one of the smartest models shown this season. The brim is narrow and the crown broad and flat. While the style is not generally becoming it has an individuality that inspires adoption by the woman who is attracted by ultra-fashionable models.

Linen parasols to match suits are among the season's novelties. Many of these are rich in padded embroidery. Sometimes heavy lace motifs are applied to the edges, then, again, Persian bands will be the decoration, the latter, of course, being used on colored linens only. Embroidered linen shoes are considered almost a necessity with the smart linen frock. The same embroidery or lace design employed on the gown and parasol is repeated on the toe of the shoe. Pumps are the reigning fashion in all summer footwear and of these there are many styles and modifications of the original dancing pump.



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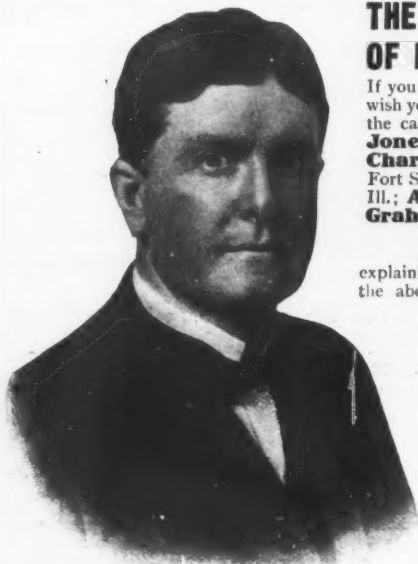
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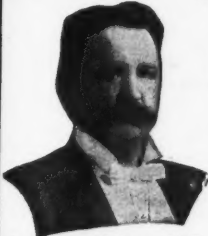
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And Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure. Not only are they the purest, sweetest, and most effective for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the Skin, Scalp, Hair, and Hands of infants and children, but they afford instant relief and refreshing sleep for skin-tortured babies, and rest for tired mothers, in the severest cases of torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp humors, eczemas, rashes, and irritations, with loss of hair, and are sure to succeed when all else fails.

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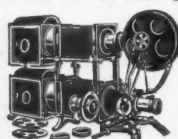
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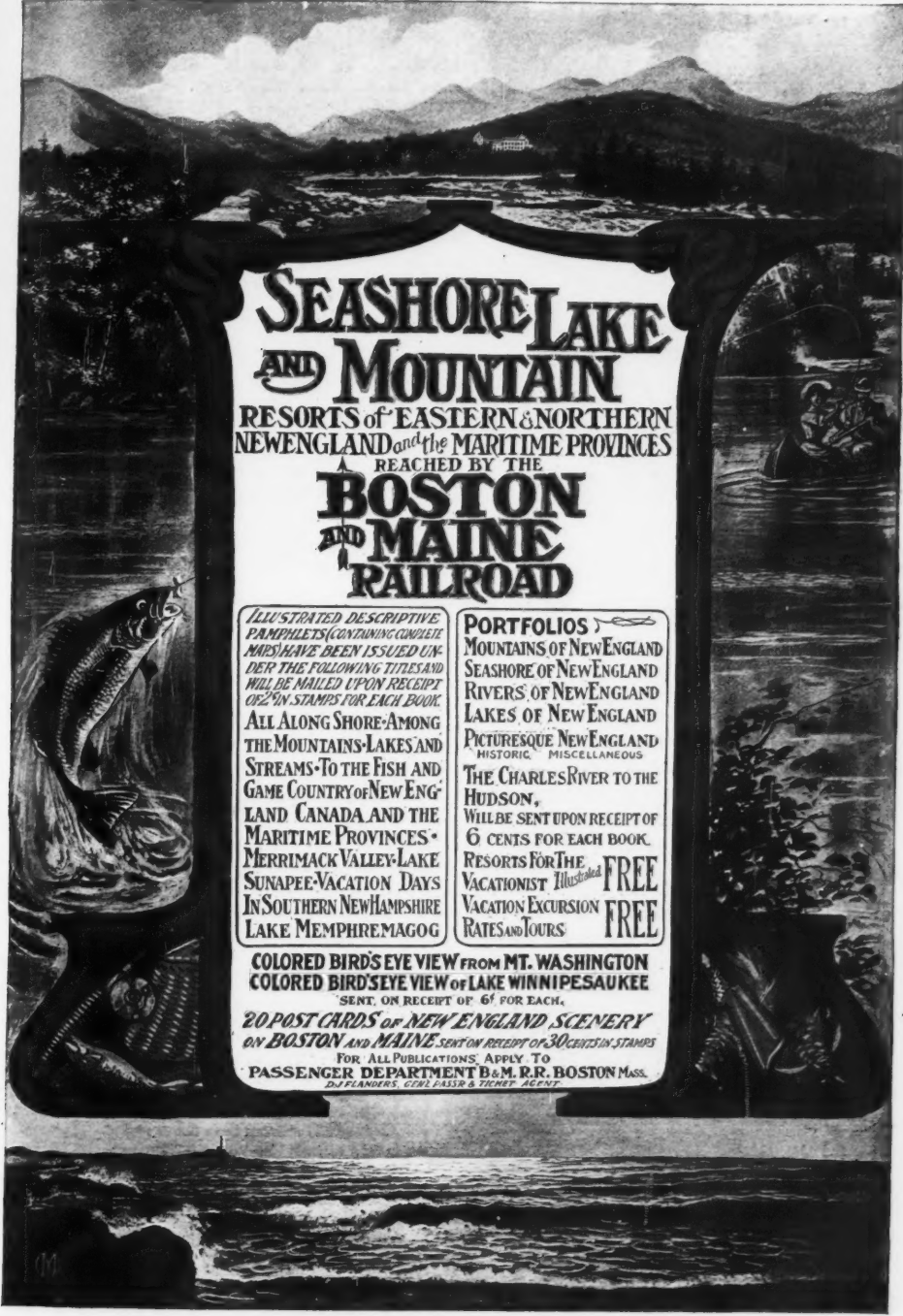
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19



SEASHORE LAKE AND MOUNTAIN

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NEW ENGLAND and the MARITIME PROVINCES
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VACATION HOMES

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ERIE RAILROAD

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In the mountains of ORANGE, SULLIVAN and DELAWARE Counties, N. Y., and PIKE, WAYNE and MONROE Counties, Pa.

WEEK-END OUTING FARES

FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS

JUNE 29, and on Fridays and Saturdays thereafter to and including SEPTEMBER 15, 1906, reduced fare tickets will be on sale good returning on the Sunday or Monday following date of sale. Ask any Erie Ticket Agent for details.

OBSERVATION CARS BETWEEN JERSEY CITY AND ELMIRA will be operated, beginning June 24th, on Train No. 3 leaving Jersey City 3.00 P. M. daily, and on No. 4 arriving Jersey City 3.40 P. M. daily

IMPROVED TRAIN SERVICE ON DELAWARE DIVISION Beginning June 24th and until September 16th, 1906, inclusive, Train No. 2 will stop at COCHECTON Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays and at NARROWSBURG on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays for New York passengers.



FREE PUBLICATIONS

"Rural Summer Homes" (postage 8 cents); Summer Homes in Pike County (postage 2 cents); Summer Homes in Sullivan County (postage 2 cents); "Fishing on the Picturesque Erie" (postage 4 cents); "Where to Live" (postage 4 cents); Lake Keuka, Chautauqua Lake, and Cambridge Springs and Saegertown. Beautifully illustrated books free on application to ticket agents in New York or Brooklyn, or by sending stamps for postage to

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100 Key West Havana Seconds

From factory direct to you

Will you pay \$1.90 for a hundred "Key West Havana Seconds"—cigars made of the quality of tobacco used in cigars that sell over the counter at "3 for a quarter" and for which any cigar dealer would gladly pay you 5¢c. apiece? Made of Key West Shorts, which is the trade name of tobacco leaf that is too short to roll into the high priced cigars. It doesn't make a pretty cigar, but you don't smoke looks—so, after all, the tobacco is just the same. The finest Key West Havana Shorts—no cigar shorter than 4½ inches, some even longer—hand-made and money back if you aren't elated. This is one of our great values—to introduce our method of selling from factory direct to the smoker at factory prices.

None sold after July 1st at this price, and not more than 100 to one smoker

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Perfection in Bust and Figure

The Knowledge How to Possess It—Yours for the Asking

WOULD you have a form second to none, perfectly free from all scrawny and hollow places, and a bust as full, plump, and firm as you could desire? You may easily obtain these inestimable blessings if you write to **Mme. Hastings**, the marvellously successful **Face and Form Specialist** of Chicago, for her famous system of development, a discovery which vigorously stimulates the developing forces of nature and makes plump all the flat and sunken places, and creates the most fascinating and beautiful curves.

It Enlarges the Bust to Full Proportions

and makes the arms and neck plump and round. The **Nadine** system is the one praised so highly by leading society women everywhere. It is perfectly harmless, and failure is unknown. **Special Instructions** are given to Thin Women to gain 15 to 30 pounds more in weight and round out the entire form. When using this treatment you will receive constant care by mail until you are **entirely developed**. Prominent physicians highly endorse and prescribe it because of its great superiority over everything else known for physical development. Upon request, and a stamp for postage, a package, sealed in a plain wrapper, will be sent you, containing beautiful photos and full information how to develop yourself at home. Do not fail to write at once to

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OPIUM

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Trial bottle free, in plain wrapper. No pain or loss of time. **We especially desire cases where other remedies have failed.** Book free. All correspondence strictly confidential. Write to-day.

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DR. WHITEHALL'S MEGRIMINE**

Write for a trial box—we send it **without cost**. If you suffer from headache or neuralgia, Megrimine is a necessity—the most reliable remedy on the market. Cures any headache in thirty minutes. After one trial you will never be without it. Twenty years of success places Megrimine at the head of all remedies for painful nervous troubles. For sale by all druggists, or address

The DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO., 301 N. Main Street, South Bend, Ind.

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MEN'S MODES & MANNERS

Dressing well is becoming less and less a matter of cost, and why? Simply because the clothier has marched boldly into the domain of the tailor and turned the smug cry of "exclusiveness" into an idle boast. Of course, if a man can afford to spend eighty dollars he can get a suit at his tailor's which is greatly superior in fabric and finish to that produced by the "ready" manufacturer at a third the price. But the tailor certainly hasn't fashions under his thumb. They are as accessible to the "ready" manufacturer as they are to the tailor—indeed, more so, because the great manufacturers of "ready" clothes have resources, financial and mechanical, beside which the largest tailor's are mere shadows.

This closeness with which the clothier is treading upon the heels of the tailor is notably impressive this season. You can find at the best clothes shops the self-same "shadow" plaids, checkerboard designs, black-and-white checks and shepherds' plaids in the fashionable gray fabrics and also the smart blues which will be shown to you by the highest-cost Avenue tailor. You will also find the precise cut of the jacket, the precise lapels, the cuff-finish, the form-fitting back and the center vent, the side vents or no vents at all. There is, then, absolutely no reason why every man who takes a wholesome interest in his appearance, and recognizes that it is a precious business and social asset, cannot dress in exact accord with fashion and fitness at an expense really small.

Summer styles are patterned after those of Spring, and, with the exception that lighter, cooler fabrics are used, the fashions are virtually the same. Personally, I favor the English manner of dress for the country, which is to wear extremely loose clothes akin to bagginess. These alone give real comfort, especially on the field and the links. So-called two-piece suits, which consist of a jacket and trousers, are now made in such a wide range of tropical cloths half-lined, quarter-lined, and eighth-lined, that just the cut and pattern which the wearer fancies is an easy matter.

Gray in the approved "shadow" and self effects, and blue in self stripes and plaids are in good form. Lapels on Summer jackets should not be pressed flat but ironed with a soft roll which is more in harmony with the present tendencies in informal clothes. The jacket has either a narrow cuff finish, or turn-back cuffs.

Low-cut russet shoes, while not as modish as they were a year ago, are nevertheless ideal for country wear, and a certain measure of approval is always theirs. In town they will be less seen, and the plain calf-skin shoe promises to be the favorite. Fancy half hose in a multiplicity of colors and mixtures, such as tan, blue, cadet, chocolate and the like in modest side clocks or



"CARLYLE"

It's the graceful curve which gives form and fit to this collar. The "Slip-easy" band facilitates scarf-tying.

In worth, wash, and wear the Linen collar gives great satisfaction and costs you not a penny more than the cotton kind.

"H & I" guarantees Warranted Linen.

2 for 25c. Quarter sizes.

BOOKLET "LINEN FACTS" FREE for a post card

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WHEN buying Kuppenheimer Clothes you will have to exercise your judgment and personal taste only in the selection of style and pattern. As to the other essentials, the Kuppenheimer Guarantee Label fully protects you at all times.

You will always be in good company if you wear Kuppenheimer Clothes. Let our Guarantee Label be your guide. Go to the merchant in your city who advertises Kuppenheimer Clothes.

A booklet, Styles for Men, volume 35, sent upon request.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

MAKERS OF GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES
NEW YORK

CHICAGO

BOSTON

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The Grilling Days
of midsummer are stripped of
half their terrors by a
"B & K" Straw Hat
The lightest, coolest and
"classiest" straw hat
fashioned.

ASK
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"The Straw Without a Flaw"
Fashion booklet F, portraying
the straws of '06, free for a
post card.

BLUM & KOCH
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more pretentious ankle and instep embroideries, will be as much favored as a year ago.

Following the general tendency in men's dress to make it as comfortable as possible during the belt months, the fashionable straw hat will be made of a soft pliant weave, which may be pulled down in the front or at the side, and creased as the wearer's fancy prompts. The familiar split and sennit braids made in the popular sailor shape will be worn, if not as much as last year, still widely. Colored hat-bands are sure of countenance, especially among young men who like the vivid effect which a gayly-colored band imparts to Summer dress.

In place of the watch chain, which disappears with the discarding of the waistcoat, is worn a leather watch guard which is fastened to the lapel of the jacket, and leads thence into the breast pocket. These watch guards are made of tan pig-skin or russian-seal leather, and are extremely narrow and trim looking. The inch belt, as hitherto, will be generally indorsed, and this may be fashioned into any pleasing leather, though pig-skin and seal are preferred for their simplicity. However, snake-skin, whale-skin and many other fancy leathers appeal to some tastes.

The soft flannel collar and safety pin attachment, which I mentioned here last month, are sold separately from the shirt and may either match the pattern of the shirt or may be made in white and other colors of Oxfords, crêpes, reps and many other soft, Summery fabrics.

It may be added that the soft collar is of and for the country and should never be worn in town.

Young men will lean toward the wide-spaced, very low turned-down collars which have proved so acceptable for Summer use. These collars suggest in their form the fashions of our grandfathers, and they are particularly relished by young men, because they give a much sought negligent jauntiness to the Summer outfit. With these collars go very broad four-in-hands made of launderable fabrics.

In cravats there is a return to very brilliant colors, such as scarlet, Nile green, lavender, scarlet-and-green and the like. These colors are intended to be worn with the high-cut waistcoat which shows above the lapels of the coat. As there is not much room left for the cravat, it is cut decidedly narrow, so as to give a long, slim knot. As a departure from the conventional, the linen collar with a "V" shaped opening in front, is much endorsed, particularly by young men. However, the difficulty of having this style laundered satisfactorily, and the undeniable discomfort of



CHEERFUL COLLAR CHAT.

A collar that can't wilt—moisture-proof and wear-proof.

Not celluloid, rubber or paper—just plain linen collars and cuffs made waterproof by the "LITHOLIN" process.

No matter how soiled, you can clean them with a damp rag or sponge.

Made in all the up-to-date styles.

At collar-shops, or of us. Collars 25 cents, Cuffs 50 cents.

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BULL DOG SUSPENDERS



have an enormous sale, because they are the easiest and strongest brace made.

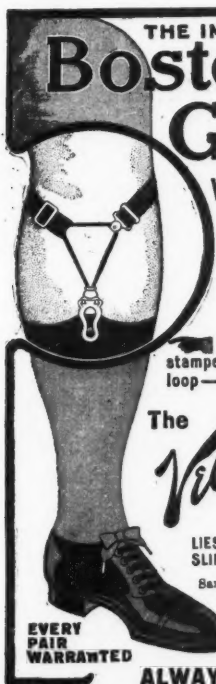
WILL OUTWEAR 3 PAIRS OF OTHER KINDS

If in doubt **get a pair** — test them severely, and if they do not stand up, we will make them good.

Most dealers have them; if your dealer does not, we will send them by mail postpaid for 50 cents.

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Send for **FREE** Booklet—"Correct Dress and Suspenders Styles."



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REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES OFFERED YOU

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

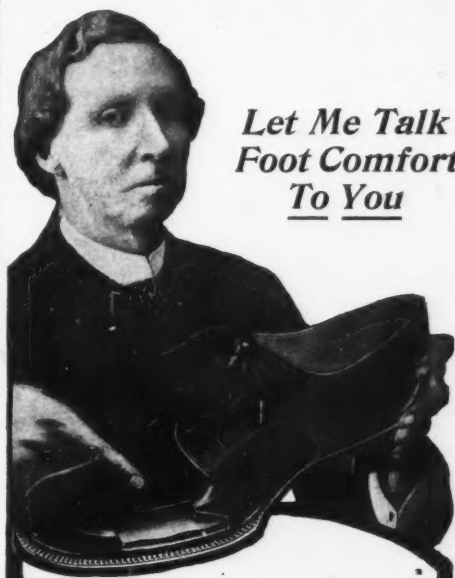
LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

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EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

ALWAYS EASY



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Foot Comfort
To You*

Every wearing, irritating shoe pinch is a drain on your vitality.

Perfect foot ease means unlimited saving of this vital force.

If you would maintain your nervous energy at its most effective working pitch you must give your feet healthy comfort.

Worth Cushion Sole Shoes

give this healthy foot comfort.

The patented Cushion sole fits the foot like a glove, prevents all slip, **distributes** the weight properly, and supports the arch **naturally**.

This springy, velvety **cushion** absorbs every nerve-racking jar. It never loses this cushioning feature, is **waterproof** and an absolute non-conductor of heat and cold.

In style and durability Worth Shoes equal other high-grade footwear at similar prices. In every detail of fit and healthy comfort they represent a marked advance in shoemaking methods.

An ideal shoe for roller skating.

Before purchasing shoes examine our Spring Catalog.

Men's Shoes, \$4.00 to \$5.00

Women's Shoes, 3.00 and 3.50

If your dealer hasn't them, send his name and we will see that you are supplied.

THE CUMMINGS COMPANY, Inc.
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Made of the best "bristles" and "backs" procurable — put together by the most skilled labor, in an absolutely clean and sanitary factory—the largest and most complete in the world.

DUPONT BRUSHES outlast several ordinary brushes—but cost no more.

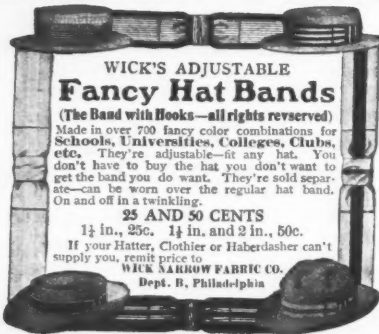
Hundreds of styles—in all woods, **REAL EBONY**, bone, pearl, ivory—for hair, teeth, face, hands, clothes, etc.

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Fancy Hat Bands
(The Band with Hooks—all rights reserved)

Made in over 700 fancy color combinations for Schools, Universities, Colleges, Clubs, etc. They're adjustable—fit any hat. You don't have to buy the hat you don't want to get the band you do want. They're sold separate—can be worn over the regular hat band. On and off in a twinkling.

25 AND 50 CENTS
1½ in., 25c. 1¼ in. and 2 in., 50c.

If your Hatter, Clothier or Haberdasher can't supply you, remit price to
WICK SARKOW FABRIC CO.
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Silent Screen Door

Avoid the nerve-racking slam of the screen door. Stop its banging and jarring — by using

"DIME"

SCREEN DOOR CHECK

At your hardware or house furnishing store or mailed for 12 cts. in stamps by

CALDWELL MFG. CO., 3 Jones Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

the wearer after the top edges in front have been ironed to a razor-like sharpness, weigh somewhat against the general adoption of this shape.

A new idea, or at least an old idea in new guise, is a waistcoat and an ascot made of the same material, gray silk. This combination is, of course, intended to accompany the frock coat and is especially suitable for weddings, church and afternoon promenade. The makers of cravats follow pretty accurately the reigning shades in gray gloves, so that, if one cares for this sort of thing, one may obtain ascots and gloves to match in such shades as *suede*, smoke, fog, stone, steel, silver and so on.

While gray Tuxedo suits have been favored to some extent by young men, their vogue seems to be waning, and the black unfinished worsted has been restored to favor. There are many extreme novelties constantly introduced to accompany the dinner jacket, and though most of these are fugitive fads, one or two are perhaps worthy of casual mention. There is, for example, a gray Tuxedo waistcoat made of plush, with a tie to match, and smoked pearl or gun-metal buttons. Another is made of velvet chiffon in a plum shade, also with the tie to match, and amethyst buttons. If one has a weakness for the extreme in dress, there are socks, cravats, handkerchiefs and shirts made not only in a harmonizing design, but in precisely the same design. It is questionable, however, whether dressing in one color is desirable, as the single color scheme is tiresome to the eye and lacks contrast.

The old prejudice against fashion and all that it implied has waned, because intelligent men have come to recognize that the dandy is not in any sense an exponent of true fashion, but expresses merely his personal eccentricities. The mode in its essence represents the matured opinions of the best-dressed man in the centres of wealth and culture. As long as the wholesome sports occupy so high a place in our regard and as long as devotion to them is accepted as a badge of manliness, it is impossible for fashion to return to the old effeminate standards when a waspish waist and a mincing gait were regarded as inseparable accompaniments of the "fop." We spend too much time on the water, in the water, in the woods and on the links, to endure a manner of dress which chafes and cramps. The seasoned muscles of the latter day man must have room for easy play.



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HAIR

Guaranteed
BY THE USE OF
EVANS VACUUM CAP
Guarantee Backed by a Bank



Repeated announcements in this magazine, and in all the leading magazines in the United States, for months and years past, have been published simply to explain in a simple, understandable way, what the Evans Vacuum Cap is.

The Evans Vacuum Cap is a simple, scientific mechanism which does for the scalp and the hair what massage does for the weakened body. The dormant hair cells can only be revived when you restore the natural, refreshing blood circulation to the roots of the hair.

The Evans Vacuum Cap creates a vacuum over the scalp surface which compels the blood to come up into the hair soil. The result of this is to feed the hair by Nature's process and not artificially. Just as long as there is one iota of hair life in your scalp the Evans Vacuum Cap will make the hair grow, and you yourself can tell from a reasonable use whether or not the Evans Vacuum Cap will restore your hair.

If the scalp responds to the rhythmical action of the vacuum and you feel a tingling sensation of renewed circulation, it is proof positive and scientific evidence that Nature is still able to do her work in the production of hair growth.

Now, note that we guarantee the Evans Vacuum Cap and that our guarantee is backed by the bank.

The Evans Vacuum Cap is furnished on trial and under positive guarantee of the Jefferson Bank of St. Louis, and any bank or banker will testify as to the validity of this guarantee. We have no agents and no one is authorized to sell, offer for sale, or receive money for the Evans Vacuum Cap—all orders must come through the Jefferson Bank.

We will send you a book which explains the possibilities of the invention and gives full evidence of the results it has achieved. This book sent free on request; we prepay the postage in full. Address:

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A remarkable relief for the most obstinate and oppressive forms of ASTHMA, HAY FEVER and BRONCHITIS.

A Turkish preparation, made from the extracts of wild flower seeds peculiar to Asia Minor. This remedy has been in use among the Turks for more than a century with most wonderful results. Thousands are praising it in highest terms. Put up in small Tablets or pellets and may be carried in the pocket or traveling bag.

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If your druggist does not have these Tablets, write us at once, giving us his name and address, and we will send you a free sample treatment and place you in position where you can get these Tablets and try the treatment on our emphatic guarantee. One Dollar per box.

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Have you a girl or a boy whom you wish to send to boarding school?

Why not consult the school directory in the front pages of this issue. If you fail to find your wants supplied ask us.

We can aid you in making your selection.

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1789 Broadway, New York City.

IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE

without effort by wearing the famous

Dissolvane Rubber Garments

The only harmless and effectual method to

REDUCE SUPERFLUOUS FLESH

No drugs, no dieting, no unusual exercise, no change in the mode of living. Recommended by physicians.

Made of the finest pure Para rubber fitting snugly to the body; worn under the clothing at any and all times without the slightest inconvenience or annoyance.

Society Has Adopted Them

Made in a variety of styles to fit any part of the body. They reduce the flesh only where desired.

RESULTS POSITIVE

CHIN BANDS for reducing double chin, by mail, \$2.00.

Daintily illustrated booklet of Rubber Garments and Toilet Specialties on request.

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Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, etc. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

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MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POW-DERS, the best medicine for Feverish, Sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Trial Package FREE. Address,
ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.



"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."



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The Book for Nervous Men

—Only One Dollar

Neurasthenia and various other Nervous breakdowns which result from neglected Varicocele, Hydrocele, Rupture, Diseases of Prostate, etc., are fully explained.

Read this book and you will understand why men cross the continent, and even travel from foreign countries, to receive the Richardson Sanitarium treatment for Varicocele, associate Pelvic, and resulting Nervo-Vital Diseases.

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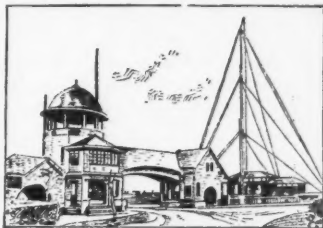
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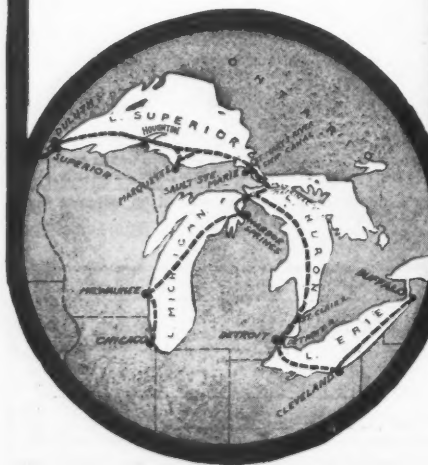
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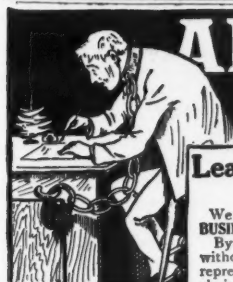
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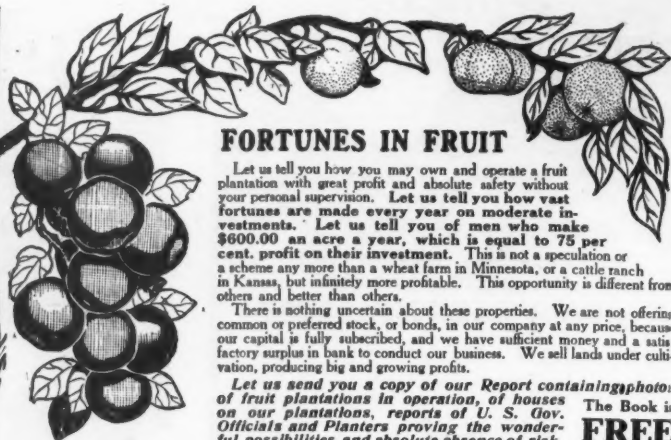
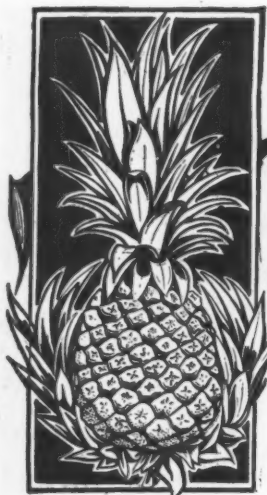
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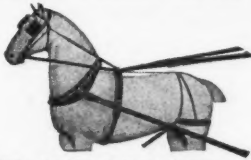
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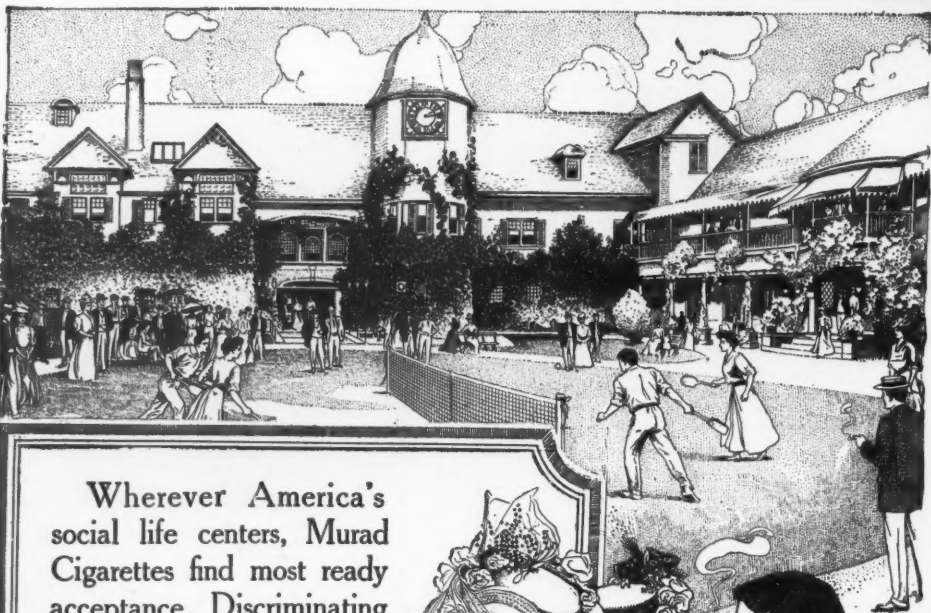
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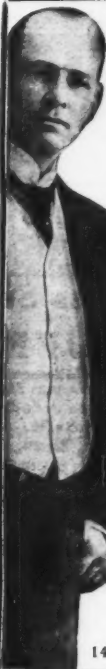
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TO every man and woman there comes the occasional need for a beverage slightly stimulating and altogether harmless. That means

Evans' Ale


IT is rich in all the essentials that go to make a health-giving, satisfying, nerve-making beverage—an ideal drink for everybody all the time.

Any Dealer Anywhere

C. H. EVANS & SONS, Established 1786
Brewery and Bottling Works, Hudson, N. Y.



LADIES having Fancywork to sell, Embroideries, Battenburg and Drawnwork, also to do Orderwork. Send stamped envelope. **LADIES EXCHANGE**, Dept. A, 34 Dearos St., Chicago, Ill. to do piecework at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from \$7 to \$12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to **ROYAL CO.**, Dept. A, 34 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.



The Goose that lays the Golden Egg is now a Hen

500 Carloads Eggs and Poultry shipped into California last year. Eggs can be sold for 25c per dozen year round near our lands.

Poultry Farms \$1 down and \$1 a month per acre. Horse, cow, poultry, etc., furnished.

An easy, sure competence in the land of sunshine

E. D. BAKER, 486 California St., Room 529
San Francisco, California
Fruit Orchards, Grain Farms, Cattle Ranches, etc.



Clean Chocolates

The illustrations show two ways of putting the chocolate coating on confectionery. The usual practice



The way Stacy's "Forkdipd" Chocolates are coated—The clean way.

is to have the centers dipped by girls who hold them in their fingers while putting on the coating. This method is not clean. The most careful manufacturer can not prevent unclean hands or nails, abraded or perspiring skin.

Stacy's Forkdipd Chocolates

are dipped with a fork so that the hands do not touch them in making. This method of making Stacy's Forkdipd Chocolates insures purity. Only the purest most expensive materials are used. The flavors are made from natural fruit and are exquisite. All desirable flavors in each dollar box. If your confectioner does not have it send to-day for an elegant 3-layer 20-ounce box fresh from our kitchens. \$1.00 express paid. Half size box—50c., Express Paid. Large Sample Box, Postpaid, 10c.



156 Clinton Ave. N.

O. T. STACY CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

Not the Stacy Way.



Geisha Diamonds

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

Bright, sparkling, beautiful. For brilliancy they equal the genuine, standing all test and puzzle experts. One twentieth the expense. Sent free with privilege of examination. For particulars, prices, etc., address

THE R. OREGG MFG. & IMPT. CO.

Dept. D, 201 E. Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Fire Chief" the latest scientific fire extinguisher. Acts instantly without damage to surroundings. Handsome, light, reasonable in cost. Agents, \$40 per week and expenses for high-class, energetic representatives. Every home, office, and factory a customer. Write to-day for handsome circulars, terms and territory.

THE WESTERN FIRE APPLIANCE CO.

No. 854, The Spitzer

Toledo, O., U. S. A.



Clearing Sale Slightly Typewriters Used

We own and offer as wonderful bargains, 1500 typewriters which have been used just enough to put them in perfect adjustment. Better than new. Shipped on approval, free examination. 1000 new Visible Shoes machines, built to sell for \$95—our price while they last, \$45.

FREE catalogue containing unparalleled list of splendid typewriter bargains. Send for it today.

ROCKWELL-BARNES CO., 1054 Baldwin Building, Chicago, Ill.



This ELEGANT Watch \$3.75

Before you buy a watch cut this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express for examination a handsome Watch and Chain C. O. D. \$3.75. Double hunting case, beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with a richly jeweled movement and guaranteed a correct timekeeper, with long gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. If you consider it equal to any \$25 GOLD FILLED WATCH Warranted 20 YEARS pay the express agent \$3.75 and it is yours. Our 30 year guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you want Gents' or Ladies' size. Address H. FARMER & CO., 192, 22 Quincy Street, CHICAGO



CLOGAU'S ALCOHOL-GAS STOVE \$1. Express Paid

Can do everything and more than a gas stove does. Indispensable for nursery, sick-room, camping, shaving; curling or flat iron; for tourists, boarders, light housekeeping, or wherever gas is not available or desirable. Vaporizes alcohol into gas, increasing its efficiency 8 times. Weighs but 8 ounces. Consumes but a few cents worth of alcohol an hour. Will boil a quart of water in minutes. Smokeless and odorless. Uses either wood or grain alcohol. Simple; cannot get out of order. Safe; will sustain weight of 100 lbs. Extinguishes instantly (blows out like a candle). Non-explosive. Solid Spun Brass and NICKEL PLATED. Sent anywhere, Express paid. \$1. Beware of dangerous imitations. Genuine is stamped with OUR NAME. Agents and Dealers Wanted. Clogau & Co., 307 Dickey Bldg., Chicago

Whitman's

CHOCOLATES and CONFECTIONS

There's a reputation back of the name.

For sale where the best is sold.

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate made instantly with boiling milk.

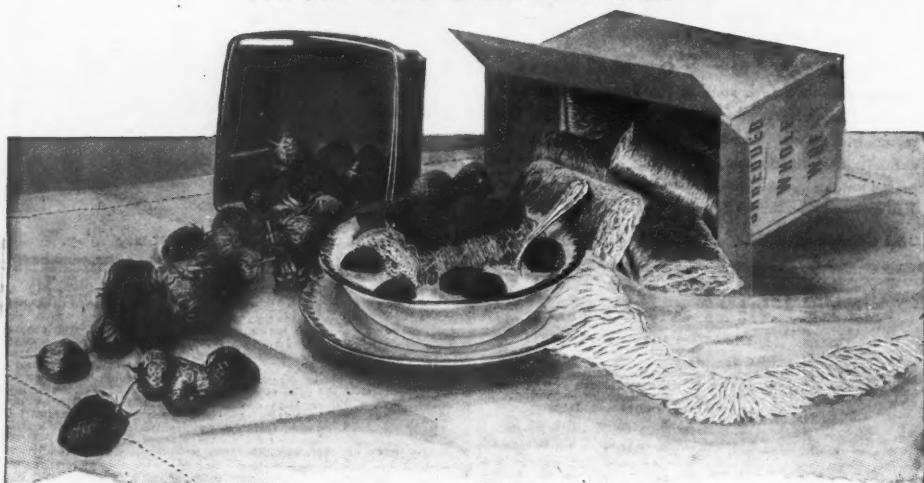
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1816 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
Established 1842.

Always in Good Taste.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

YOU DO NOT KNOW ALL "THE JOYS OF JUNE"

if you do not know "Shredded
Wheat and Strawberries"



For strawberries or other fruit make a basket of the biscuit by crushing in top with bowl of teaspoon.

The red ripeness and savory sweetness of the succulent strawberry—what could be more tempting to the jaded palate after weary months of winter waiting for fresh fruit?

Ever eat shredded wheat with strawberries and cream? If you haven't there's a rare treat in palate-pleasure for you. The porous shreds take up and neutralize the fruit acid, holding the delicious aroma of the berry, presenting a wholesome combination that will not disturb the weakest stomach. More digestible and more nourishing than the soggy white flour dough used in making ordinary short-cake.

In white flour you get the starch in the wheat and little else. You can't make Muscle or Brain out of starch. In Shredded Whole Wheat you get all the rich flesh-forming, muscle-making elements stored in the outer coats of the wheat berry made digestible by the shredding process.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit are served on nearly every ship that sails salt or fresh water seas—convincing proof of their wholesomeness and digestibility. They are retained and assimilated when the stomach rejects all other foods. The "Vital Question" Cook Book is sent free.

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY

Niagara Falls, N. Y.



"It's All in the Shreds"

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Are You Sure Your Vinegar is Pure?

In no other article that goes on the table is there so much dangerous adulteration as in ordinary vinegar.

And yet the amount of vinegar used in any one home is so small that every family can afford the finest vinegar made.

HEINZ Pure Malt Vinegar

—the only vinegar of this kind made in the United States—is without question the purest, most delicious, most healthful vinegar that can be produced. Indeed, it is recognized as the standard by the Government pure-food authorities.

Brewed from selected barley malt by a most exact process, it combines with all the healthful properties of the grain a flavor of rare pungency that makes it invaluable for salads and table uses.

Your grocer sells Heinz Pure Malt Vinegar in sealed bottles. Include a bottle in your next order; if it isn't the finest that ever came to your table the grocer will refund your money.

Others of the 57 Varieties that are sure to captivate you are Baked Beans (three kinds), Preserved Fruits, Sweet Pickles, India Relish, Mandalay Sauce, Pure Imported Olive Oil, etc. Let us send you our interesting booklet entitled "The Spice of Life;" also our booklet on vinegars.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY,

New York Pittsburgh Chicago London

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan





Your Hot Water Can't Run Out If You Have a MONARCH Water Heater

It heats the COLD water as fast as it flows, for a minute or a year, independent of stoves or waterbacks.

All it needs is running water and artificial, natural or gasoline gas supply. All it costs with artificial gas is one-tenth of a cent a gallon—a pint proportionately less. With natural gas it costs less yet, and with gasoline gas least of all. It heats tepid water cheaper than cold water—but heats all water instantly.

A MONARCH Water Heater can be quickly attached to your water pipes, to operate one faucet or one hundred. No tearing up necessary. Goes in basement out of way. Where hot water is required for one room—the kitchen, the bath-room or the laundry—the MONARCH Junior should be installed.

With ordinary waterbacks you pay for fire constantly, whether you have hot water or not. The MONARCH Water Heater costs you nothing when the water is not running.

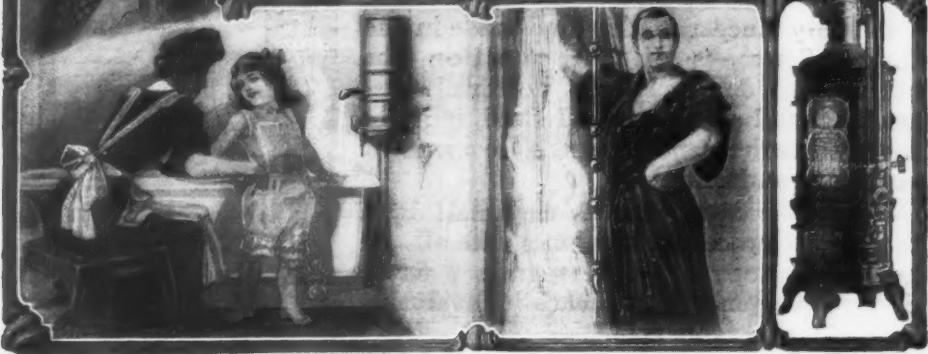
The MONARCH Junior is placed over lavatory tub—or sink—or wherever you want hot water. Is constructed with heavy copper coil which cannot burn out or corrode. There's no waiting or waste. The fire is out when you stop using. Inexpensive and convenient. Shown in upper left and lower left of this advertisement. *Literature on request.*

The MONARCH Lion Storage Tank Water Heater is an independent heater, made to attach to the kitchen boiler—to heat the tank when there is no fire in the range. Made with self-cleaning coil of heavy copper pipe—no rusty water—no leaky joints—jacket of cast iron, and cannot rust out. Enough hot water for a bath in fifteen minutes.

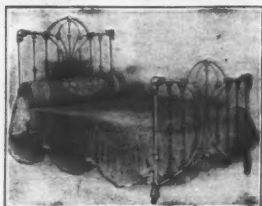
The MONARCH Automatic Instantaneous Water Heater is placed out of the way in the basement. It supplies hot water instantly to every faucet in the house. It gives 100 gallons of hot water for ten cents. Shown in lower right corner of this advertisement.

Write us to-day for descriptive booklets—and where and how you can buy, and install the MONARCH best adapted to your needs. Be sure that the Lion's Head is cast in relief on the Heater you buy. No other heater is as economical or efficient.

MONARCH WATER HEATER CO.
1296 River Avenue, North Pittsburgh, Pa.



Where Cleanliness is Valued



Their finishes are beautiful, hard and smooth. "Snowy White" and "Sanitaire Gold" and scores of others. Their exclusive designs are artistic, full of grace and originality.

FREE To those who write we will send a sample of "Snowy-white" or "Sanitaire Gold" finished tubing, one of the handsome finishes put on Sanitaire Beds & our book, "HOW TO SLEEP WELL." Address

MARION BROWN & BRASS BED CO., 975 Sanitaire Avenue, Marion, Ind., U. S. A.

the old, complicated "germy" wooden beds have given way to the simpler, cleaner and far more beautiful "Sanitaire" Beds, the beds in which every point is open to fresh air and sunlight and in which dust can't collect or vermin breed. If you would sleep in cleanliness you can't get along without one of these hygienic

All physicians urge their use.

Sanitaire
Good Beds, 1912 to 1922



29¢

WOOD MINNOW

Fisherman's best indestructible bait for all game fish—casting or trolling. Used by all fishermen who "get the fish." The "Minnow" is about four inches long, beautifully enameled, green mottled back, white belly, with red stripe to exactly resemble a live minnow; has sure-lure glass eyes, five best treble hooks and two nickel-plated spinners. No fish can resist it. The regular price is 75 cts., but as a special advertising offer we will fill orders, enclosing this advertisement, at 29 cts. each, 4 cts. extra for postage and packing. We are the largest manufacturers of artificial bait in the world. Send for our large cut-price catalogue—it's free. Dealers write for discounts.

VIM CO., Dept. F14, 68 Lake St., CHICAGO

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

A bathroom equipped with
"Standard"
 Porcelain Enameled Baths
 & One-Piece Lavatories
 is the most satisfactory
 room in the house



Health, cleanliness and luxurious comfort environ every home equipped with the beautiful **"Standard"** porcelain enameled ware.

Its artistic, simple beauty holds a decorative charm that adds the final touch of elegance to the modern home. Its white purity makes its every use a joy. **"Standard"** Ware is sanitarily perfect, yet underneath its smooth china-like surface is the indestructibility of iron. Its cost is moderate; its installation the most economical—its comfort-value inestimable. No home can be sanitary, convenient or even modernly pleasant and healthful without **"Standard"** Porcelain Enameled Ware.

The famous slant seat **"NATURE"** closet is now supplied in **"Standard"** Ware.

Our book **"MODERN BATHROOMS"** tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet on the subject and contains 100 pages.

THE ABOVE FIXTURES NO. **"Standard"** P-29, cost approximately \$187.00—not counting freight, labor or piping.

CAUTION: Every piece of **"Standard"** Ware bears our **"Standard"** "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark **"Standard"** cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not **"Standard"** Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word **"Standard"** is stamped on all of our nickel-plated brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. F, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.

Offices and Showrooms in New York: **"Standard"** Building, 35-37 West 31st Street
 London, England, 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Hasn't scratched yet!!!



Bon Ami

A SCOURING SOAP
A METAL POLISH
A GLASS CLEANER

The Best Scouring Soap Made
(14 y'r's ^{ON} THE m'kt.)



I-ron-de-quoit Port Wine

Best in the World.

I-ron-de-quoit Port Wine is made from the Oporto Grape. The Oporto Grape was propagated in 1832, and since grown exclusively by us for this purpose. Extreme care is exercised when the fruit ripens, and at the proper time it is gathered and immediately crushed, pressed, and the juice transferred into large fermenting vats. This is the beginning of I-ron-de-quoit Port Wine. Then for seven years it has expert care, at the end of which time it is a finished product and ready for sale. Therefore, the grape from which it is made, the method used in fermentation, and the careful attention through seven years, make this product the peer of all Port Wines.

Physicians prescribe and recommend it freely because of its positive tonic properties. It enriches the blood and builds up the system generally in a surprisingly short time.

Be sure to have at least one bottle in the family medicine chest. For sale by druggists. We prefer to have you buy of your druggist, but if he does not have it, we will quote you direct on request.

Our handsome illustrated booklet "Products of the Vine" sent free on request.



IRONDEQUOIT WINE COMPANY,

The Oldest Winery in America.

205 Main Street, East, Rochester, N. Y.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

The Wedding Ring The Prudential Policy



Secure a
Woman's
Hand in
Marriage
and you
must ar-
range for her
future welfare.

**LIFE
INSURANCE**
in

The Prudential

IS THE BEST MEDIUM.

Think this over and send for booklet showing cost of policy at your age. If you wish, you could secure a policy payable in full to your wife, or yourself, on a certain date. It will furnish Life Insurance from date of issue, to date of settlement. If you should not live, policy will be paid to your wife at once.

**A Most Interesting Proposi-
tion to Married People**

(Write for Information To-Day While You Think of It.)

**The Prudential Insurance Co.
OF AMERICA.**

(Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.)

JOHN F. DRYDEN,
President.

Dept. 47

Home Office:
NEWARK, N. J.



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



"Dere aint gon'er be no leavin's"

Make your boy's food tasty—Mother—for it has to do some big things. It has to make flesh, blood, bone and muscle and supply boundless Energy. Remember, the boy of today is the man of tomorrow.

Don't injure him physically and mentally with indigestible meats, pastries, rich puddings, etc., that act as a drain on his nervous energy.

But feed him plenty of

EGG-O-SEE 10¢

all there is in wheat—and he'll be your heart's joy—strong, healthy, bright, smart and quick at his studies.

You won't have to coax him to eat it either, Mother, for its delicious rich flavor when eaten with cream and sugar is just what he craves most for.

Egg-O-See keeps the blood cool and is the ideal summer food.

Give him some tomorrow—"there won't be no leavin's."

Prepared under conditions of scrupulous cleanliness.

Every grocer in the country sells EGG-O-SEE—the whole wheat cereal. If your grocer has not received his supply, mail us 10 cents and his name (15 cents west of the Rocky Mountains) and we will send you a package of EGG-O-SEE and a copy of the book, "back to nature."

FREE "back to nature" book

Our 32-page book, "back to nature," outlines a plan of right living, including menus for 7 days and recipes for preparing the necessary dishes, based on a whole wheat diet, with suggestions for bathing, eating and exercise, illustrated from life, exceedingly simple and attractive. By following its precepts, abounding and vigorous health is sure to result.

Published to sell at 25 cents a copy, this handsomely illustrated book will be mailed **FREE** to anyone who writes, as long as this edition lasts. Address

EGG-O-SEE CEREAL COMPANY
516-566 Front Street Quincy, Illinois



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



A Sure
Sign of
Good
Eating



Cream of Wheat
meets hunger's call, morning, noon and night.

Copyright, 1906, by Cream of Wheat Co.

THE CHARLES SCHWEINLER PRESS, NEW YORK

IN QUANTITY AS IN QUALITY



COLGATE'S
SHAVING
STICK
EXCELS

You Get More Soap.

You Need Less Soap.

Colgate's Shaving Stick weighs 15 to 20% more than the average, and costs you no more. It requires less soap in use, because its lathering properties are richer than others.

No matter how long you may have shaved yourself we can teach you something, for the full advantages of our method are possible only with Colgate's. If you are a beginner, the 4 cts. you invest with us will pay big dividends all your life in shaving knowledge and comfort

Send 4 cts. in stamps for Trial Stick,
in new nicked box, handsome as silver and easier to keep clean.
Established 1806. COLGATE & CO., Dep't C., 55 John St., N. Y.

